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**FROM THE NIGER TO  
THE NILE**









CAPTAIN G. B. GOSLING, RIFLE BRIGADE







# FROM THE NIGER TO THE NILE

BY

LIEUTENANT BOYD ALEXANDER

RIFLE BRIGADE

*IN TWO VOLUMES*

VOLUME II

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS AND MAPS

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## CHAPTER XVIII

### A FIGHT WITH THE TUBUS

It was during my journey, which has been described in the previous chapter, that I had the good fortune to witness a fight between the Tubus and the Kachella of Yo. We have had occasion to mention the Tubus before, and shall have to do so once again in a future chapter; but whenever they appear upon the scene, it is always in connection with some characteristic act of lawlessness and brigandage.

They are a nomad robber tribe, who live in the French Sahara beyond the River Yo, where they lead a camp life, and their only industry is rearing sheep and cattle, the wool and skins of which they bring to the markets to exchange for corn. No doubt their flocks and herds are raised from the animals they carry off on their raids across the river into Bornu. Also we have seen that they kidnap women and children when they get the chance, and sell them to the Budumas for slaves.

They are armed with long spears and ride camels and small ponies, on which they are accustomed to travel very great distances, concentrating quickly at the point where a raid has been determined upon, and scattering to disappear as suddenly when they are met by too strong a resistance.

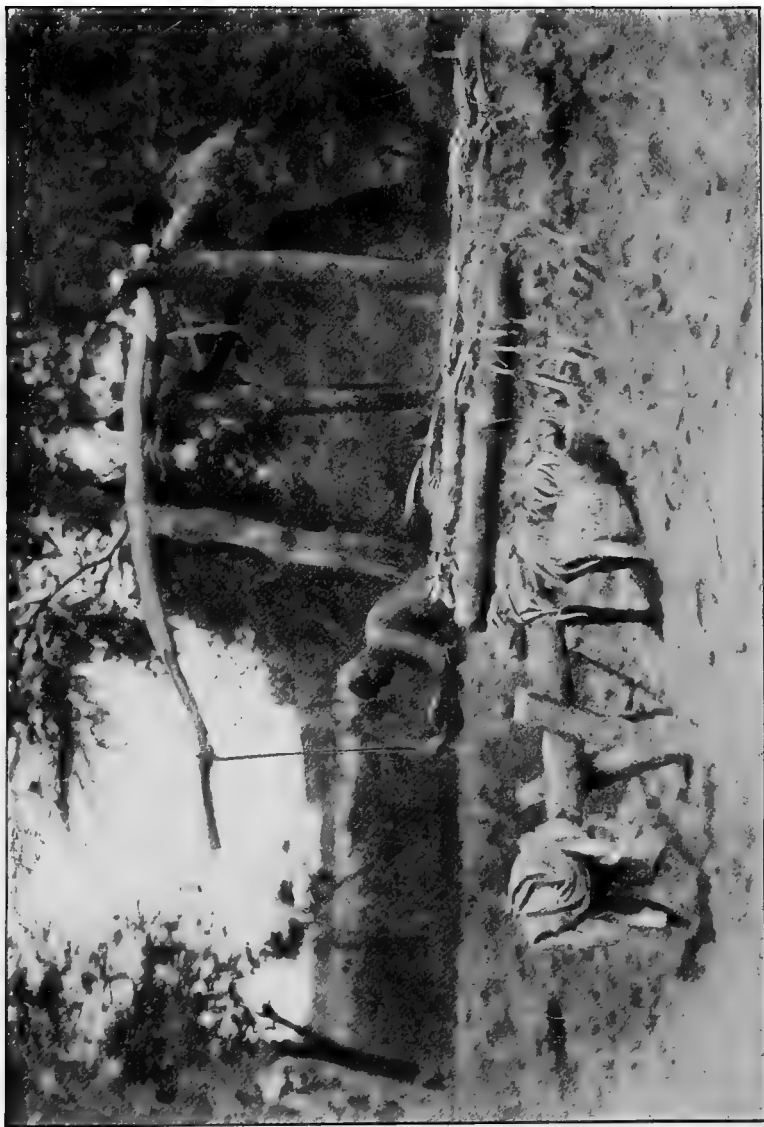
The Tubus have worthy allies in the lawless Mobburs who inhabit the villages along the Bornu side of the river.

These people live principally without order, plundering each other as well as their enemies, and their chiefs, who are Kanuri, have no control over them. They are of Eastern origin and closely resemble the Berbers in type. Also, their method of cultivating wheat is the same as that found among the peoples upon the Nile. All along the river-bank, one's eye meets the patches of wheat, of which the beautiful light green springs in refreshing contrast to the otherwise barren-looking land beyond. These fields are irrigated by channels cut close up to the river-bank, over which a calabash swings at the end of a pole, weighted at the other end by a lump of clay. Hour after hour, all day long, as one journeys along the river in the dry season, one hears the see-sawing creak and groan rise and fall like labouring breaths, as the natives ceaselessly work their primitive pumps up and down, dipping the calabash into the river and tilting the water into the dykes.

When the markets are being held at the different towns in this part of the country the more treacherous of the Mobburs take the opportunity of making profitable alliances with the Tubus, for whom they act as spies, giving information as to the roads by which their victims' flocks will travel, and often assisting with more active aid, which is rewarded with a proportion of the spoils. These acts of lawlessness are always more rife when the falling of the river makes it easier for the Tubus to get their plunder quickly over to the other side, where pursuit is difficult.

At this time the district was in a most unsettled state ; natives were going about armed, and only travelled at night for fear of the Tubus, who, owing to the dry season, were





" HOUR AFTER HOUR THE SEE-SAWING CREAK  
AND GROAN OF THE 'WATER-PUMP' "



again on the war-path. Besides, the Mecca caravan was passing through the country, and as this always affords them a great opportunity for plunder, they were hovering like



METHOD OF IRRIGATION ON RIVER YO

vultures all along the line of peaceful pilgrims and their flocks.

This caravan was part of the great pilgrimage that goes yearly to Mecca from all the Mahomedan districts of Africa. The pilgrims from the west go by way of Fort Lamy and Fittri to Wadai, and so on through Darfur to the Nile, where they take boat to Khartoum, through which place, I am told, 80,000 passed this year. From Khartoum the British Government gives to all those who can show that they have no means a free passage by the railway to Suakin, and thence by boat across the Red Sea to Hedjaz. As one travels along the line to Suakin, it is a picturesque sight to see the pilgrim camps with their white tents against the

barren hills and sand, where, when the train stops, the travellers jump down from the trucks and join their fellow pilgrims, some to stay till the next train passes, others to pray for the few minutes before the train goes on in the places marked out for prayer by stones. A good Mahomedan is supposed to go at least once in his life, and the journey there and back from west to east often takes four years to accomplish. With the genuinely devout go many hangers-on, who take advantage of the protection that the caravan affords for travelling and trading. Many of these latter, when they reach a likely country, settle by the way, and few of them get beyond the populous markets of Wadai.

The caravan which now comes into my story had originally started from Timbuctoo, and, increasing its following as it went along from all the countries on the way, now numbered 700 souls and a thousand head of sheep and cattle. Its leaders were Hausa and Fulani mallams, who saw to the feeding of the pilgrims and were responsible for law and order in the caravan. The mallams also arranged the payment of the tolls for protection to the various kings whose countries the caravan passed through.

It was a wonderful organisation, this slowly moving community, with its population of varied races, and cattle and sheep, forming a column that stretched for miles along the way. Whole families were there, carrying all their belongings, and perched upon the backs of the oxen were little children, some of whom had been brought forth upon the road. Cattle were their wealth to trade and pay their way with, and wherever they tarried the land was covered with grazing flocks and herds, and a town sprang up and a market was

opened for trade with the natives of the country round. Thus for 1500 years has this river of life run on, and very likely I was looking at a picture that was true of the



PILGRIMS ON THE ROAD TO MECCA

age of an even earlier prophet than Mahomet, when Moses led Israel out of Egypt.

Our own and the French Government have realised the great political influence that the Mecca caravan has upon the territories it traverses on its journey from west to east; and very wisely they give it all the help and protection possible on its passage through districts that come under their control. So the pilgrims carry the story of the white man's power and goodness throughout regions that are still ignorant and suspicious of his rule, thereby paving the way to a better understanding, the foundations of which are not laid in the shedding of blood.

This particular caravan had entered Bornu at Gaidam, where it came under British protection, and the resident had sent word to the Kachella of Yo, ordering him to furnish an escort to ensure its safety while passing through his district. Accordingly, the Kachella, a splendid specimen of a man, 6 ft. 3 in. in height, and a renowned fighter, moved out of Yo with over 150 horsemen and formed a convoy for the caravan. Just outside Bulturi, a town about three days' march from Gaidam, while passing through a region of thick bush the caravan was heavily ambushed by Mobburs, who poured in a volley of poisoned arrows, killing some of the horses and one or two of the escort. This mishap threw the caravan into confusion for a time, from which it was rallied with difficulty, and many of the cattle and sheep were lost and fell a prey to the Mobburs. On emerging from the bush the pilgrims found a more formidable enemy awaiting them, for there in the plain were upwards of 400 Tubu horsemen, ready to launch an attack. The Kachella quickly halted the caravan, and placing himself at the head of his horse, went straight for the Tubus, charging right into their midst, and himself killing two men right and left with his revolver. So brilliant was the attack and so great his personal bravery, that the Tubus, although they had three times the number of men, gave way and were driven for a time across the river. In this fight the Kachella was wounded in eight places, losing also seven men and thirty horses. The Tubus lost heavily and, though in so much greater force, were kept at bay long enough for the caravan to get without further losses into Bulturi, where it took cover behind a zareba. The Tubus now returned and

surrounded the town, blocking up all the ways of egress, and the Kachella was hemmed in for four days, not daring to move out with his weakened forces and hampered by the panic-stricken caravan.

On the third day of the siege the Kachella succeeded in getting two horsemen through the Tubus to the old King of Yo, asking him to find out my whereabouts and beg me to collect all the men I could and go to the relief of Bulturi. At this time I was at the village of Arregi about fifteen miles from Yo, where the messengers found me the same evening. I at once summoned the chief and ordered him to bring in all the available men he could find in the district. By the morning he had collected six horsemen and thirty arrowmen, and I marched with these at once for Yo. The road led through thick bush all the way and we could not see more than a hundred yards ahead as the harmattan was blowing very strong, enveloping everything in a dense mist. It was bitterly cold, like an English winter's day, and the effect was intensified by the appearance of the trees and bushes, powdered white by the driving sand, which made them look exactly as if they were covered with a heavy rime-frost.

About three miles from Yo we were met by runners, who had been sent out by the king to get news of us. These returned with the tidings, and we ourselves got in about noon. By now the wind had dropped and the sky was clearing before a strong sun, which soon grew as unpleasantly hot as the morning had been cold. I was anxious to start as soon as possible for Bulturi, so went at once to the house that I had stayed in before, where I was told the king would

shortly come and see me. He rode up in the afternoon, escorted by about forty arrowmen. He was of shaggy appearance, with a thick grizzled beard. On his head he wore a large-brimmed, high conical straw hat of Hausa make, which shaded his blunt features and kindly, bright eyes. His body was clad in a long arrow-proof coat, and over his shoulder a quiver of arrows was slung. At his girdle hung the Koran in a leathern pouch, and at his side a sword, while in his hand he carried a bow. Altogether a warlike figure of a man. But his looks belied his reputation, which was one of weakness. Indeed, all the power is in the hands of the Kachella although he is not such a big man as the king. However, he expressed himself as very keen to accompany me, and we engaged at once in a council of war. I told him I was prepared to start immediately, but he advised our waiting until nightfall, as the heat was now very great, and the men I had brought from Arregi would be better for a rest before doing a forced march of twenty-one miles to Bulturi. To this proposition I agreed. Accordingly, after a short rest and a meal I started at five o'clock that evening, having arranged to meet the king at a *rendezvous* a short distance from the town, where he had gone to summon a few more men. There we assembled for the march and mustered our forces. Besides myself, José and the king, there were only the six horsemen I had raised at Arregi, as the Kachella had taken almost every available man from Yo with him. Indeed, when I had entered Yo that day, the town wore a most deserted appearance and there was hardly a man to be seen; the women and children, left thus unprotected, were for the most part in their houses. The rest of our force



consisted of my escort of five of the men I had drilled and trained as soldiers, four carriers and about seventy arrow-men.

Hard marching for six hours without a break brought



THE KING OF YO

us to Pogwa, or the City of Dogs as I had renamed it for its most characteristic feature. Here we halted for an hour and I had a cup of tea made. The village appeared to be almost empty of inhabitants, for all the able-bodied men

had been called out for service with the Kachella. But the dogs had evidently not followed their masters, judging by the full chorus of barking and howling that was sustained without an interval the whole time we were within hearing.

As we were now in a part of the country that had several times previously come within the area of the Tubu raids, I took the precaution of throwing out scouts for the rest of the march. Also there was the chance of a Mobbur ambush in the thick palm-groves that lined the road on the further side of Pogwa. But no enemy was sighted, and another four hours' marching brought us to within a few miles of Bulturi. The dawn was now breaking, and away on the horizon the world seemed waking to an alarum of drums. As we went on, the drumming grew louder and presently one could distinguish the separate taps, that fell with a rhythm suggesting words. It was the Tubus signalling to the beleaguered town. I heard afterwards from the Kachella that the drumming had been kept up all through the night and that the burden of its message was, "Where are your big friends? We are coming to eat you up!"

As we approached the drumming ceased, and we got to Bulturi about six o'clock.

All through the continent the natives have a very perfect system of signalling with drums, by which means they rap out messages from village to village, and it is quite wonderful how swiftly and how far they are able to spread news. The drumming is always done at night when sound travels farther, and, as one lies awake on a still, clear night the ear is often gently assailed by the low, musical roll from a drum in the village near, and holds the interval with pleasant

expectancy till the answering echo comes, muffled by distance, from a village sometimes two miles away.

Inside the town an extraordinary sight presented itself; women and children, pilgrims, priests and soldiers; horses,



PART OF THE CARAVAN IN BULTURI

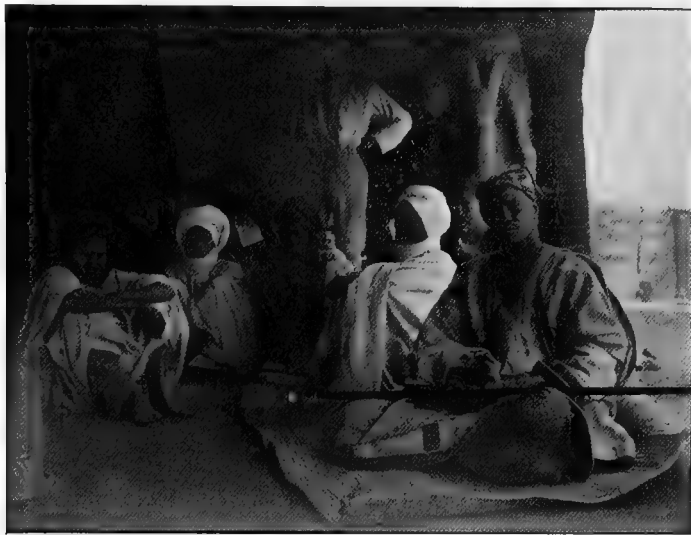
cattle and sheep, in some places grouped, in others scattered, standing up and lying down, made up a scene of the greatest confusion, reminding one of a panic in a child's "Noah's Ark." All through the open spaces which were surrounded by roughly formed zarebas of thorn-bush against attack of wild beasts at night, and in the compounds round the huts families were camping in groups among tethered oxen and donkeys, and heaps of bundles containing all their worldly goods, while their sheep and goats were huddled together in rudely constructed pens.

As soon as we gained the confines of the town the Kachella rode forward with the mallams and horsemen. All were most earnest in their welcome to us and their expressions of

gratitude for our coming. The Kachella then conducted me to his large Arab tent, which he placed at my disposal. He then gave me a description of his fight with the Tubus, saw to my comfort and arranged for the feeding of my men, asking if they could do with half-rations as the supply was running very short. He then begged to be excused and rode back to his house, looking, as I thought at the time, very worn and exhausted, for he was suffering much pain from his wounds and must have lost a great deal of blood. But, like the born fighter and man of iron he was, he had never said a word to me about his wounds, deeming it beneath his dignity as a leader, and I only got to hear of the matter owing to his speaking of it later to José, who by now was an old friend of his. José dressed the wounds with iodoform and bandages, so was able to examine them. There were eight spear-wounds in all, on back, chest, arms, and legs, and three were of considerable depth, that would likely have been fatal, had not the force of the spear-thrusts been greatly lessened by the thickness of his arrow-proof coating. José marvelled that the man could be up and doing at all, so hacked about and swollen and stiff was he when off his horse and out of his clothes. And only his pluck and splendid muscular frame could have made it possible for him to hold up against the pain and weakness he was undoubtedly suffering.

The day was spent in resting my men and sending out horsemen to reconnoitre. The enemy's camp was located about four hours distant in French territory across the river, and the Kachella, who in spite of his wounds was eager to go himself, had he not had strict orders from the Government not to enter French territory on any pretext whatever,

tried hard to persuade me to make a night attack. But, of course, it was impossible for me to do so for similar reasons, and I was obliged to refuse. We stayed the night in Bulturi,



THE KACHELLA OF YO

and next morning before it was light made preparations to move out with the caravan and return to Yo. Then our little army was assembled for the march. It was a splendid sight to see the Kachella in arrow-proof coat, the thickness of which made his proportions appear gigantic, mount his horse and receive the homage of his warriors. First came the troops of arrowmen, who silently advanced and shook their bows at him; then the horsemen, clad in white cloaks ornamented with patches of colour, red and blue and black, upon horses covered in long arrow-proof coats, that gave them exactly the appearance of knights of old riding to a tournament, came on in line, and, raising

their spears above their heads, with battle-cries formed round him.

While the Kachella with José's help was organising the caravan in some sort of order for the march, I saw to the disposition of the force, arranging for an advance-guard of horse-



THE KACHELLA AND THE KING MARCHING OUT OF BULTURI

men to be led by José and a rear-guard under the command of the old king. Then I told off the arrowmen at intervals between the sections of the caravan and threw out a connection of scouts along the flank. And the Kachella and I placed ourselves at the head of the caravan which now began to tail slowly out of the town, presenting a panorama of varied sights. Oxen stumbled along, piled heavily with their burdens of packages, pots and pans, and little naked children perched upon the top of all. Sometimes they would stampede with a rattle of the jolting pans till with a crash their top-heavy loads came tumbling to the ground. Silent

women with anxious looks walked wearily, balancing round baskets on their heads and carrying their babies slung upon their backs. Cattle and sheep and goats moved in their clouds of dust, through which men and boys darted up and down in their efforts to shepherd the flocks through the windings of the bush. It was a strange, picturesque pilgrimage ; in the throng there travelled pale-faced Fulani, Hausas from Sokoto, handsome dark-skinned people from Melle and Timbuctoo, and many mallams, turbaned and clothed in white, walked calm and heedless of all danger, incessantly telling their beads. Also, there were the wounded of the recent fight, some held up on donkeys and others limping along, while an old warrior was led by his son, groping and totally blind, for a Tubu spear had gouged out both his eyes.

Just outside Bulturi we crossed the scene of the Kachella's fight, where a horrible stench arose from the swollen and rotting carcasses of the horses that had fallen victims to the poisoned arrows of the enemy.\*

\* The effect of the poisoned arrows is very deadly and sudden. In a few minutes the victim is thrown into convulsions, to which he quickly succumbs with discoloration and swelling of the body. The mallams hold the secret of an antidote to the poison, and this they impart to the big chiefs, who are thereby rendered proof against its powers. It is in the form of a liquid drug which acts as a preventive, and fighting-men like our Kachella, who are always more or less running the risk of poisoned arrows, take a daily dose. So they are enabled to stand out pre-eminent in daring among their warriors and can lead a charge as dangerous as that of the Kachella without the otherwise absolute certainty of death. The antidote is also given to their favourite horses, but with them its protective effect is not at all certain. There are many false mallams, who pretend to possess the secret drug and by spurious imitations drive a large trade with the natives, which they can of course carry on for a long time with small chances of being found out, for their patrons are hardly likely to show their faith in the drug by putting it to the test of running purposely against a poisoned arrow, and when one happens to come their way, it hardly leaves them time to institute proceedings against the mallam for fraudulent misrepresentation.

When we were about five miles from the town Tubus were sighted just across the river, hovering upon our left flank. And now throughout the day a running fight ensued and the caravan toiled painfully along through the heat, enveloped in the dust of charging horsemen. At times the scouts got in touch with small bodies of the enemy on the near bank, but these would not wait to be charged, and always galloped off at once back across the river.

Presently, as we came out of a stretch of bush into the open plain, a body of Tubus was sighted ahead. Then José formed up his horsemen, who now numbered sixty (for a headman had come in with five more on the march), and charged the enemy, who suddenly broke and ran, making off into the thick bush behind them. By lying flat upon their little ponies they got away with marvellous rapidity under the low bushes where it was impossible for our bigger horses to follow them. However, a few were overtaken in their flight by spears. It was after this fight that an old warrior rode in from chasing the enemy, and, saluting, proudly showed us the bloody gashes on his head and face. He then jumped down from his horse, bound his head up with some large leaves which were growing in the bush, and, mounting again, rode off to his place in the advance guard.

During the charge one of José's horsemen, a man who had accompanied us on several hunting expeditions in the country, turned tail and ran, slipping in among the horsemen of the main body. But the keen eye of the Kachella quickly spotted him and he commanded him to be brought out. The



man's excuse that he thought the main body needed his support was not considered good enough and his spears and horse were taken away from him, and he was degraded and compelled to go on foot.

The caravan followed the weary way without a halt,



AN OLD WARRIOR IN ARROW PROOF COAT KILLED IN THE FIGHT

save for the short stops such as the last when the Tubus barred the road. Soon we reached Pogwa, and here there was another brief pause while the treacherous palm-groves were beaten for Mobbur ambushes. On the farther side of the village, after a few miles travelling through thick bush, the scouts came in with news of a large Tubu force ahead, so the advance-guard halted till the caravan closed up, concealing itself at the edge of the bush. There, away out in the plain, close to the river bank was the whole force of the Tubus, some 400 horsemen in all. We had marched with greater speed than they had expected and had taken

them by surprise, for they were all dismounted watering their horses. Without losing a moment the advance-guard charged down on them, and then there followed tremendous confusion. The Tubus rushed for their horses and scattered in all directions. The Kachella's horsemen did some splendid work with their spears. José, leading, singled out the Tubu chief by the crowd of men around him, and making straight for him, seized his horse and shot him just as he was getting into the saddle.

Thirty of the enemy were killed and many were wounded. The Kachella's loss was five men killed and several wounded.

The death of their leader struck fear into the Tubus, who now completely disappeared and left us undisputed masters of the road to Yo. The Kachella and the mallams were greatly elated by the successful rout of the enemy, and the former despatched two horsemen to carry his greetings to José, on his killing of the chief. As the road was now safe and my presence with the caravan no longer necessary, I rode on ahead with José to Yo, arriving there about five o'clock. Some of the caravan camped out in the bush. The rest struggled on till within sight of the town, then sank down exhausted and slept where they fell.

The house where I stayed when at Yo was on a little hill near the town. Presently José came asking me to come outside, and there down the hill I saw the Kachella and his warriors assembled, with drums beating and flag unfurled. When they saw me come out on the hill, they advanced at full gallop; then reined up suddenly in front of me, on the instant throwing up their long spears, and, catching them

in the air, shook them and passed on, shouting : “ The white man has shown us the way home to Chad.”

As the Kachella entered the town, the women and children pressed round him, asking the news, and he told them of the killing of the Tubu chief. But, when they begged him for news of their own dead, he would not speak, for he had not the heart to hear women weep. Then the women waited, watching till all the warriors had come in, so that the missing might be told. And all night long the hours were broken by the wail of women, calling upon their dead men to return.

## CHAPTER XIX

### ON THE BIRD-LIFE IN NORTHERN NIGERIA

THE distribution of birds in Africa has always been a fascinating subject with ornithologists.

To discover the remaining links in the chain of our knowledge of the affinity of the fauna between the west coast and the Nile was, therefore, one of the objects the Expedition had in view. The result has been that much new and interesting material has been brought back, and we can now form a very good idea of the distribution of the birds across the Continent.

When the nature of our collection is considered in conjunction with the geographical features, we find that three distinct zoographical areas can be determined. Approximately speaking, the forest region stretches from Liberia to the Quanza river and includes the greater part of equatorial Africa. With the exception of the latter, the width of the forest belt along the west coast varies from 160 to 200 miles. The whole of this vast virgin forest possesses a distinct avifauna, which eventually finds its way across Africa to the neighbourhood of the Victoria Lakes by the great equatorial forests and rivers. It is a rich fauna, as might be expected, including forest-thrushes, fly-catchers, brilliant orioles, woodpeckers, and many forest-weavers, shy denizens that are never found away from the confines of the virgin growth.

Beyond this forest region there are broad stretches of country, well-watered and thickly covered with dwarf trees and bush, and frequented by birds of the open country, in other words, what is generally known as the Senegambian fauna, which includes sun-birds, black tits, weavers, grass-warblers, bush-shrikes, bee-eaters, woodpeckers, glossy starlings, hornbills, and francolins. All these find their way across Africa to the south of the bend of the Niger, then through the broad valleys of the Benue and Shari rivers, eventually gaining the country lying directly to the north of the Ubangui and Welle rivers, and so to the Nile.

And then, coming close to the highway of the Senegambian fauna, is the route of that of the Sudan, which includes many species of larks, bustards, several nightjars, the sand grouse, rock sparrows, and the little black-headed bunting larks, all of which inhabit the more open plains and deserts that are covered with mimosa and gum-trees, and spread across the Continent from the River Senegal by way of Northern Hausaland, Bornu and Lake Chad, from whence to the Nile, they follow an almost straight line through the provinces of Wadai and Darfur.

The extent of the distribution in these areas, with the exception, perhaps, of that in the forest region, is influenced a good deal by the presence of rivers and streams. This is quickly perceived by watching the banks and vicinity of some river, for in such a locality numbers of birds may be seen congregated and continually following its course. These migration movements take place more often in the dry season when food and water are scarce in the open country.

As the traveller passes through the miles of monotonous

bush, his path may often cross a stream, the waters of which are cooled by roofings of well-grown trees that afford delightful shade. Such a stream as this becomes the highway for many birds, which travel up and down in small parties, enlivening the cool depths with their voices, and all busy feeding, intent upon keeping their bodies and souls together. In the desert countries to the north, the birds follow the course of wells, and so we find that over the vast area there is a continual migration going on according to the rainfall.

When one considers the even distribution of the fauna of the country lying between the Niger and the Nile, one sees that there can be nothing to hinder a wide distribution throughout. Take, for example, the route followed by the Sudan fauna. Birds occurring in Senegal and around Lake Chad are again found to the east of Darfur, thereby demonstrating that there can be no serious obstacles like mountains in the unknown provinces of Wadai and Darfur to stop an extended distribution. On the other hand, one finds that the Sudan and Senegambian faunæ are separated in their courses eastward by the mountainous hills like the Murchison range in Central Nigeria, which runs to a height of some 5000 ft. Throughout the route which we have already mentioned as that taken by the Senegambian birds, one finds in the bush-covered plains small isolated groups of ironstone hills which are inhabited by peculiar species not found on the plains and which form links for the distribution of these birds across Africa. As an example, I will give that of a rock nightjar (*Caprimulgus sharpei*) which I discovered on some rocky hills 500 ft. in height on the borders of the forest region in the Gold Coast Hinterland. Even so far away as

the Ubangui region, I again found a slightly paler and greyer form (*C. Claudi*) inhabiting the same kind of rocky places.

No doubt the variations are caused by local conditions, and the greater rainfall in the Gold Coast hinterland may account for the darker coloration of the former species.

We see that this nightjar is very locally distributed, and, unlike its close congeners which inhabit the plains, is never found away from bare, volcanic hills. It is really a remarkable example of protective colouring; the plumage of the bird, as it lies crouched on the bare rock, assimilates so well with the surroundings that it startles one as it gets up almost at one's feet and alights perhaps a few yards ahead, again to appear like a mere piece of chipped stone.

Another interesting nightjar one comes across in Nigeria is the standard-winged nightjar, so called because it has a very long pinion-feather in both wings that is only plumed at the ends and gives the appearance, as it streams behind in flight, of being detached. This peculiar ornament is only put on by the male in the breeding season to court and fascinate the female.

These remarkable birds inhabit the open bush country in colonies, and at evening time they appear in numbers on the scene suddenly as if from nowhere, and as they sail backwards and forwards, their shaft-feathers look like small birds following them wherever they go.

It is interesting to watch this bird courting his mate. Just as dusk is coming on, the female suddenly drops noiselessly on to the path from the adjoining bush. Immediately, the male appears and alights right in front of her where she

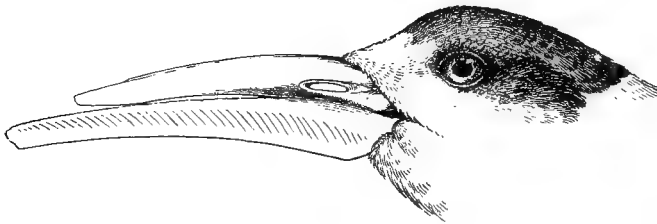
is sitting. Then the long wing pinions are raised so that they droop over the head towards her. Should the female shift her position, the male gives chase to alight once again like a featherweight in front of her.

Our journey up the Benue gave us many opportunities of observing its bird-life, which I shall now endeavour to describe since it is typical of all African rivers. The geese and duck, though there were numerous sand-banks, were not very plentiful and no more than a species of each was observed. Parties of the spur-winged geese (*Plectropterus gambensis*) frequently offered us tempting shots, but they proved tough in more ways than one, tough to shoot and tough to eat. This is quite the most common goose on African rivers. I remember seeing large numbers in a back-water of the Yo river. Concealed amongst the reeds I managed to shoot several as they dropped down for the night. Besides this goose, there was the whistling duck (*Dendrocygna viduata*), or “ wishi wishi ” as the Hausas call it, in imitation of the noise it makes when taking to flight on being disturbed. At night we used constantly to hear large flocks taking wide circuits inland from the river and keeping up the whole time a sibilant whistling.

The sand-banks of the Benue are, for the most part, the resorts of quaint water-birds, such as crowned cranes, marabou storks, pelicans, wattled plovers, and the still smaller sand-plovers, pratincoles, scissor-billed terns and black-winged stilts. The sand-banks are large and there is plenty of room for all. Perhaps at one end a batch of pelicans sit huddled together, waiting lazily for the heat to abate, while the little plovers seem more lively for the



sun, and run airily over the baked sand, unheeded by marabou storks with ponderous bills, that stand stockstill and look as stiff-jointed and dried-up as though they had lived for a thousand years. When the sun goes down, these ungainly birds fly off singly to trees inland where they roost, to appear again next day on their favourite sand-banks at dawn. And a look through one's glasses will sometimes detect



THE SCISSOR-BILL TERN

the elegant little grey pratincole (*Glareola cinerea*), by no means a common species, found also on the River Volta. It always frequents the sand-banks, and in this respect is unlike other pratincoles (*Glareola emini*), which take a delight in rock-strewn rivers.

Perhaps one of the most interesting and curious birds to be seen sometimes squatting on the sand-banks is the scissor-bill tern (*Rhynchops flavirostris*). The formation of the bill of this bird is truly remarkable, the under mandible being shaped like the blade of a knife, and extending beyond the upper. Several theories as to its use have been put forward. I do not think that it has anything to do with the catching of fish. I have never seen the bill put to this use, though on many occasions I have watched flocks of these birds skimming with steady wing-beats close to the surface of the

water. When studying the remarkable blade-like shape, it is difficult to imagine it serving any other purpose than prising open shells or scraping off molluscs from stones. I have taken the eggs of this species on sand-banks in the Zambesi. A hole scratched in the sand serves as the nest, and in colour and markings the eggs resemble those of our common tern.

During the dry season when the water is low, the view across the river is often interrupted by stretches of sand-banks and small islands covered with tall reeds and fish cane, frequently forming snug backwaters that become the night sanctuaries of many birds. A locality such as this is a favourite home of the lark-heeled cuckoo (*Centropus senegalensis*), a rather remarkable bird that is to be found in the vicinity of most African rivers. It is about the size of a falcon, with upper part of a reddish brown and the under a dull white, and a tail powerful and big for its size. It seldom makes use of flight except to wing its way in a clumsy, flopping manner from one thick retreat to another, where at times it gives out a string of rich bubbling notes. The best time to observe this bird is towards sunset, and from an ambush near the water one can watch it almost as closely as one likes. First, one sees troops of doves come down to the pools and take their last drink, and batches of weavers pitch into the reeds with rustling flight for the night. Then comes a brief stillness, to be broken shortly by a creepy noise in the reeds, a tussling sound as of roots and thick growth being pulled aside. It is the cuckoo working its way in rodent fashion through the columns of the reeds. On emerging into the open it does not neglect to reconnoitre and climbs cautiously up one of the stoutest fish canes over-

hanging the pool; but there is nothing to cause alarm, merely a lonely sandpiper running along the pool's edge and a nimble waterhen treading the soft carpet of weed. Meanwhile, more cuckoos have crept out from their thick retreats in the same cautious manner, and now one and all commence to call the females to their sides by uttering a series of strong, deep notes, which might be described by the syllables, "ho, ho, ho," in descending tones. When the breeding-season approaches, the cuckoos may frequently be heard in the middle of a moonlight night. While the river flows through a land of silence, they are still wide awake and answering one another with their far-reaching mellow calls, that now and again become rapid in utterance, just like the sound of water bubbling from a long-necked jar.

The traveller passing along the river, cannot fail to be attracted by the beautiful bee-eaters; not only because of their light colourings but also because of their graceful forms and remarkable nesting colonies. On the Benue, we observed no less than three species. One is a handsome carmine-breasted bird (*Merops nubicus*), eleven inches in length, and the representative in this part of Africa of the South African species, but differing in having the entire throat green like the head. Another is the scarlet-throated bee-eater (*Mellitophagus bullocki*), also similar to a South African species, but to be distinguished from the latter by the absence of blue on the upper tail-coverts. The third species is the beautiful rose-breasted bee-eater (*Merops malimbicus*) which I came across nesting in the steep banks of the Simanka river to the North of Ibi also.

Essentially river birds, these bee-eaters are seldom

found far away from water. Early in the morning and again towards evening, as regular as clockwork, they may be observed journeying from one favourite feeding-ground to another, flying high overhead, sometimes almost invisible, betraying their line of flight only by their cries. During the heat of the day they will remain for hours inert, perched on the stooping backs of bright green reeds. They have indeed a decorative appearance and remind one of those types of birds that the Indian loves to depict upon his choicest silks. When the sun lowers and the heat begins to abate, they come to the river-side and skim over the water after insects, often striking the surface so as to send up a cloud of spray.

It will only be necessary to describe here one of their nesting colonies to give an idea of their breeding habits. Not far above Loko, we came across a remarkable colony for the first time of the carmine-breasted bee-eater, which is, perhaps, the most common of the three species on the river. It was in a high part of the bank. The nest-holes, about 3 in. in diameter and close to one another, were in several rows and ran into the sandy stratum; there must have been at least sixty of them, which gave to the bank the appearance of having been pitted with bullets. On the approach of our boats, a head poked out from every hole and the next moment a flare of glorious red birds burst out across the water, screeching defiance in our faces. Dazed by their sudden coming into the glare, they circled and hung in the air so close to us that it would have been easy enough to knock them over with sticks or, as they clung to the sandy banks, pelt them with stones.

As I had never found their eggs before, I attempted to dig out a nest, but had reluctantly to give it up, as the hole went more than 6 ft. into the bank. All kinds of insects form the prey of these birds. Once I shot one with its mouth so stuffed with butterflies that it appeared to me marvellous that it had not choked.

When a bush fire is raging, it is an extraordinary sight to see bee-eaters flock to the scene and show a reckless fearlessness by flying right into the flames after their prey. I remember once picking up a bird with its wings so singed that it was unable to fly.

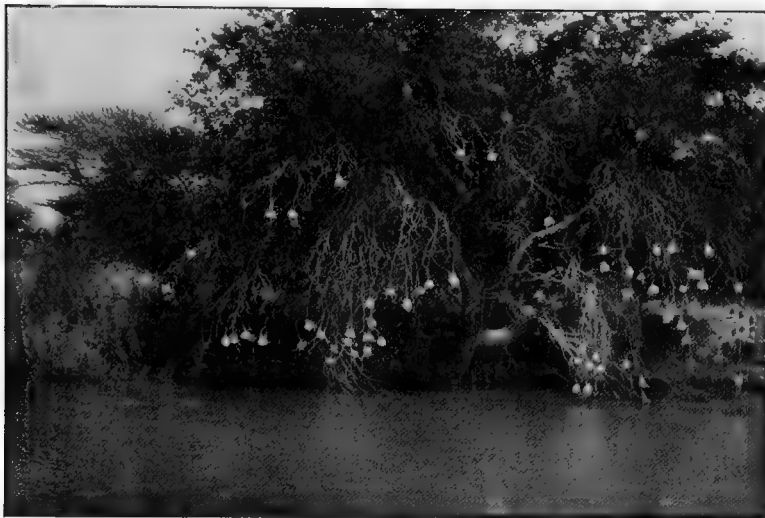
While on the subject of bee-eaters, I feel I ought not to omit to mention three other species that are to be found in this part of Africa ; but to do this I must leave the region of the Benue and take my way to Bornu and Lake Chad. On the journey thither through the grass country and bush we frequently observed the smallest of all the bee-eaters (*Merops pusillus*), a pretty, graceful bird, which is not such a lover of rivers as others of the species. Seldom heeding one's approach, it merely swoops with a single beat of its wings on to the stem of the next stooping reed. A rapid dart forward, a snap of the beak, then back to its former point of vantage, to gain which the bird performs a little circular flight, almost poising in the air at times, while the light catches the beautiful green of its back and plays upon the fawn colour of its wings till they look quite transparent. About the same size as this species is another (*Merops viridis*) of which the general colour is a beautiful grass-green, while the two centre tail-feathers are much elongated and accentuate the elegance of the bird. We only found it in the northern part of Bornu,

inhabiting the sandy stretches overgrown with mimosa and gum-trees. It is a good example to illustrate the distribution of the Sudan avi-fauna, for its range across Africa is by way of Kordofan, Lake Chad, Bornu and Senegal. The last species we collected before leaving Nigeria was the Persian bee-eater (*Merops persicus*), a bird with red throat and a plumage of predominant green, and in size about the same as the carmine-breasted bee-eater. We were fortunate enough to secure several specimens out of a party which were evidently on migration, but had dropped down to refresh themselves on the shores of the Lake.

This species has a remarkable range. It has seen the plains of India, has travelled over the steppes of Turkestan, passed the rugged hills of Arabia and come through fertile Egypt, and here it is on the shores of Lake Chad. What a wonderful life its flight through the air must be, for ever exposed to the full glare of the sun, and how grateful must be the time when it comes to nest in the cool corridors of the earth !

There are scarcely any birds in Africa that can be called songsters in the sense that we apply the term to the summer migrants in England, although there are many with quaint and peculiar call-notes and chatterings which arrest the ear. I have, however, in my mind at the present moment two exceptions to this dearth of bird music : the one is the song of the red thrush (*Cossypha*) of which I have spoken in a preceding chapter, and which in tone and passionate rendering is, to my mind, almost more beautiful than that of the nightingale ; the other the song of a reed-warbler (*Luscinola gracilirostris*), of which the exquisitely melodious

notes are poured out to the listener from cool recesses in thickets and reeds. But it is not given to the traveller every day to hear these beautiful singers ; he must rather go out and seek them in the seclusions of streams and woods.



WEAVERS' NESTS ON RIVER YO

Leaving those arteries of life, the rivers, and the green wildernesses of the streams, we come to the bird-life that flourishes in neighbourhood with man.

In all the native villages, the most common bird to be seen is a black-headed yellow weaver (*Hyphantornis cucullatus*), in size a little larger than a sparrow. The large tree, a familiar feature in nearly every native town, where the chief and his followers sit throughout the day regardless of the passing hours, is generally covered with the pendent basket-work nests of these birds, who are all busy weaving, or enlivening the monotonous hours with ceaseless running

chatter as they court their mates at the entrance of the nests, from which they hang fanning their wings the whole time to and fro as if their feet had caught in the meshwork. The female of this group of weavers is dull-coloured and somewhat resembles a sparrow, and so do the young males for their first year, after which they assume the bright plumage of the adult, which according to my observations is not changed again for the dull plumage in winter.

Before the nesting-season comes round again, it is an odd sight to see a flock of old and young birds together, the old males in the gorgeous yellow and black of their perfection, while the others wear the motley of every transitional stage.

Other very familiar birds, seldom away from the precincts of a native village, and sharing with the vultures in the work of scavenging, are the kites (*Milvus ægyptius*). They are bold, rapacious birds and mix themselves up very much with the daily life of a native community. Nothing comes amiss to them. When camping in the bush I have seen them swoop down before the very eyes of my cook and carry off between their talons perhaps a dainty fowl cutlet that was being prepared for my dinner. Scarcely a day passed without a visit from one or more of these robbers, which at times waxed so bold as to swoop down in front of my skinning table and carry off the birds I happened to let drop, and on more than one occasion the bodies were those of their own fraternity.

Outside a village, numbers of birds are to be seen ; always more noticeable when the harvest has been gathered. When the village is literally smothered in high-standing crops, the birds are more concealed, except the ubiquitous weavers



who make constant raids upon the crops, picking and stealing from the ripening millet and doing an incalculable amount of damage.

I think the worst offender in this respect is the cardinal weaver (*Quelia cardinalis*).

To drive off the marauders the natives erect among the crops a rude platform of poles, on the top of which a boy sits shouting and pulling a rope hung with old tins and pieces of metal.



THE BIRD-SCARER

On waste land which once bore crops but now is overgrown, flocks of waxbills (*Estrellda*) pick up a living, creeping about amongst the weeds like little mice.

Scattered here and there are tall gum-trees from the topmost twigs of which are suspended the nests of the widow weaver (*Vidua principalis*). In the breeding-season the males are remarkably picturesque in their plumage of black and white, with tails sometimes a foot long. It is amusing to watch one of these birds in flight from one point to another ; he really looks as if he would never get there, so weighed down

does he seem by his long tail, and endeavouring all the time to keep himself up by a series of odd jerks.

Among the plantations are tall dead trees, bare of bark, having been licked to death by bush-fires many years ago. These attract large woodpeckers, generally in pairs, which come to attack their dead cores, making the dry wood resound with loud, vibrating drilling sounds. And when the woodpeckers have left, glossy starlings (*Lamprocolius*), of wonderful metallic lustre, come and go, uttering at intervals strings of discordant screeches that set one's teeth on edge.

The beautiful blue jay, or roller (*Coracias abyssinicus*), is also a frequent visitor to the plantations, where he makes raids upon the locusts that infest the stalk-strewn ground. He is a cunning and distrustful bird, and seldom allows a close approach; at the sight of gun-barrels he is off in double quick time, flying high till he becomes a mere speck in the sky. When in a playful mood he will go through a performance of many twists and gyrations in the air, jerking out all the time hoarse, screechy notes as if he revelled in the sun. He has a quarrelsome nature, being a constant source of annoyance to the small birds that come within his ken, especially the flocks of weavers, which he takes a mischievous delight in darting at as they go swishing past, obliging them to break from their close formation into skirmishing order.

Away from the villages the birds are less frequent, and one can go for several miles sometimes without observing any, and then come across suddenly quite a large gathering of different species, such as finches, fly-catchers, golden

orioles, woodpeckers, barbets and shrikes, travelling all together as if they were afraid of being left alone on their way through the vast expanse of bush.

When the mimosa trees are in flower, crowds of sun-birds visit them. It is a pretty picture and looks like a glimpse of fairyland itself, the bright light playing upon the



A BACBAB OR KUKA TREE

tender green of the mimosa starred with feathery blossoms, among which the sun-birds revel in the sunlight that catches the metallic peacock-blue of their backs as they dance in flight from one tree to another.

The tall baobab trees in the thick belts along the banks of streams are often the resort of black and white hornbills (*Lophoceros erythorynchus*), quaint looking birds that are bound to arrest the travellers' attention. They spend most of the day in the holes of the trees, for they appear to

dislike the heat very much. They have a remarkable flight; a few rapid beats of the pinions, then follows a long glide through the air without the slightest motion of the wings; and when alighting on a tree the great bill appears top heavy, for the bird almost topples over, but then the tail is the next moment brought down sharply from a vertical position, whereby the balance is regained. As he sits on the knotty bough of some leafless baobab tree, all bill, neck and tail, he looks extremely comical, and reminds one of an Egyptian hieroglyphic.

The nesting habits of the hornbills are peculiar; by way of an example I will describe a nest which I found in a hole in the upper stem of a high baobab. In this hole the female was imprisoned, for the entrance was walled in with mud, only allowing a small opening just large enough for the bill of the bird, which from time to time popped out and in as the noise of my ascent came nearer and nearer. When taken out of her dark prison, she was a pitiable-looking object, stiff and quite unable to fly in her filthy, featherless condition.

The reason of this remarkable nesting economy is, I think, to safeguard the female during the moulting-time, and at the same time to protect her, while sitting, against enemies, of which the hornbills have many, such as monkeys, which abound along the thickly wooded streams.

The game-birds to be found in Nigeria are three species of francolins, a guinea-fowl, a rock-pheasant, sand-grouse and two species of bustards. The francolins, or bush-fowl as they are commonly called by travellers, are the partridges

of Africa and are distributed over the flat bush-country ; but open grass land interspersed with clumps of wood, with native plantations in their vicinity, are also favourite resorts, where sometimes I have seen as many as forty birds in one covey. Of course the dry season is the best time to shoot them, when the grass has been burnt and they have become once more gregarious. As soon as the first rains have fallen and the grass has grown pretty high, the breeding season commences, and then the francolins are found split up in pairs all over the country. At such times they are difficult to observe, and one seldom sees them on the wing unless one takes them by surprise, for they are always hiding away in the thickets and high grass that border the native farms and clearings. It is only in the early morning and again towards evening that they will venture to creep out on to the farm-lands, uttering on the way thither their loud, grating "kree, kree," calls.

The most common francolin is the Senegal partridge (*Francolinus bicalcaratus*). It is distributed all over the West African bush-country, and in the vicinity of Lake Chad it is represented by another form (*Francolinus clappertoni*), discovered by the traveller Clapperton. This species is a good example of the Sudan distribution across Africa to the Nile by way of Darfur and Kordofan.

Where there are rugged hills and kopjes, the graceful little rock-pheasant (*Ptilopachys fuscus*) is found, or *Casa duci* (rock-fowl) as it is called by the Hausas ; I have seen as many as twenty together taking refuge, when disturbed, in the crannies of the rocks. The male looks very much like a little bantam, extremely pert as he struts over the ledges

of rock with tail raised. Towards evening, when the noises of day begin to die down and every sound through the rocky places takes on a more sonorous tone, it is delightful to listen to the chorus of these little rock-dwellers. There is always a leader whose cue is taken up with great zest by all the others; the notes grow loud at first and then die away into the stillness.

It was not till we reached the vicinity of Lake Chad that we found the pin-tail sand-grouse (*Pterocles exustus*), inhabiting the sandy pasture that lies between the shore and the wood country.

The punctual habits of these birds are remarkable. Every morning and evening at the same hour, batches would fly high over our camp, suddenly to drop down with a sound like a shower of spent bullets in the water, afterwards returning the same way as they had come. Sometimes, in the season of the harmattan, when their flight was not discernible in the prevailing haze, its course could be traced by their noisy voices, that sounded like the creak of rusty springs set in motion. These birds might almost be called crepuscular by nature, for should the night be moonlight, they feed in the vicinity of the water, remaining there till dawn appears.

Before our expedition to Bornu and Lake Chad, next to nothing was known of the birds of this part of Africa, for there were only the small collections made by Denham and Clapperton around Lake Chad in the year 1822-1824, which resulted in the discovery of a large bustard (*Otis denhami*) and a francolin (*Francolinus clappertoni*). The 800 specimens which I collected have revealed the interesting fact

that the avi-fauna of Bornu and Lake Chad is identical with that of the Sudan. This is what might have been expected, for Bornu, Lake Chad and Kanem possess the geographical features of the Sudan country—flat with sandy undulations and covered with mimosa and gum trees.

Out of the many interesting species to be found in Bornu, there are two rather remarkable ones—namely the cow-bird (*Buphaga africana*) and the Senegal black weaver-finch (*Textor senegalensis*). Although the cow-bird—a species of starling—is found over the whole of Africa with the exception of the forest regions, it is of local distribution. In localities where there are herds of cattle or game, these birds are there to relieve the animals of ticks and lice, perching on their backs and climbing up and down their flanks like little gymnasts. They have powerful, curved claws and tails almost as strong as those of the woodpecker—which greatly assist them in climbing over the bodies of the cattle.

I remember once seeing a bird clinging to the belly of a stampeding cow and looking the whole time quite at ease.

The black weaver-finch, which is about the size of a blackbird, first came under my notice at a Fulani town, called Goram—about two days' march to the east of Bauchi—and after this in Bornu the nests of this species became quite a feature in the landscape. It builds in colonies close to native villages in the baobab and gum trees, the nests often numbering as many as twenty in one tree. They are very bulky in structure and are like those of magpies. I have sometimes noticed several so close together one on the top of the other that they resembled a bunch of burrs. During

the nesting-season, the weavers disturb the sleepy atmosphere of a village with noisy cries and the bustle of their building operations; at such times they remind one of rooks; they are quarrelsome and appear to derive satisfaction in stealing the sticks from each other's nests. In physical formation, this weaver-finch has the peculiarity of the duck but to an exaggerated extent.

When after many weary months, the shores of Chad were reached, the sight of the mysterious lake conjured up to my imagination the discovery of new and strange birds inhabiting the solitudes of its far-off islands. But my quests were doomed to disappointment. The low, flat islands held no secrets, for the Lake was merely a watering-place on the highway of the Sudan fauna. With the exception of a reed-warbler (*Calamocichla chadensis*) new to science, there are no species peculiar to the Lake. This reed-warbler inhabits the belts of maria bush on the islands, and I shall never forget the torments I had to endure while standing knee-deep in water in the dark jungle of the maria, my face blackened by hungry mosquitoes before I could secure some specimens.

Many of the islands which are uninhabited and covered with flowering reeds, thick grass and low scrub, are the home of brown owls (*Strix leucotis*), a species which is pretty well distributed over the grass-covered plains of Africa. It is found in quite large numbers on the Lake. A grass fire seldom failed to awaken some of them and they were soon on the spot preying upon the rodents driven out by the flames. And so, too, the marsh-harrier (*Circus æruginosus*) another familiar inhabitant, would arrive on the scene to



capture the locusts from some neighbouring island with flight slow and seldom higher than the reed-tops.

All owls were looked upon by my Hausa followers as bad ju-ju and though sometimes hard up for meat, nothing would induce them to eat the bodies of those I had shot and skinned.

It was not unusual, when landing on an island, for us to disturb from the long grass one of the largest of African bustards (*Otis denhami*). This species and the smaller one, the black-breasted bustard (*Otis melanogaster*)<sup>1</sup> were also fairly numerous on the rough grass land near the Lake, and in my wanderings I often had the opportunity of observing that the males of both these species kept apart from the females.

Another interesting bird I came across was the Egyptian nightjar (*Caprimulgus ægyptiacus*), a rather satisfactory discovery, for to increase the range of a well-known species is, to my mind, often more interesting than making a new one.

The Egyptian goose (*Chenalopex ægyptiacus*) was also there, and we found many of its nests, while comb duck, spur-winged geese and teal (*Nettion capense*) visited the Lake at times.

No picture of the Lake would be complete without the grey-backed gulls (*Larus cirrhocephalus*) which inhabit nearly all the African lakes, though this is the first time they have been recorded on Chad.

They are the attendant spirits of every Buduma fishing-station, and a day never passed without a flock of them following our boats. The soft grey and white of their plumage struck a familiar note in harmony with the prevailing tones

of the Lake, and their familiar cries and flight took one back to the shores and estuaries at home.

Even at this distance of time and space, my thoughts often return to the mystic Lake, sailing over her grey water at sunset, past the endless dark reed headlands that could be like monsters guarding the brazen gates of the West; and I wander along the shoreline where from their drinking the herd of hartebeest slowly tails back across the plain to the woods beyond, and the spur-winged geese rise from the feeding in the green pasture at the water's edge. On the soft mud surface where the Lake has come and gone with the rise and fall of the wind, I see again the hosts of yellow wagtails running to and fro more light and nimble than the froth blown by the harmattan. Beyond the point where the islands lie across the river mouth, wreaths of white gulls circling in the sky tell of the islanders at their fishing. But soon with the sudden fall of the dark, the crested canoes steal out and glide like black swans in the twilight across the water-space to disappear, and the storks fly home to the woods and leave the lonely pelicans riding in their sleep upon the wilderness of water.

## CHAPTER XX

### MY SECOND VOYAGE ON THE LAKE

ON February 13 Gosling left for Kusseri, which was to be our new base, taking with him the greater part of the stores. His departure was a regular exodus, for there were no less than fifty-eight oxen in all to carry the transport, and five horses, including two owned by Quasso and John. Since they had been in Bornu, the great country for horses where everybody who is any one at all rides his own steed, the "boys" were all mad to possess horses and talked of nothing else in the great parliament of the camp-fire. Thus it was that John and Quasso had each invested their savings in a horse at Kukawa, paying £6 apiece for them; but their pride of possession was brief and costly, especially to Quasso who made the journey by water, for they were obliged to part with them at Fort Lamy for £1 a head.

José departed the same day with Galadima and the carriers for Kukawa to collect supplies of corn for our journey across the Lake. At the same time he laid in a store of provisions for ourselves, including yams, peppers, onions, sweet potatoes, ground-nuts and tomatoes. These last, which are mostly grown at Mongonnu, were then in full season and very fine. I found them delicious, but they lacked a dressing, for we had been obliged to deprive the "chop

boxes" of the bottle of salad oil that each contained, as the supply of oil for the survey lamps had given out.

On arriving at Kukawa, José found that he was unable to get the "gero" (unground millet), which he had bought, ground as usual by the women of the market. The "queen" reluctantly confessed that she had been told not to help me in any way. Whereupon José, much astonished, went to the Shehu for an explanation. The latter said that he was very sorry, but that he had been obliged to obey orders. He added that he had been told that I was "no good" and no Englishman into the bargain. However, his own good heart had not been poisoned, and he surreptitiously gave José food and lodged him in a house near the palace. In Gosling's diary under date February 13, he writes: "Arrived at Kowa at sunset and found instructions had been sent to the king that we were to have nothing. However, the Shehu has sent a man gratuitously to give orders that we are to have everything, so have managed to get enough."

I mention these incidents to show that such an Expedition as ours had not only the usual difficulties that beset explorers to contend with.

After Gosling's and José's departures, Kaddai was a very lonely place. The carriers' quarters were deserted, and at night a solitary camp-fire or two only seemed to shed light upon the desolation. In surroundings such as these, the old sorrow that had been checked by companionship and deadened by the daily work returned and my days and nights became once more a fight against despair. Ten minutes was enough for the lonely evening meal and pipe, and by six o'clock the mosquitoes had launched their attack and driven me to

take cover in bed. And then followed hours of wakefulness and longing for the morning to appear.

By February 23, José had returned and the boats were ready for our voyage across the Lake. The crews consisted



KADDAI BAGA

of Galadima, Lowi, Quasso, and a small Kanuri boy (a new recruit), and eight polers under Audelai. We took with us enough "chop" to last a month. The few remaining Hausa carriers who had been with me from Lokoja were paid off; two of them had charge of boxes containing bird skins for shipment to England. The boxes arrived at Lokoja in perfect condition after having been carried by these men a distance of 500 miles; which speaks well for the reliability of the Hausa carriers.

In this second attempt to cross the Lake to the Shari mouth, I determined to try and follow the influence of the water from the Yo river, so we retraced our course along the familiar western shore. Almost everywhere we found

a depth of 4 ft., probably to be accounted for by the Lake having received its full complement of water from the Yo river.

On the way to the Yo mouth we sighted what we took to be a large herd of cattle grazing upon one of the islands, but on our approach they proved to be hippopotami, which had been driven down to the Lake by the falling of the river. I counted sixty of them. They were a grand sight, and to see such a great number of giant, outlandish beasts altogether, seemed at once to lift the Lake into the region of fable. It is at this time of year that the Budumas hunt the hippos. They kill them with spears and cut up the hides in strips, making them into shamboks, which are valuable articles of trade in the markets of Bornu.

We camped on an island near the Yo mouth for three days while José went off to Bosso to obtain a further supply of food. Here the scene was not so busy as on my first visit. The Budumas and the pelicans were not nearly so numerous, for the fish were no longer coming down into the Lake and the river had almost ceased to flow. Along its course the water was broken up into pools which were simply alive with leaping fish, and huge crocodiles basked in the dry grass on the banks.

One morning there was much excitement in camp when the "boys" spied far off on the horizon, where he was no more than a tiny speck, a horseman coming towards us. Every one wondered who he might be. When he was within 500 yards of the Lake, he reined up, stared steadily in our direction for some time and then galloped off. The "boys" all declared he was a Tubu come to spy.

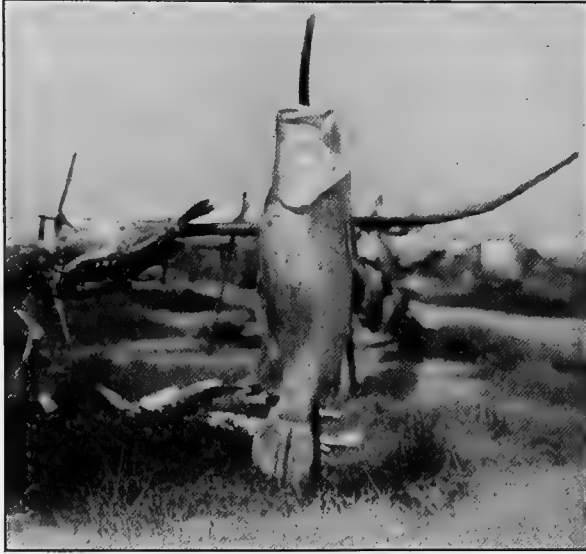


THE BOATS ON LAKE CHAD





José having returned, we started once more upon our way, taking a northerly course and hugging the shore. When we had proceeded for about five miles, we reached a



LAKE CHAD FISH MEASURING 5 FEET

small island, about half a mile long, lying on our right. It was a Buduma fishing-station, and was covered with frameworks of poles on which gigantic fish were hung to dry. Directly on our left, there was a reedy headland, that receded abruptly to the north-west, forming a large bay. Lying close in shore was a fleet of some twenty canoes, which were deserted by the Budumas as soon as they sighted us. The whole of this part of the Lake was extremely shallow and gave one the idea of an estuary, for there were many storks and other long-legged birds standing far out in the water which came hardly up to their knee-joints. This is the northern-most

point I reached upon the Lake. It would not have been possible to get farther owing to the lack of water. Lieutenant Freydenberg, a French officer, who has since been exploring in the same region, confirms this view.

Though we sent friendly shouts after the retreating Budumas, we could not induce them to return. This was most annoying for we needed a pilot badly. However, on returning to the island, we were lucky to come accidentally upon a canoe, and not far off we discovered its occupants lying "doggo" in the reeds. They were a decrepit old man, his two sons, and a woman with a baby at breast. Their attitudes and faces betrayed the most abject fear and I fancy they thought that their last day had come. But I pointed to the flag that was flying at the stern of one of the boats, making them understand by signs that there was nothing to fear. Presently they crawled out of the reeds, and it was not long before they were squatting round me on the island, gazing up with wondering looks. Round about were spread the nets and their catch of fish. They had made some good hauls, and there was one big fish, over 5 ft. in length, of which I took a photograph. Before leaving, I pressed the two boys into my service as guides, but they protested that they knew nothing of the Lake "over there"—pointing with their fingers to the eastwards. Whereupon my "boys" crying out "*Shegi, shegi*" ("Rascals, rascals"), hustled them briskly into the boats. It is really amusing to watch the expressions of pious horror that one's "boys" put on when a lie that will be of no benefit to themselves is told to their white master, and they seem for the time being entirely unconscious of their own proficiency in the art of inexacti-

tudes. They learn pretty quickly that lying to a white man is a heinous offence and out of consideration for their masters' prejudices bring themselves to exercise a remarkable amount



BUDUMA FISHING-NETS

of cunning in order that their own guilt in this direction may not appear too painfully evident to him.

All went well for the next two days, during which we covered nearly twenty miles. There was good open water all the way with an average depth of 3 ft. and my spirits were buoyed up considerably. But on the third day our troubles began. Our course now wandered through shallow bays, formed by a mass of small islands. Everywhere the depth of the water lessened to a foot and unfathomable black mud lay below. My time was much occupied, for I was always standing up in the boat, taking all the observations I could with the prismatic compass to the islands and then fixing

their positions with back- and cross-bearings. It was trying work, for the pace of the boat was always altering. At one moment she would be travelling steadily along, and at the next graze and come to a standstill in the mud. Then overboard the "boys" would have to go, disappearing up to their arm-pits in the slimy black mud and hanging on to the gun-wales for fear of being altogether swallowed up as they pushed the boat laboriously along. How they hated it! But still they stuck to it manfully, I must say, and only when the day's work was done would Quasso sometimes venture to say: "Never see white man do dis before!" We struggled on in this manner for ten miles, and then the depth of the water decreased to 6 in. A feeling of despair came over us, for darkness would be upon us within two hours, and the old fear of having to stay huddled up in the boats all night, exposed to the attack of thousands of mosquitoes struck us with dismay. The nearest island was half a mile distant, but with a supreme effort, wading and pushing chest-deep in the mud we succeeded in reaching it just as darkness was falling. The "boys" by now were utterly exhausted, and I fear they were not in the best of tempers. From the very start they had regarded the Lake with disfavour, as a region full of ju-ju. They feared the Budumas, too, who, owing to their strange powers of suddenly disappearing, lived, they believed, like mermen underneath the water. They always hated it, when the order came to go overboard and shove, for they were afraid of being dragged under by these fabulous people. In clear water when the sun was shining, these fears were dispelled to a great extent, but as soon as darkness and exhaustion found them in difficulties

their forebodings would return. It was then that they required very careful handling. The slightest sign of hesitation on one's own part would have started a mutiny. But it is



WADING THROUGH THE MUD IN SEARCH OF WATER

by showing kindness and consideration at other times, that one gets the full effect out of firmness on critical occasions.

When travelling in Africa, the comforts of the native should be studied as much as those of white troops. Unfortunately, there have been only too many examples of white men regarding the natives as beasts of burden, only fit to be driven. I made it a rule when trekking or travelling in the boats, to start, if possible, never later than half-past six in the morning, so as to break the back of the journey before the sun grew hot and give time for a mid-day halt of an hour. In this way we were able to finish the day's journey by half-past three, which gave the "boys" time to pitch the camp

and cook and eat their food before sundown, a habit to which they are accustomed. If they went hungry beyond that time, their tempers, if not their digestions, suffered; and this is not to be wondered at, seeing that it was their only real meal of the day. Their allowance of 2 lb. of "geri" (ground millet) was served out to them at the end of the day's work, and only a few of the more careful men kept a little over for a light mid-day "chop" the next day. So that one may consider that as a general rule the native does his work on one meal a day. In the case of a large number, the carriers split up into groups for their meals, a man in each taking his turn to prepare the food. They all squat down in a ring and eat out of a common bowl, each in turn dipping his fingers into the food. The native is a sociable being and comradeship is almost necessary to his welfare. It is very rare to find one feeding or even sleeping by himself. I remember that on one occasion my headman, in complaining to me about one of the carriers, urged the fact that he fed and slept by himself in proof that the man was no good.

But to return and pitch camp upon the island before it gets too dark. As I have related, the "boys" were all "dog-tired" and rather cross, and the night was far advanced before they had lit fires and cooked their well-earned supper. So when that had been disposed of, it was not long before the usual chatter and banter round the camp-fire had sunk into the long breathings of deep slumber. The night was cold, so two of the "boys" gave their blankets to the Buduma guides. When day dawned it was discovered that both Budumas and blankets had disappeared. We hunted the island up and down for the young rascals. The "boys"

were wild and set fire to the tall dry reeds in the hope of turning them out like rats. Soon afterwards the wind sprang up and the whole island was enveloped in a sheet of flames.



BUDUMA METHOD OF CARRYING CATTLE ACROSS THE LAKE

This was the signal for a number of hawks to come upon the scene, and they hovered and circled round as if aiding us in our search. But no trace of the thieves could be seen till quite by chance I discovered their footprints in the mud at the point where we had gained the island. We were all astonished, for it showed that they must have run over the mud like moor-hens, where our men had waded up to their chests the day before. The loss of our guides did not make very much difference to us, for they had proved themselves sullen and bad-tempered, and we could get no information out of them as to our whereabouts. However, it so happened

that we were not left long in doubt, for just as the boats were packed and ready to go forward on another day of discovery, scanning the eastern horizon, I beheld two horsemen about a mile away upon the land. This could be no other than the eastern shore, so that we had practically crossed the Lake ! But it was impossible to effect a landing, as a vast mud bay studded with small islands lay between us and firm land. It was a great surprise to me to discover that the crossing had been accomplished in thirty miles, since the ordnance map in my possession made it at least sixty.

We now retraced our course, and the whole of the morning of March 1 was spent in dragging the boats back through the mud and shallows that marked our path of the evening before. About noon, when we were once more in 2 ft. water, we took a south-easterly course skirting the belt of innumerable islands and shallow bays which barred the eastern shore. So we journeyed on for two days at a very slow pace and without much incident to vary the monotony. The average depth of the water was 2 ft. and sometimes the mud gave way to a hard bottom.

In the afternoon of the second day, on rounding a small island we came upon a canoe. Our appearance was so sudden that the occupants had no time to run away. There were two men and the wife of one of them with her baby boy. They were typical Budumas of the northern part of the Lake, who are a rough lawless people, originally coming from a country to the north-west of Kanem. They have no community, but wander about the Lake in families or small bands. They are a dwindling race, owing, most prob-



ably, to constant intermarriage. The same cause no doubt accounted for the remarkable resemblance which all those I saw bore to one another. This particular family with which



HAULING THE BOAT THROUGH THE MUD

we came to close quarters was very picturesque. Their canoe was much larger than any I had seen before and appeared to contain all their worldly goods. There were bundles of nets, a spare pole or two, several blackened cooking-pots for the fish, which was their sole article of food, and a number of odds and ends including hippo teeth for scraping the fish, and rolls of black tobacco which all the Budumas chew incessantly. In features they were coarse and forbidding and the men looked repulsive till they stood up, and then one was lost in admiration of the fine development of their chests and arms. The woman, with her head protected from the sun by a cover of blue cloth, was a most picturesque figure as she crouched

with her child in the canoe. The little boy was too frightened even to look up. I called to Quasso to bring me a handful of big, blue beads, and then I made signs to the mother, telling her that I would give them to her child. Whether she thought I wanted to buy him, I do not know, but she took the beads contemptuously and threw them into the water.

At the time this seemed a fortunate encounter, for we succeeded in pressing the single man into our service as a guide. Towards evening we reached the largest island we had as yet come across. Our new guide told us that it was called Kagererum. It was one and a half miles long and a mile wide. Its shores were of sand, with short dry grass beyond, which contrasted sharply with the dark green rushes in the re-entrant angles. In the centre there was a circle of small reed huts, in shape like haystacks. We found them deserted, but there was evidence that flocks had lately been there, for the soft ground in the centre space was pitted by hundreds of cloven-hoof marks. These islands (for there are many along the eastern shore like the one I have described) are connected with the mainland by fords where the bottom is firm and the flocks and herds can pass over. A slender fencing of reed-canes is quite enough to prevent the animals from straying on either hand. The Budumas drive their cattle to these islands, either for safety from attack or when other grazing-grounds have become dried up.

We left Kagererum next morning and proceeded in a westerly direction for about four miles, after which we got hopelessly stuck and had to pull the boats for some 1200 yards to a small island called Wollam. At the farther end

we found a hard bottom again and a current running in a south-easterly direction at the rate of a mile an hour. This



BUDUMA WITH WIFE AND CHILD

surprised us, for we had never observed such a thing before in the Lake. At first we thought it might indicate the influence of a river ; but that was not the case, and it could only have been caused by the return of the water over mud-flats at the fall of the wind. During the night our Buduma friend decamped, so in the morning we organised a man hunt. He was eventually found lying on his belly in a reed swamp at the other end of the island. He owed his discovery to a kite which hovered over his hiding-place so persistently that our attention was attracted to the spot. After that he bore himself with a very bad grace, sitting sullen and silent in the

bows, and refusing to answer any questions. I believe that the rack would not have drawn from him the secret of the Lake. The "boys" treated him well at first, but when they found that he made no response to their friendliness, they grew tired of him and always took care, when there was any mud-wading to be done (and this became more frequent every day now) that he should be the first to go overboard to lead the forlorn hope. He was a queer-looking object as he waded ahead, his black shining body, small head, and big-boned arms in the distance made him look more like a gigantic beetle than a man. As he plunged and floundered in the black mud, knee-deep at first, then sinking to his waist and then up to his neck, he was followed by shouts of laughter from the "boys." I believe the rascals would have enjoyed seeing him disappear altogether, for they were beginning to fancy that his revengeful spirit was purposely leading us into the worst places. He was a worthless fellow and I began to be sorry that we had ever shipped him, for he had a big enough mouth to feed, yet gave no information in return. Once, after he had preserved a determined silence all one day, I tried the plan of sending him supperless to bed. At first this seemed to promise very good results, for he volunteered the information to my headman that he would guide us next day to an island where there was a large Buduma town with plenty of people and cattle, and he emphasised his remarks by pointing in a certain direction. But when the morrow came and his belly was full, miles of mud-wading brought us no nearer to the promised city, nor did its phantom even mock us hanging mid-air in the mirage.

For the next eight days we struggled on through a net-

work of islands, across extensive bays bounded by broad marshes on all sides, always hoping to find a landing-place. Wherever the water seemed to offer a clear passage, we made



KAGERERUM

an attempt to gain the shore, sometimes making a mile in the right direction, but only to be forced to return laboriously on our tracks and try again and fail farther on. Our difficulties were increased by the harmattan which was blowing very strong at this season and had, no doubt, driven the water westward. It rose every day at seven o'clock and by noon the sun was blotted out by a dense damp mist through which we had to grope our way, miserably cold. So swiftly and strangely does the Lake shift under the influence of the wind, that one morning on retracing our course of the evening before we found the water had departed leaving numbers of enormous fish stranded in the shallows. Some were 4 ft. long.

Could I describe the disappointments of all the days, the defeats by the mud and the sleepless nights of despair when no island could be gained and we were forced to lie huddled up in the crowded boats ; could I echo the groans and curses of the men and "Maifoni's" pitiful howls as all night long the hordes of mosquitoes pressed their attack : or paint the spectral form of hope lifting sightless eyes each dawn to the sun that rose and mocked her from the eastern horizon, I fear I should inflict my readers with a degree of the weariness which we ourselves suffered. So I will not dwell longer than is necessary on this part of our trials. At length privation and the hopelessness of constantly defeated effort sapped the energy and courage of the men, and the first signs of a passive mutiny began to show themselves. Then the food and firewood gave out and there was nothing left to do but to retrace our way to the Yo mouth.

We arrived there on March 16, having made nineteen different camps on the islands. I felt much disheartened at the fruitlessness of our attempts to land on the eastern shore ; but after all, much experience had been gained and a greater knowledge which has now been embodied in the map of the Lake.

The first thing to do was to send into Bosso for more food, so we stayed for two days on the old familiar island. It was also necessary to give a rest to the men who were tired out and still showed signs of the discontent which had almost developed into something more serious. The day after our arrival my gun-boy deserted. He was seen to leave the camp with his bundle of clothes and told every one that he was going to the river to wash ; which was true in a sense,

for he washed his hands of us and we saw no more of him. He was one of the ringleaders of the recent disturbance and ought to have been flogged for his insubordination. Leniency with natives in the face of a misdemeanour is a great mistake, for they do not understand it and mistake it for weakness. There are four ways in which to punish them. These are to flog, fine, cut down rations, or give field imprisonment. The first is the best in every case of infringement of discipline, and this should be determined by very careful judgment in regard to the facts, for the black man is quick to detect a miscarriage of justice. But where nothing of this kind is involved he submits cheerfully and goes through the ordeal with courage.

A flogging at the commencement of one's command will often do more good to the general discipline of one's party than anything else, for it will act as a wholesome deterrent. The saying—"give him an inch and he will take an ell," is strongly applicable to the native, and this is very noticeable in his dealings with the white man new to the country whom all "boys" are ready to impose upon at the outset. In regard to fines, it is doubtful if they have much effect, for as the wages are always booked, he feels no immediate embarrassment and therefore his punishment is not brought home to him on the spot, which is an essential thing to be observed in the management of the natives. Another objection to fines is that the natives think the white man is trying to make money out of him. Of course, this can be counteracted by throwing away before his eyes the fine he has incurred, which I remember once seeing done by a certain government official whom I met on the Benue. This officer had occasion to fine his

“boy” ten shillings and immediately took the sum out of his pocket and threw it into the water. I cannot consider this method is a sound one, for it tends to hold the white man up to ridicule—to say nothing of the uncomfortable sensation to oneself of foolish waste. On the other hand, if fining is inflicted, it should be entirely restricted to evident personal loss which, owing to some palpable negligence, the white man has suffered.

Another useful punishment is field imprisonment. This should be given in the eyes of the whole camp, or better still in a public place if possible. For the culprit has to face the ridicule of the crowd, an ordeal a native detests more than anything else. To punish a black man through his belly is also a good deterrent, but on the march it is a difficult thing to carry out, for he generally has a friend in camp who will succeed in secretly supplying his wants. It must not be supposed from these remarks that punishments are an everyday occurrence. If one shows consideration and looks after the wants of one's followers crimes will be rare. As long as the belly of the black man is studied, he will carry out his work cheerfully and well. Here I will mention the wise plan of sometimes showing one's appreciation, when any particularly good work has been done, by giving “dashes.” A present goes a long way with the natives, who look upon the giver as a “big man” and a good master to work for.

The two days in camp on the island near the mouth of the river were spent as holidays. Plenty of fish and the prospect of more food from Bosso raised the spirits of the “boys” and past troubles were forgotten. The camp soon became full of laughter and merriment, and all were “as happy



as sandboys," bathing and throwing themselves about in the water. At this time the harmattan was blowing strong and so the nights were almost free of mosquitoes. None felt more happy for this than did poor little "Maifoni," for he had had an awful time, and I shall never forget how ceaselessly he scratched and whined throughout the nights on the Lake. Just beyond our camp, in the shelter of the bay a very large number of Buduma canoes had gathered. Several of their headmen came over to me and complained that they had been driven down from the north by the French—probably for their past sins in concert with the Tubus whom the French were fighting. They asked for my protection and wanted me to show them exactly where our part of the Lake commenced so that they could remain there and not be molested.

On March 19, we made preparations to start for our old camp at Kaddai. About eight o'clock a strong breeze from the north sprang up, so the sails were unfurled, and we flew past the islands and reedy headlands. The Lake became like a choppy sea, and at times we shipped water, which the "boys" enjoyed immensely. This aspect of the Lake was new to us, but owing to its lack of depth I do not think the water could ever become rough. We were not able to reach Kaddai that night, so encamped on a marshy headland. Here another of my boatmen deserted, which reduced the number to eight. I heard afterwards that this man had gone into Kukawa and spread the most terrible reports about our journey on the Lake—that many men had died of starvation, while others had been lost in the deep mud. The next morning we reached Kaddai, and at sight of the old grass huts the "boys" gave vent to their spirits with shouts,

but they were soon doomed to disappointment when they heard me tell José that I should again put out into the Lake and take the same course as the first journey I had made with Talbôt, for I was still in the hopes of being able to find in this direction a passage to the Shari.

## CHAPTER XXI

### THE EXPLORATION OF LAKE CHAD

THE wide reed-belts to the south lay like a hazy band along the horizon. This was the barrier that had checked us before, but I still had hopes that we might find a passage by a careful searching out of every nook and corner. So we took the course of our former voyage, keeping close to the line of the reeds. After going smoothly for about four miles, it was the same old story of no water for the boats and a day was spent in ineffectual attempts to thread the mazy windings of the reed-belts. I therefore determined to try and cut a passage through them on the following day. For this work it was necessary to lighten one of the boats, and I hit upon the plan of constructing a scaffold in the water by means of the poles and floor-boards. Upon this improvised platform we piled all our belongings and set a guard over them—a rather comic group in the middle of the Lake! The contrivance served another useful purpose in giving us more room at night, for there were no islands with dry ground and we had to sleep in the boats. We worked hard at the cutting for two days, during which time we penetrated for a distance of 800 yards and I waded a mile beyond that, but still could see no end to the reeds and maria bush. Deep in the blind thickets the silence was so profound that the noise of my own footsteps startled me as I crashed through the

reeds. When I paused I could often hear the pretty song of the sedge-warblers, and sometimes wonderful purple gallinules rose and flapped away with heavy flight, and dark mud-brown gymnachus fish with eel-shaped heads darted off at the noise of my wading. These afforded a new pursuit for the "boys," who became almost as handy as the Budumas in killing them with spears. All that they got were males, for it was the breeding-time and the females were in their nests in the reeds.

One day while the "boys" were engaged in cutting, they made a strange discovery actually within our course. Sunk just below the surface of the water were the remains of a boat which they hailed at once as those of a white man's, and they were right. It was made of oak and some 8 ft. long, and must have been in its position for years. I can only think it was the boat which the explorer Overweg is known to have taken out with him more than fifty years ago on his travels with Dr. Barth. Overweg died at Maduari, a Kanembu town near N'Gornu. The place of his burial cannot be found; Gosling made careful inquiries when on his way to the latter place but could hear nothing of it from the natives.

On March 23, with a picked crew of six men, and taking only the bare necessities of life, I set out in one of the boats on a cruise to the north-east. The boat now drew only 9 in., and we managed to scrape along for another three miles though the men often had to get out and push for long distances. It was on one of these occasions that our old Buduma friend, whose presence we had grown quite indifferent to of late, lagged suspiciously behind, and the

next moment vanished so magically that all the "boys" declared he had gone to his home under the water. We camped the night on a large island promontory, where there was evidence that Budumas had lately landed, for piles of reeds had been cut and were left drying for the building of their canoes.

This land lies in a north-east by east direction from Kaddai and distant about ten miles. It is connected with the west shore by the tracts of marsh I had just skirted and in my opinion forms a tongue of land from the eastern shore of the Lake. This was borne out by the fact that in my rambles over the land I came across kob, which it is hardly likely would have come from the western side through the reed-belts. Therefore we may conclude that the Lake is at this point no more than ten miles wide and divided north and south into two parts by the great barriers of reed. From this point I continued for a distance of about seventeen miles in a north-easterly direction. There were small islands in my course, while to the right lay bays and headlands of reed which, without doubt, form part of the eastern shore line.

Towards the end of the journey we came across a large Buduma fishing-fleet. The desire to get a guide or at least some information was still uppermost in my mind, so we made in their direction. At first they mistook us for other Budumas, for in the white heat glare over the water, our boat without her mast and sail looked at a distance very much like two Buduma canoes moving along together as is often their wont. It is their habit to plunder one another whenever they get the chance and evidently they considered us an easy

prey, for they closed up ready to attack. But soon they realised their mistake and then the tables were turned. Panic struck them, and before we could get up to them many of the canoes burst into flames and the Budumas, swimming like otters underneath the water, disappeared into the reeds. Much luck appeared to have attended their fishing of the previous night, for on the sloping bank of an adjacent island there was a huge mound of fish, nearly 4 ft. high, their shining bodies glistening in the sun. The canoes were piled up with dried fish, and underneath straw mats in their bottoms we found four slave boys hidden, the victims of a traffic carried on between the Budumas and Tubus. They were in a pitiable condition that told of starvation and stripes, and we took them back and released them at Kaddai. The Buduma slave-marks consist of numerous small incisions on the stomach, chest, and upper part of the forehead; after the cuts have been made they are seared with a red-hot cinder. The Budumas are well known for their traffic in slaves. The Tubus and Mobburs are their chief accomplices, selling the boys to them for dollars which the latter get in return for their dried fish at the Bornu markets.

Owing to their elusive habits and mysterious surroundings the people of Bornu regard these lake-dwellers as uncanny and dreadful. Their island retreats are so secure among the mazes of reeds that very little is known of them. Even the great conquerors, Rabeh and Faderellah, who subdued all the surrounding tribes, left the Budumas to themselves. Consequently the shroud of mystery that envelops them is embroidered with many weird fables. Mothers tell their naughty children that they will sell them to the Budumas,

who are believed to live under the water and who are said to worship the spirit of the Lake in a great watersnake which dwells therein.

I now abandoned this my third attempt to find a passage



“ THEY CLOSED UP READY TO ATTACK ”

through the reed-belts to the Shari mouth, and on March 31, returned again to Kaddai. When within half a mile of the shore, we found the water had disappeared. As it was late and we were too exhausted to attempt to drag the boats over the intervening mud, the men slept in the boats while my bed was put up in 6 in. of water, and that night I slept on the floor of the Lake. In the morning the water rose earlier than I did and I had just time to get out of bed as the Lake was getting in. The wind was now blowing strong, and after waiting for two hours there was enough water to carry us in.

It was with feelings of dismay that I viewed the deserted camp which a month ago we thought we had said good-bye to for ever. My failure made me fearful for the future and my depression was intensified by the loneliness. There was no sign of a human soul in the place and the houses had fallen to ruin. All was changed save the Lake that lay calm and silent, refusing like the sphinx to give up her secret. More than a month had gone by and Gosling must have reached the Shari long ago, while I was no farther on the way than when I first started. Worse than that, my stores were all but exhausted, and desertion and sickness in my party had left me with only seven men to get the two boats and all my impedimenta by some means or other to the Shari, for I knew I could depend on no outside help. José occupied the next two days in taking the boats to pieces, while I trekked by the shore line due south and explored every corner in the hopes of finding an outlet. I had heard that there was open water at a Buduma fish-market called Kowa-Baga or Seyurum. But how far it was from Kaddai I did not know. A distance of fifteen miles brought me to the old camp that Talbot and I had made on our journey from Kowa and this, I realised, would be quite far enough for the first march, if the boat sections were to be carried from Kaddai with the reduced labour I had at my disposal. Moreover, it appeared a suitable place from which I could reach Kowa to obtain supplies. The outlook was a gloomy one. To move the boat-sections in one journey would require at least forty men, probably more, as the work was made more difficult owing to the lack of any road over the rough ground and marsh. It required skilled carriers



to carry sections of this kind, and out of my seven men I could only rely upon five. There were twelve sections in all; those of the stern and bow took two men each to carry, the remainder four apiece. So with the five men at my disposal I calculated with dismay that it would take me at least three weeks to move the boats to this camp—allowing the journey from Kaddai and back to take a day, to say nothing of the portorage of the baggage. Even then open water would not be reached.

I returned to Kaddai very tired the same evening, and my dejected looks were quickly noticed by the “boys.” The cry of “*Babu rua, babu rua*” (“No water, no water”) was soon passed round the camp. José had by now taken the boats to pieces, and the roofs of the houses had to be pulled down for their sticks by which to carry the sections. The next day I put my little column in motion and with José’s help the “boys” managed to carry a large and a small section. As they were unused to the work, it took us two days, instead of one as I had hoped, to reach the new camp. José then returned with the “boys” to Kaddai to prepare for another journey, while I left for Kowa and Kukawa in the hopes of being able to enlist some help. I took with me the faithful Lowi, who carried a small bag of meal, my camp-bed, kettle, tea-pot and one or two trade goods. On my arrival at Kowa the Lowan came to see me, but flatly refused to give me the men and oxen for the journey from Kaddai to the Kowa-Baga. He was still smarting under the heavy fine imposed upon him by the Resident of Bornu, and attributed all his woe to me who had reported him for his extortion at Yo, as I have related in a former chapter. Besides

I was now but dust in his eyes and the eyes of his people. I was no longer a big man, for was it not unheard of for a white man to travel through their country with only one servant and eat the food of the black man ?

After a good deal of "palaver," he relaxed so far as to say that he would let me have the oxen if I would get the Resident to let him off the fine, but not unless. As a last resource I produced a sword-blade and a piece of Japanese silk. At the sight of the former, his eyes glistened and he wavered, but the next moment his coarse face resumed its expression of stolid indifference. "I will not let my people give you oxen. I go," he said, and left me abruptly.

The next morning I departed for Kukawa, but found to my disappointment that my old friend the Shehu had left, having been summoned to Maifoni by the Resident. His brother Shef Sunnda, a stranger to me, was acting for him. The latter presented me with the rotten egg of an ostrich, which did not help me much to solve my difficulties, and I returned it immediately to the giver with a demand to be supplied with some food. Whereupon he came himself, bringing a fowl, some eggs, and corn. But at that moment a horseman rode up and handed him a letter. It must have been a most dramatic coincidence, for no sooner had he read it than he straightway ordered his slaves with the food to the right about and took his departure. The goodwill of authority thus poisoned against me promised ill for my treatment at the hands of the people, and it was not long before my fears were fulfilled. In the market I could hire no labour, the women refusing to grind the corn that I had bought. Everywhere I found that the report that I was

“no Englishman” and “no good” had been spread, and this had been embroidered with the deserter’s story of the



THE FAITHFUL SHUA

terrors on the Lake. All were prepared to distrust me, and now when they saw me appear in a broken-down condition and torn raiment, trudging on foot and seemingly deserted by all save one of my former retinue, which had never numbered less than twenty before, what surer proof did they require for adopting an attitude of hostility against me? If I said

all were my enemies, it was for the satisfaction of picking out the one faithful friend I had in an old Shua, who had once driven his bullock for me in my palmy days and now came nobly forward before the eyes of all the market and shook me by the hand, offering to take the bag of corn I had just bought to Kaddai the next day. I accepted his offer with joy, and accordingly he drove his ox up to the straw hut where I was living outside the palace.

Now it was afternoon and near the hour of prayer; all the riffraff of the "big men," who had not left with the Shehu, were gathered round the door of the mosque. Their gossip grew as they watched me sitting outside my hut with the old Shua and his ox that was tethered by. I regarded them with amusement and mild contempt at first, but as time went on I could feel their talk becoming more personal. Presently jibes were hurled at the old Shua, then threats which grew momentarily louder and angrier, till at length several of the bullies sprang up and drove the old man and his ox down the street. Then Lowi, the faithful and brave, stood up to fight, and it was with difficulty that I restrained him. I feared that a "palaver" which would have carried far in its telling might have reached the ears of the Resident, who, like Joseph, would have sent after me and discovered a real cup of sorrow in my sack of corn.

Never had my prospects looked more black than they did that night as I lay awake in the open, staring up at the sky. Sleep, too, seemed to have utterly deserted me, and my mind worked hard to find a way of escape from the troubles that beset me. The night was brilliant with thousands of stars and no sound stirred the still air save the subdued voices of



THE MARKET AT KUKAWA



the palace guards, whose talk fell more fitfully as the hours wore on, sinking at last into profound silence. When I lay



“ FATUMA ”

down to sleep, Aquila had not stepped far down from her throne in the meridian, and as I lay thinking through the weary hours my eyes had followed her to her setting in the west. It was midnight when she left the earth and all my hope seemed departed too, when, lo, the figure of a man, wrapt in white, stood out upon the roof of the mosque, clear cut

against the sky. It was the high priest, and presently he lifted up his voice and chanted in deep musical tones a verse of the Koran. As the glorious sentences rolled out upon the night, I fell to dreaming under their spell and a feeling of peace came over me. Once more I was borne up by faith and hope, and soon I fell asleep. In the early morning charity in the shape of a girl, came to me bringing fresh milk and eggs. I was glad to see her. It was Fatuma, the slave whom my brother had freed from the Kerri-Kerri, and I had eventually restored to her parents in Kukawa some months previous to the time of which I write.

Towards twelve o'clock when the market was in full swing I went down and bought, with my last remaining dollars, a bullock to carry my grain down to Kaddai. It was an expensive animal, for the owner, knowing my difficulties, demanded pretty well as much as he liked for it. Early the next morning I shook the dust of Kukawa, the inhospitable, off my feet, I who was now turned bullock-driver, followed by Lowi carrying my kit. After a dusty, thirsty march of twenty-one miles I arrived at Kaddai. When still at a distance, I was pleased to see my "boys" coming out to welcome me. For some days past they had been on half-rations, so their faces brightened when they beheld the ox with the stout bag of corn.

Although I had not accomplished my object, having failed to enlist carriers for the boats, I did not feel that my journey had been taken altogether in vain, for had I not got two weeks' supply of food for my "boys," and an ox which, if it could not carry a boat-section, would do the work of three men when it came to the boxes? But alas! my calculations were



destined soon to be upset, and by no other means than that which first brought sorrow into the world. A deadly serpent bit my ox in the night and its body, the precious casket in which I had locked up the last of my treasure, was broken up to furnish a feast for the "boys."

It was now the tenth of April and five sections had already reached the new camp, and another fortnight saw the last of them leave Kaddai. It was an anxious time, for one never knew from one day to another what the next would bring. There was always the fear of desertion and sickness, but fortunately we were in a game country and I was able to get meat sometimes, which kept the carriers in good temper. While I took charge of the new camp, José remained at Kaddai, and so we kept the "boys" at fetch and carry between us. Every two days I expected a section to come in and my little camp assumed the appearance of a ship-builder's yard as the number of sections grew. With one inverted and placed on the top of another, I made a shelter for myself against the fierce heat of the sun. When it was about time for another section to come in, how anxiously would I scan the horizon for the queer object made by the four men with the section on their heads! As it came galumphing through the dancing mirage in the region of the Lake it seemed like some many-legged monster that had escaped the Flood. Even the hartebeest stood and stared in wonder at the sight.

I had no lack of food at this time. Two kind old Kanembu shepherds came every morning with presents of goats' milk which made my porridge of corn go down very well, and sometimes meat completed my bill of fare.

Followed by Quasso carrying my water-bottle filled with cold tea, I made excursions every day to the south in search of open water. At last I was rewarded with the sight of a fine expanse. It was the water of the Kowa-Baga, and some 800 yards off I saw a group of fishermen sitting mending their nets. A feeling of great content came over me when I realised that the weary days of my search were over and my struggles had not been in vain. I dared not advance a step nearer for fear of disturbing the Budumas, and I turned to retrace my steps, happy in the consciousness of the precious secret I possessed. Once past all danger of being observed, I quickened my pace, and as with eager steps I wended my way back along the dark forbidding maria-belts, I laughed, for their terrors for me were over.

On my arrival in camp I was annoyed to find that one of the carriers had come in without his load, a very important one consisting of our anchors. He said that he had been charged by an elephant, so dropped his load and ran through the darkness into camp. The next day a search was made through the long grass, but the anchors could nowhere be found. In the meantime, the man, fearing the consequences, ran away. The loss was a great blow to me and marred to a great extent the satisfaction I had experienced the day before.

When all the sections had arrived in camp, I left them to take care of themselves and returned to Kaddai, as it was necessary to organise another journey in search of food for the "boys," who had done grand work and shown great devotion to me. They were thoroughly tired out and a rest for a few days was imperative, so I sat down at Kaddai

while José went to Yo to find food and, if possible, hire some oxen with the help of the Kachella for the transport of our baggage. But as bad luck would have it, the Kachella was away chasing Tubus.

The Yo market is situated about half-way between Yo



SPEPHERD OF LAKE CHAD LEADING HIS FLOCKS

and Bosso on the right bank of the river. Most of the markets in this part of Bornu are held some way off the towns, partly no doubt to make them more central to the neighbouring villages, and partly because the people do not wish to have so near their homes the many undesirable persons that a market always attracts. The Yo market is a big one. It is held once a week and draws people from twenty-three towns and villages, five of which are north of the river and the rest south, including Yo, Arregi, Kukawa, and many other Kanuri and Mobbur towns. It is a picturesque sight. By nine o'clock in the morning people with oxen and donkeys carrying their wares begin to pour in from all directions, but the humbler

women carry their loads on their heads. The natives from the north bank swim across the river, placing their things in large calabashes which they push in front of them, and the cattle that are for sale swim after. By noon all have come in and the scene is at its liveliest, the people often numbering as many as 1500. A perfect babel of talk goes on. The sellers sit jammed together in circles, with their wares spread out in front of them. All have come armed for fear of the Tubus, and now each little group stick their spears point upwards in the ground where they sit, and the market assumes the aspect of a forest of spears.

When wares are not bartered, dollars are freely circulated. Ponies fetch £2 to £3; oxen £1 10s. to £3; donkeys 15s. to £1; sheep 1s. 6d. to 3s. Goats go at 1s., and 200 pounds of millet corn can be bought for 4s. Besides all these things there are masses of dried fish which the Mobburs buy from the Budumas and bring to the market. There are also onions, salt, potash, baskets, pots, leather-work, cloth and raw cotton, and alkama, the wheat of Bornu. Towards three o'clock the market begins to break up, and then it is that many outrages are committed by Tubus and the lawless of the Mobburs on the people going home. Many, however, who have come from long distances prefer to stop the night near the market, returning home the next day.

The day that José was in the market trying to hire oxen, he witnessed the remarkable sight of a Tubu raid. He was sitting under a tree having his "chop" just outside the thick of the crowd, when suddenly the cry of "Tubu, Tubu" was raised. In an instant the market was in an uproar and panic seized the people, who fled in all directions.

Stalls were overturned and the wares strewn upon the ground. The air was filled with the crash of crockery, the yells and curses of the men and screams of women and children, many



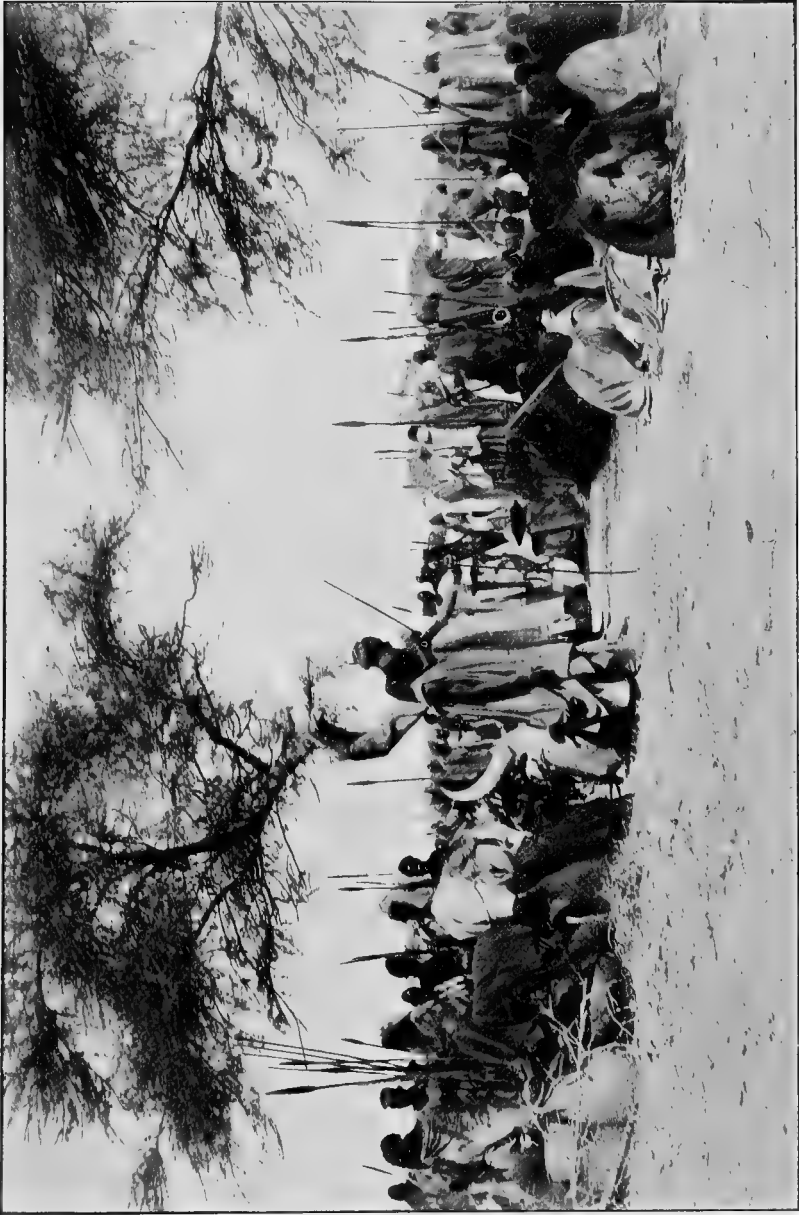
A MOBBUR WOMAN

of whom fell in their flight and were trampled upon. Then into the midst of the terror-stricken mob a band of about a hundred Tubu horsemen charged furiously. On they came right through the scattering people. And it was a wonderful sight to see a man in almost one movement throw his spear into the air, catch it and send it hurtling into the back of a flying victim.

Meanwhile their allies, the Mobburs, who had been hanging about handy to the horses and cattle all the day, cut the tethers of the animals and drove off their plunder, unobserved amid the general confusion. Eight or nine men

were reported to have been killed in this raid, but José counted more than that number.

On April 27 José returned to Kaddai, but the sight of his one bullock carrying corn was not very encouraging. There were still some twenty loads to be removed from Kaddai, besides the sections from the camp of the boats to the Kowa-Baga, and my heart sank at the thought of the tedious journeys backwards and forwards all over again. However, Fortune smiled broadly upon us and on the morrow a wonderful thing happened. It was towards mid-day and we saw a large cloud of dust about two miles off, coming up from the south. At first we thought it must be horsemen, but, after steadily watching for a few minutes, a dark, slow moving mass appeared out of the cloud which, with the aid of my glasses, I made out to be a party of oxen and their drivers. At first I could hardly realise what a piece of good luck this might mean for us. Then it flashed on me suddenly and I determined to have the oxen at all costs. In a moment we had all dived out of sight into the huts and the camp once more assumed a deserted aspect. Nearer and nearer they came, the drivers all unsuspecting of the trap into which they were walking. When they got to within 500 yards, José with several of the "boys" sprang out on them, and so sudden was the surprise, that the capture was effected with little difficulty. The headman, who came to see me, said that they were Kanembus, belonging to my old enemy the Lowan of Kowa, and had come to get potash from the neighbourhood. I told him that I wanted his men and oxen for the next two days to take my baggage to the Kowa-Baga, and that after that they could go. I added that I should pay



YO MARKET





them well with some good cloth which I showed him. This gave him much satisfaction, and the compact was sealed and



A BUDUMA OF THE KOWA-BAGA

afterwards all the drovers came up and shook hands with me. I felt like Fortune's own peculiar darling and that night was a happy one in the camp. Extra food was served out and big fires lit, round which sat Hausas and Kanembus hobnobbing with merry talk and laughter.

The next morning we bade farewell to Kaddai for ever and arrived at the camp of the boats without mishap in the

evening. But towards the end of our march, we were met by two horsemen from Kowa, who had evidently been sent out to see what was happening. They departed almost directly, after having some excited talk with the Kanembus. The latter appeared much upset and their headman came to me and begged me to go on at once to the Baga, but would give me no reason. However, it was not difficult to guess the meaning of all that had passed and I at once perceived that I was in danger of being waylaid before I could reach the Baga by the Lowan's horsemen who would probably take the oxen from me. To forestall this possibility I decided to make a night march, calculating we might just manage to get safely in before the Lowan could move. But before starting it was necessary to give the men and oxen a rest for several hours. At ten o'clock Fortune sent us a full moon that gave a bright light for the difficult journey, and soon all the camp were astir. Shouts and curses filled the air as the men, with fingers working fast and frantically under the clouds of mosquitoes, strapped the loads on to the backs of the oxen which stamped and snorted, maddened by the plague of the terrible insects that closed up their eyes and blackened their noses. At length all was ready for the start and the difficulties attendant on a night march began. The oxen, freed from their tethers, made a sudden rush forward, and several stampeded into the bush, knocking over their drivers and throwing their loads. For half an hour all was confusion. Then the column settled down to a steady pace and we marched in silence in the moonlight past the sombre maria headlands and the ghostly clumps of maio bush that lay scattered over the plain. It was a long twelve miles to the

Kowa-Baga, and as each familiar point was put behind my anxiety lessened and my heart grew lighter, for under the cloak of night which changes the appearances of all things—as the Drill Book says—I thought I saw at times the shadows of horsemen rising up behind the trees. At last the dawn came, and gazing ahead I beheld the pale light on the water of the Kowa-Baga.

## CHAPTER XXII

### THE PASSAGE OF LAKE CHAD

It was with great joy that I looked on the open water once more. Not only because Fortune had gone out of her way to bring me the oxen, but also there was the satisfaction of realising I had quickly taken advantage of her aid and done a good stroke of business, for in twenty-four hours all our baggage was up at the new point of departure with the boat-sections only twelve miles behind. But perhaps more sweet than all was the consciousness that I had been revenged on my old enemy, the Lowan. We did not take long to relieve the oxen of their burdens. The drivers were well pleased with their payment in cloth, and after hand-shakes all round, returned to Kaddai to get their potash. Soon afterwards the Budumas of the Baga came to my tent with fish, but in spite of my assurances of goodwill they disappeared the next night with all their nets and canoes.

It was now May 1, and I had hopes that three more weeks would see me ready to make my fourth attempt to gain the Shari mouth. There was an element of desperation in this my last venture, for I knew that failure meant the abandonment of the boats. But—wonderful to tell!—Fortune again came to my aid, bringing five of my former carriers, who tramped all the way, pack on back, from Kukawa, for they had heard I was in difficulties and had come to help



THE SPOILS OF WAR 1



their old master. I was indeed lucky, and now with a total of ten carriers another twelve days at most would see the boats at the Kowa-Baga.

My days now went by more pleasantly than I had known them do for some time. From the door of my tent I watched the changing lights pass over the water. All day through the heat the Lake hung quivering in the mirage that blurred the horizon and made the water seem like the floor of space stretching away in front of me. But towards evening of the second day, the atmosphere cleared and there appeared in the distance a hazy line of ominous dark. However, I was determined to make the best of it, and for some time tried to believe that my fear existed only in my imagination, so I turned my attention and my steps towards the land. While José and the "boys" were away bringing up the sections I devoted my time to exploring the neighbouring country and collecting birds. Between Kaddai and the Baga, the whole shore line is shut in by large billowing clumps of maria bush, 12 to 20 ft. high, alternating with tall reeds. But I have described its appearance in a previous chapter when Talbot and I rode down to the Lake from Kowa.

The Baga is situated on a promontory called Seyurum, which Barth in 1858 records as an island. But the configuration of the ground between the point and the main land is such, that in time of flood the water would come round and very soon isolate the headland. The Lake here is known as "Khi-bul," meaning "white water," for the water is very clear and pleasant to drink, and altogether devoid of potash.

In my wanderings I frequently met slaves belonging to

the Lowan of Kowa, engaged in picking the leaf of the creeping plant from which the blue dye is made. These men were chiefly of the Baghirmi tribe and had been taken over by the Lowan after Faderellah's defeat in Bornu. They used to watch our preparations with interest, and one day came and told José that they would like to run away from their hard master and try their luck with me as soon as I should be ready to cross the Lake. So every day they appeared in my camp to see how my preparations were getting on, and then, as if satisfied I could not start that day, silently stole off to resume their leaf-picking.

Not many incidents marked these days of waiting. The early mornings found me prowling over the plain for birds, and it was on one of these occasions that I discovered a rare little lark (*Mirafra cantillans*) frequenting the low, dry grass patches near the water. It was the nesting-season and the songs of these birds were delightful to hear as they rose circling high in the air and then dropped with fairy lightness to the earth again. This species comes from Arabia through Somaliland, and Lake Chad is now its westernmost range.

I can never recall to mind the view<sup>a</sup> from my camp at the Kowa-Baga without seeing the very large herds of Senegal hartebeest that tailed down to the Lake morning and evening not 500 yards from my tent. The days were now very hot and after my morning rambles I sought the shelter of my tent till the late afternoon, but my time was not idle for I had plenty to do in plotting out the routes of my former journeys on the Lake, and towards evening I used to go out to meet the boat-section coming in. At six o'clock my day finished,



for the mosquitoes then came in their battalions and drove me to take refuge under my net.

By May 5 all the sections of one boat had arrived safely in camp and in a day José had put them together. With one of the boats on the Lake things began to look hopeful for a forward movement. The next two days were spent in making voyages across the bay, which confirmed my fears that we had to face a belt of reeds completely barring the passage into the Lake. The water of the Kowa-Baga was nothing more than a large bay with a depth of 4 ft. and enclosed all round with reed-belts that grew from 10 to 20 ft. high. The days went by quickly now, and on the 15th all was ready for us to make a start.

I cannot end the story of our labours to get the boats from Kaddai to the Kowa-Baga without paying a tribute to José and his little band of Hausas. Right nobly they worked against enormous difficulties. Through the hopelessness born of many failures they had toiled up and down in hunger and heat and want of sleep, carrying the boat-sections over rough ground broken by bush and marsh. The work took six weeks to accomplish though the distance was only twenty-seven miles !

After the "boys" had enjoyed a brief rest that was never better earned, we launched out on our last voyage over the Lake. All were in high spirits and the "boys" shouted and laughed, showing off as they bent to their poles. For spectators we had the dye-pickers who, having made up their minds to come with me, gathered round the boats with their bundles packed all ready for a long journey. Only one of them had been on the Lake before and none

had any notion of poling. Great was their disappointment when out of the eight men I selected only two. These were men of magnificent muscle, and one of them, by name Bukar, stuck to me all the way to Khartoum.

It did not take long to cross the bay and then we at once commenced an attack on the reeds and maria bush, and by the evening had cut a path for nearly two miles in a north-east direction. This eventually brought us into a series of large bays like the first, and the depth of water was 3 ft. over pale grey mud. In the next two days we cut a distance of six miles. This was harder work, for the growth was much thicker; tall reeds, maria bush and papyrus surrounding us on all sides like a dense forest without end. But the labour, hard as we found it, was nothing compared to what we had been through in pulling the boats over mud, for there was always sufficient water among the reeds to enable the boats to go forward as the forest fell before the axes of the men. During these operations we were obliged to spend the nights huddled up in the boats. Sleep was out of the question, for we were attacked by hordes of mosquitoes and many of the men, maddened with pain, preferred to sit up to their necks in water all night. Consequently we were obliged to snatch our sleep in the daytime, and so took a day off the reed-cutting every other day. When the work was going forward there was no rest from the mosquitoes day or night, for as we felled the reeds the insects rose up in clouds from their sleep and attacked us angrily. I observed three different species, one of which was as large as a house-fly, very dark and with a transparent body which grew to enormous size when distended with blood. But in

spite of all I never suffered a day's fever on the Lake. There is not a doubt that the Lake region is a white man's country. The rains are never heavy and the desert character of the



CUTTING THROUGH THE REEDS

soil produces quick evaporation. During the dry season from the middle of October to the end of April when the harmattan prevails, there is a delightful freshness in the air and the nights are beautifully cool, the thermometer registering as low as  $43^{\circ}$  in the early hours of the morning. The hottest month is May, but even then as the heat is dry I never found it unbearable, although there were days when I registered  $120^{\circ}$  on the Lake itself. The only ill I suffered from was insomnia, for I was seldom able to get to sleep before the small hours. As my nights began at sundown owing to the mosquitoes, the long hours of sleeplessness when there

was always so much to be done on the morrow were dreaded by me as a terror. But insomnia is experienced more or less by all white men after having lived a year in Africa.

In the course of the reed-cutting we came upon a gigantic live turtle, weighing nearly 100 lb., with a shell of a pale-lemon colour. We kept it in one of the boats for some days, and the Budumas who saw it said that they had never seen one like it before. But the natives of the Shari told me they were to be found in that river.

Beyond the reed-belts we found good water with an average depth of 5 ft. The aspect of this part of the Lake was quite different from that of the Yo basin. Instead of the small, flat islands of the latter, there were big island-stretches which formed continual promontories ahead, over-lapping one another on either side of our course. The channel was sometimes not more than 100 yards wide, at others it formed large bays as much as two miles across and lined with belts of dark-green maria, 10 to 30 ft. in height and relieved by the red-brown feathery branches of mimosa trees. On emerging from the reeds into the open water, we fell in with a large Buduma fishing-fleet of forty canoes. It was evening and all were busy in preparation for casting their nets. Up to this time the Budumas had always run away, but now much to our surprise their chief (or Kachella) saluted us and offered to show the way to the other side. He was a man past middle age, tall and gaunt-looking, but his face was kind. He was a chief of some importance and had a large following. Before our boats were made fast for the night, the water around became lively with men and small boys wading and racing to get first to us, many holding

out at arm's length offerings of fish. And then there came a rush round the boats, all eager to shake hands with me, grasping mine in both theirs as if they were keen to gain



CUTTING THROUGH THE REEDS

my friendship. Nor were they contented till they had shaken hands with all the crew in turn down to the smallest boy. Afterwards they returned to their fishing and before long many light canoes were to be seen driving out across the bay in fan-shape formation to their fishing-grounds, melting away like phantoms into the dusk. It was wonderful to see little boys, no older than ten years, sending the canoes along at a prodigious rate with the skill of experienced polers.

The Buduma Kachellas own large numbers of slaves whom they buy from the Tubus, as I have related in a former chapter. The slaves do almost all the heavy work of fishing and poling

and are cruelly treated by their masters, who starve and beat them. The Budumas' custom is to form a station on some island in favourable fishing-grounds, where they stay



THE BUDUMA KACHELLA

till they have made their catch and dried the fish. Nets are used for the most part, but the larger fish are speared. Perhaps a week is spent in drying the fish and filling their canoes. Then, for safety they join forces with other canoes and all proceed to one of the bagas on the Lake-side where they trade with the people of the neighbouring towns.

In the morning, the Kachella with several of his headmen came over to the boats and told me that he would take me to his island home, called Karra-ragga. Karra-ragga! that blessed word which I am sure is the Buduma for "open Sesame." At the magic of the name all the struggles

of the last three months vanished like the encumbrances of a dream and I seemed at last in reach of beholding



THE KACHELLA'S WIFE

the sight so long denied of a Buduma town. The news was received with glee by the "boys," who laughed and sent the boats along with a splendid spurt in spite of the over-weight of men they were now carrying. They invited the Budumas to lend a hand with the poles, but those fine gentlemen protested that they could not so demean themselves. After a short time the Kachella became communicative and gave me names for all the islands as I sketched them on my map.

During our mid-day halt for "chop" the Budumas

dived into the reed-beds and brought up the root of a reed called "Ambui," of which they made their own meal. It is a succulent, milky-looking root, and the verdict of the "boys" that it was good sent the Budumas back for more.

We arrived at Karra-ragga in the evening. It is a big island, some four miles long and over two miles wide. All round its shores rose dark screens of tall maria that occasionally gave way for a glimpse of the interior where cattle were to be seen roaming over the grass stretches that were interspersed with clumps of mimosa. The luxuriant bright green was a refreshing sight to our eyes after the sandy plains of Bornu. We pitched our camp close to the landing-place, promising the Kachella that we would pay him a visit on the following day at his town, which was situated on the other side of the island. In the meantime some of his women came over to us with large calabashes of milk and liquid butter, and a young bullock, a gift to me from the Kachella, was slaughtered to feed the "boys." On the next day I was escorted to the village with ceremony and all the women turned out to gaze at me.

The Budumas speak Kanuri. The men are tall, often over 6 ft. in height, with well-developed heads, high foreheads and blunt noses. They wear the loose-fitting dark-blue toga of native cloth common throughout Bornu, which they get in exchange for their fish and potash at the Kowa-Baga. They are divided into many separate communities. The principal ones, inhabiting the islands of the Shari basin, are Bujia, Madogojia, Marbullua, Media and Kuri. Each of these is ruled by a Kachella, and all are under a king who is called the Karammi. The women are small and in features



like the Kanembus, whom they resemble also in the manner of dressing their hair with well-oiled plaits hanging down all round the head and a raised ridge along the centre. They ornament the twisted curls with shells and silver rings and necklaces of white beads are also much worn by them. No



BUDUMA CATTLE

doubt the Buduma and Kanembu people both came from Kanem and the similarity of their types is due to a common origin, and is further strengthened by inter-marriage. The tribal marks of the Budumas are two small perpendicular cuts on either side of the nose, another two on each temple and one down the centre of the forehead. Their huts are built of reeds and are conical in shape right down to the ground. Close to each dwelling there is a low, round, mosquito-proof hut, covered with close-woven matting.

The Kachella soon became confidential and poured out his woes to me. He said I was the first white man who had ever come to his island. Round his village he showed me large open spaces much trodden by cattle which were no

longer to be seen, and then he told me how native soldiers had come in canoes one day, carried off his herds, and killed



A BUDUMA WOMAN

some of his men. To support his story he took me to a hut where a man lay with his left leg smashed by a bullet and in a festering condition. To protect himself from such outrages in the future, he begged me to give him a flag. But I felt that I could not grant his request, for I was ignorant as to the exact position of his island in relation to the boundary between us and the French.

After a rest of two days we left Karra-ragga escorted by the Kachella to gain the eastern shore. We passed many

inhabited islands of good elevations and well clothed with maio bush, which the Budumas call "Korbai."

At length after going for a distance of ten miles we reached the Kanem coast at a place called Wunnda. The shore line



BUDUMA HUTS ON KARRA-RAGGA

at this point is very much fretted, and Wunnda itself during a rise of water must be cut off from the mainland, for marshy channels lie behind it. Here I saw a large amount of potash which had come a five days' journey from the interior of Kanem. The potash is made in flat, cone-shaped blocks weighing 30 lb. each, eight of which are sold in Bornu for a dollar. Kanem appeared to be a most desolate country of nothing but sand-dunes covered with scrubby mimosa, the branches of which were whitened by the wind-swept sand.

On May 19 the Kachella and his men said "good-bye" to us and we went southwards to Bul, a small French station

containing two officers, a sergeant, and a company of Senegalese. Here I got news of Gosling, who was still at Fort Lamy, where anxiety was felt on account of my non-appear-



A CANOE CARRYING POTASH

ance, fears being entertained that I had lost my way or been killed by the Budumas. It was at Bul that the practical methods of the French were demonstrated to me in a number of Buduma canoes, which were fitted with grass awnings so that they could be used by white men for the exploration of the Lake. From Bul, after skirting the Kanem coast for a distance of twenty-five miles, we struck in a south-westerly direction. Our course was now complicated by extensive belts of maria and islands that frequently encroached making the waterway winding and narrow. In these channels we found 9 ft. to 12 ft. of water. On one occasion the boats got separated in the mazy windings, but by retracing my

course, I luckily picked up the direction of José's boat, for on finding that I was not following he had placed sticks with pieces of paper tied to them in the water at intervals. Round



KURI CUTTING NEAR SHARI MOUTH

the south-east corner of the Lake the country becomes marshy in a depression that was once the mouth of the Bahr-el-Ghazal, a river that has been choked by the drifts of sand blown westwards from the Soudan. The same influence is seen in the sand-dunes that are gradually being piled up in the country between Dikwa and the south shore of the Lake. We were now following a path through the reeds that had once been cut by the Kuri for the French, who use it as a means of communication by water between the Shari and their station at Bul.

About fifteen miles before reaching the Shari mouth, we left the great belts of sombre maria behind and came out of

their stygian windings into magnificent open water and Chad for the first time assumed the grandeur expected of an African lake.

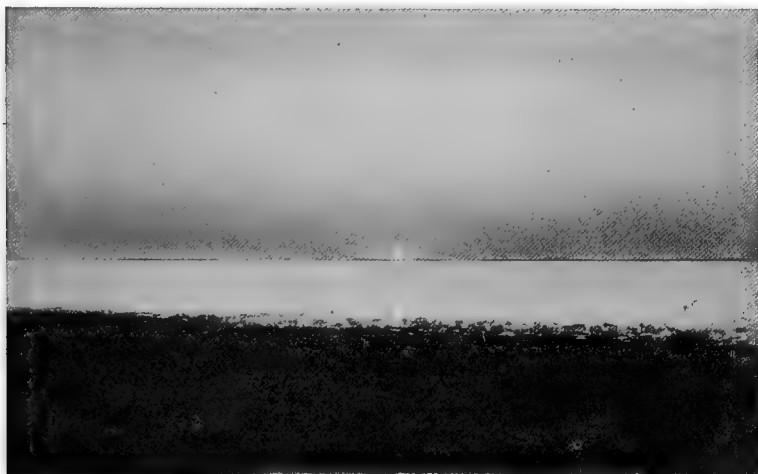
Before leaving Chad, I will attempt to give a general



CHAD ASSUMES THE GRANDEUR OF AN AFRICAN LAKE

idea of the Lake, based upon the observations I was able to make. As regards the size, I made it considerably less than it was formerly supposed to be ; for instance, the northern part, which used to be marked on the maps as sixty miles across from the mouth of the Yo river, I found to be not more than thirty, and my journey across the south basin to the Shari mouth made it only forty-five miles instead of ninety. There is an idea that the Lake is drying up, but except for the loss of water caused by the disappearance of the Bahr-el-Ghazal, my opinion is that it does not alter very much, and I believe that the supposed greater area formerly is largely due to inaccurate survey, and partly to the fact that the villages on the Bornu side are several miles

distant from the Lake, which has given the impression that these determined a former shore line. But I think that the sole reason for their position is one of security, for, as there are no containing banks, and the land and water almost



LAKE CHAD. FAREWELL!

level, the harmattan, which causes the water to flow 600 yards over the land with an ordinary wind, drives it as far as two miles when the wind is strong.

I was told by the Lowan of Kowa, which is situated five miles from the Lake, that in a great flood twenty years ago, the water had reached as far as the town, and in another seven years ago, it had risen past it and covered the plain as far as a place called Mongonnu. While the floods lasted, the Budumas went up in their boats and established a fish market just outside Kowa.

Now on the eastern shore where there are good banks, for the most part, and the water is not influenced by the prevailing wind, there are many villages close to the Lake.

The fact that a passage, used by the French in 1902 along the east coast to N'gigni on the north, was impassable two years later when I was there, might be taken as evidence that the Lake is drying up. But so swift a shrinkage as this would imply is not possible to believe, and it is most probable that there was more water than usual in the Lake in 1902 owing to flood.

Another fact that has perhaps created the impression that the Lake is decreasing is that chains of islands, that once were separate, are now more or less joined together by marsh. But I think that this may very likely be due to the silting up of mud and sand against the obstruction of the islands by the opposing influence of the Yo and Shari, the two rivers that feed the Lake. In fact, my observations go to show that the Lake is practically two lakes, divided by the fifteen miles or so of marsh and maria bush that I attempted to cut through, thus forming the separate basins of the two rivers. Moreover, the Buduma Kachella told me that there was no communication between the two parts, and I found that the people on the different sides knew little of each other.

This theory is further borne out by the very marked difference in the character of the scenery and of the people. On the north, the shores are flat and bare and the surface of the water, which is nowhere more than 4 ft. deep, is broken up by innumerable small uninhabited islands that are little more than sand-flats. The people are neither numerous nor flourishing and lead a more or less piratical, lawless existence.

But in the south, or Shari basin, everything has a more flourishing appearance. The depth of the water is from



5 to 9 ft., and the islands, which form prominent features, are fertile and thickly inhabited. Everywhere the maria tree grows luxuriantly, and its close, dark foliage gives a very sombre character to the scenery. This is the real home of the Budumas, who are a prosperous people, gaining their wealth by fish and potash, and counting it in slaves and herds of cattle.

## CHAPTER XXIII

### UP THE SHARI TO GULFEI

As one approaches the Delta of the Shari, the isolated, barren rock of Haja-el-Hamis meets the eye. It stands about three miles from the Lake and rises to a height of 800 ft., in shape and appearance reminding one very forcibly of the Wasé Rock. The Kuri Budumas say that in the flood seven years previous to this time the waters of the Lake came up and washed its sides.

It was on May 26 that we reached the mouth of the river, just three months after setting out to cross the Lake. There was a strong current against us and a high head wind which brought up quite a "heavy sea," for we were now in 8 to 10 ft. of water. The poles had to be changed for paddles, so that the "boys" had not so much control of the boats, nor did they understand the necessity to keep them with their heads to the waves. Consequently we went near to being wrecked more than once. The river empties itself by five channels, of which the two largest are named the Lumkabu and the Suwe. The former is the main channel and had a depth of 3 ft. at this time.

It would be impossible to describe the great joy I experienced as we came into the channel of the river and saw firm land on either side. Having successfully threaded the labyrinth of the Lake, an unreasoning feeling came

over me that I had sunk all my troubles in its waters, and a new phase full of promise for the Expedition had begun.



A KURI BUDUMA

The same feeling inspired the men ; as the boats touched the bank of the river, Audelai, the captain, jumped out and taking up some of the earth eat a morsel. The men following flung down their poles and shouting scampered wildly over the sand-bank, as if in the attempt to stamp out the cramp that had seized their limbs in their long confinement in the boats. No living thing was there to behold our joy, save

the wild geese and duck that were startled into flight, and the jabiru storks, or "fathers of Chad" as the Hausas call them, which flopped away so clumsily, that it seemed as if it were an unaccustomed effort to their old bones and agitated uncomfortably the flapping, red bags of their throats.

After enjoying our mid-day "chop," we poled leisurely for a mile up the river and pitched camp for the night; the most peaceful I had spent for some time, for there were no mosquitoes under the bright stars.

On May 27 we had reached a point eight miles up the river from the Lake, and where the Suwe leaves the main stream on the right bank. Here I left the boats and walked down the dried bed of the channel about half a mile to Jimtilo, a village populated chiefly by Benisett Arabs. But there are also some Kotokos and a settlement of Kuri Budumas who live apart. The huts of the village are all of the Arab type, large domes of reeds similar to those of the Shuas, but the Kuri build gipsy-like shelters for their children to sleep in. There is a weekly market at which are sold large quantities of dried fish brought from the Kuri Bagas. These are connected with the Lake by narrow waterways which are cut through the belts of tall maria, and which would be almost impossible to discover without previous knowledge of their existence. To these Bagas the Budumas bring fish a three days' journey from their islands. The Kuri differ in type from other Budumas in several respects. They have long noses and their foreheads, though high, are receding and they have not the thick lips or the high-pitched voices of the true Budumas. In the latter the treble voice is so remarkable that, taking it in conjunction with



A KURI BUDUMA FISH-BAGA



other peculiarities—such as their big stature, sleek appearance and timidity, their thinly populated villages and small



BUDUMA BOYS

numbers of women (for none but the Kachellas and head-men have wives) I have since wondered if it be not due to a custom practised for the economy of life upon the islands. This idea is further strengthened by the reason given me for the little brass crescent which many of the chiefs wear in one ear, for I was told that it was inserted in childhood to mark the lucky one of two or more sons born to the wife of

a chief. It is interesting also to note in connection with this subject that the natives of the Shari mouth use the term "Buduma" as an epithet of contempt for a man. Some such theory as this seems necessary to explain the rapidly decreasing numbers of a race that is believed to have existed on the Lake for over 300 years without suffering the losses of conquest by other tribes; though, of course, it must be admitted that their habit of intermarriage would also cause a low birth-rate.

In their shyness of the stranger all Budumas are alike. Gosling, who went down to the river mouth from Fort Lamy before my arrival to see if he could get news of me, has written in his diary the following note on the Kuri. "On a sand-bank I came upon some of these fisher-folk—probably a party who had failed to return to their island owing to lack of water. They had three canoes, but I failed to speak to them as they made themselves very scarce, leaving all their property behind. I searched for them unsuccessfully and left without a thing being moved so much as an inch, hoping to see them on my way back. But on my return they had disappeared, canoes and all."

We made our camp in the dry bed of the river not far from Jimtilo. In the evening the sheik of the village—quite a boy in appearance—came with a "dash" of fowls and eggs. A little later the camp was put into a state of excitement by a canoe arriving from Fort Lamy with stores for me from Gosling. This was a most welcome event after my having been so long on short rations. Two of our escort also came and gave all the news round the camp-fires which were kept burning to a late hour that night. Fort Lamy was, of course,



discussed at great length ; its resources for catering for the pleasures of the black man, and its size compared with Lokoja, which is the London of Africa to all natives of Nigeria, in whose minds no bigger place could possibly exist.

Not long ago, I had the pleasure of hearing Dr. Scott Keltie read an interesting paper on " Travellers' Tales," a subject about which he is shortly publishing a book, I believe. I am sure if he had been with me that evening and had listened to my Hausa " boys " pouring out stories of their adventures on the Lake to their comrades from Fort Lamy, it would have rejoiced his heart to discover that travellers are still an inspired people, capable of supplying him with material for many more volumes which would bring his work pre-eminently up to date. For the " boys " told tales of the mer-people living under the waters of Chad, and the stories of the gigantic fish that they had speared would have driven all our anglers in despair to follow the example of Truth and drown themselves at the bottom of a well. They made the eyes of their less fortunate comrades glisten by their accounts of virgin islands packed with kola-nut, which in the natives' mind is equivalent to our dreaming of the realms of gold.

The next day saw us at Mani, a straggling, dirty Kotoko town, where there is a small French post of about five soldiers under a *sous-officier*. The news of our coming had preceded us up the river and the large sand-bank upon which we camped below the town was crowded with sight-seers at our departure on the morrow. The embarkation was delayed for some time by " Maifoni " refusing to be put into the boat, and bolting away to the village. Perhaps he had discovered

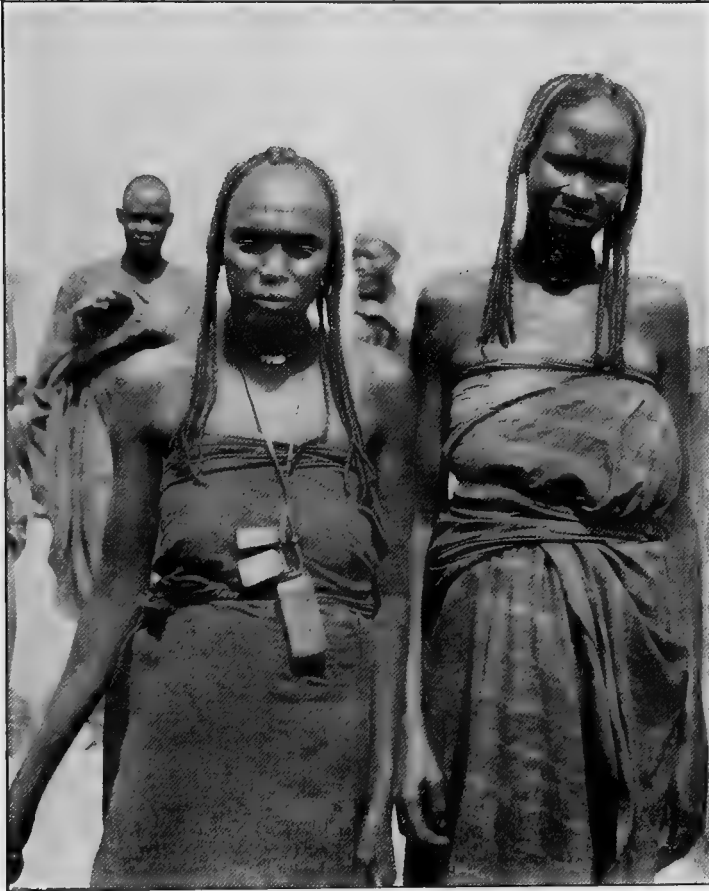
a romance there, but I think the real reason was his dread of returning to the boat which had been his prison house for so long and under such trying circumstances. As we left, the French flag was lowered three times, a graceful compliment which was much appreciated by the bullock-driver of Kukawa!

We had left the desolate sand-dunes of Kanem behind and were now passing through a flat country clothed with mimosa and thorn thickets that changed in the vicinity of the river to delightful forest glades with green grass under foot. These are the haunts of gazelle, rhinoceros, wild pig, and buffalo. Farther away from the river there are large fertile plains of black mud, the rich deposit from the inundations of the river in the rains. Over the cracked surface in the dry season there are isolated water-pools, fringed with short green grass like English pastures. Here lions come to drink and troops of giraffe make their abode.

It is the giraffe's nature to live in the open plains, and he avoids the wooded country, where—if one might say it—he is in danger of getting his long neck tied round the trees. The natives of Kanem hunt the giraffe on horseback with poisoned spears, but he is very difficult to get near, breaking away on the first sign of approaching danger to take refuge in the marshes where his broader hoofs carry him beyond the reach of the horses of his pursuers.

The plains are dotted with the villages of the Benisett Arabs, which are situated on the gentle rises and are always to be “spotted” by their clusters of shady trees. These Arabs came from Wadai two centuries ago, and are the same race as the Shuas of Bornu, but they have kept the type of

their eastern origin more distinct than the latter. This may be accounted for by the fact that the Shuas migrated earlier



BENISETT ARABS

and, settling in a country where they have been less exposed to attacks, have grown richer and therefore have intermarried more with their neighbours, the Kanuri. The Benisetts are a pastoral people, possessing plenty of cattle,

sheep and goats, though nothing like the number they had before the devastations of Rabeh and Faderellah. Formerly they were great breeders of camels, but these animals do not do well in the Shari regions. Their oxen are of heavier



KANEM OX

build and have shorter horns than the Fulani and Kanuri breeds. In their fields they grow crops of indigo, millet, maize, rice and beans. Like their kin, the Shuas, they are a wandering people, shifting their abodes as the land becomes worked out or the pastures fail.

The men are tall and many have the Semitic type. Their heads are shaven and they wear the blue bernouse, or "tobi," of Bornu. The young boys and girls go about entirely naked. Each village is ruled by a sheik.

On May 30 we arrived at the large Kotoko town of Gulfei, which is situated on the left bank. The river was now at its lowest and had left in front of the town a large sand-

bank which presented a most animated appearance, as we came within view. Hundreds of people lined the banks and the Sultan himself was there with all his horse and foot



THE SULTAN OF GULFEI

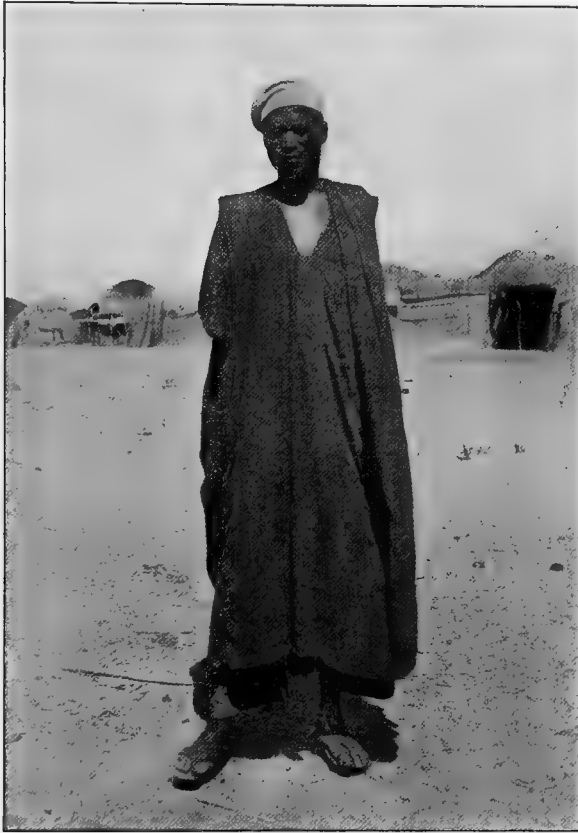
drawn up in line. The chequered garb of the soldiers, the gorgeous trappings of the horses, the glint of many spears and gun-barrels and the shining brass of the long trumpets that blared forth at intervals deep notes to the accompaniment of many drums, all made a gay medley of sights and sounds that stirred my senses and made me think the days of Denham and Clapperton had come again. When I stepped out of the boat I was welcomed by the Sultan, a giant of 6 ft. 5 in. He wore a high, white turban and richly chequered bernouse of ample folds which tended to make his proportions seem even greater. As he came near me, I felt as if I

were dwindling to a pigmy size and my hand was lost in the giant palm that he held out to me. A splendid white horse with bright trappings was standing by, and before I knew where I was three strong men had lifted me into the luxurious-looking armchair saddle which, however, was very hard, and with the large shovel-shaped stirrups that were far too short for me made riding anything but comfortable. But it was a proud moment and I had to bear the pinch of it. The Sultan mounted his horse beside me, and at the head of a long procession we marched up to the square of the town. The streets were lined with soldiers. As we rode along, the cries and clapping of the women rained down from the house-tops, while behind us the noise of the trumpets and the drums was loud enough to waken the dead.

I was given a large house to live in and as soon as the crowd had dispersed, a headman came with a band of girl slaves carrying a large "dash" of "chop" from the Sultan, as well as two goats, twenty-six fowls and 140 eggs; quite one of the biggest presents I ever had on my travels.

Gulfei is a large town surrounded by a magnificent mud wall, about 15 ft. high and 5 ft. thick. It is the capital of the Makary country, extending from Kusseri to the shores of Chad and peopled by the Kotokos, or Margerri, who are a very fine race. As builders they rank above any other among the tribes in West and Central Africa. The "big men's" houses, many of which have two stories, are square built and strong. The huts of the poorer people stand near them in groups, each surrounded by a mud wall or screen of zana matting. All the Kotoko towns are walled, but many are in ruins since the invasion of Faderellah. In the centre

of Gulfei there is a large square where a spreading fig-tree stands close to a fine mosque. Gulfei has a big market at

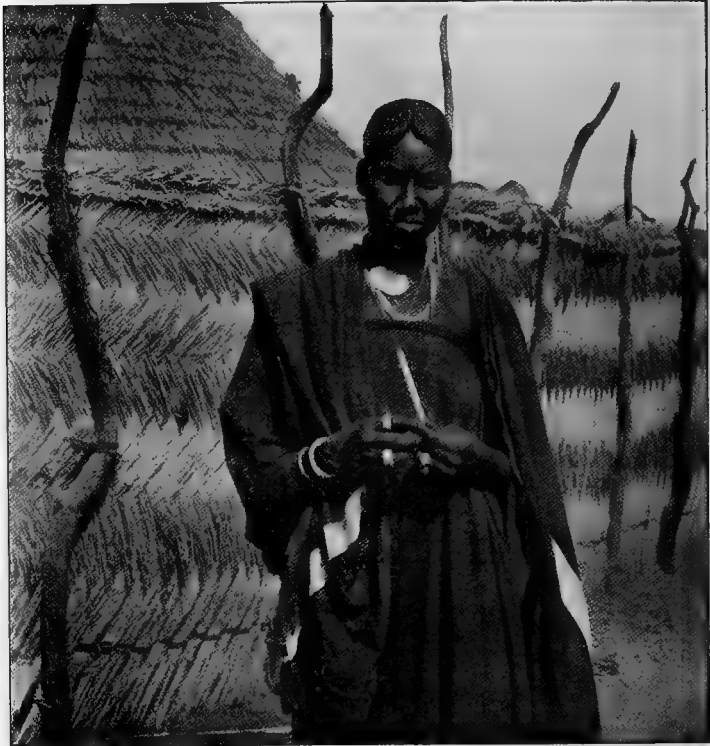


A KOTOKO MAN

which gather Kanuri, Hausas, Arabs and traders from Tripoli and Zinder who come this way to avoid the robber-infested country to the north of Chad on their journey eastward.

The Kotokos, as far as their history is known, are the aboriginal inhabitants of this country. They are the giants

of the Soudan, hardly a man of them being under 6 ft., and the descendants of an even finer race, judging by the size of



KOTOKO WOMAN

the iron armlets of their ancestors, one of which is now in the possession of Captain Stieber, the German Resident of Kuseri. It measures over 7 in. in diameter. At Ngala, one of their big towns in former times, Gosling saw some ancient pots which were also of giant size.

The Kotokos are very black of skin and have plain, coarse features. For dress they wear a Bornu bournouse, loose Hausa trousers, and the circular, flat-topped "rabe" "



cap. The women wear their hair finely plaited into tight ribs which give the appearance of shells worn on each side



KOTOKO BOY

of the head. The tribal marks of the Kotokos are three vertical cuts down the centre of the forehead and three on both cheeks. They are an industrious people; cloth-making and dyeing, fishing and farming occupy their time. Their

fishing-boats are very curiously constructed, being made out of many pieces of wood strongly sewn together. I remember seeing one that had a bottom made of fourteen separate bits. The sterns are carried high out of the water and the bows are cut square. For fishing, a large circular net is attached between the fork made by two poles joining in the boat at the bow another which is weighted with a stone at the end and worked as a lever to lower the net in and out of the water. The nets which stick out beyond the bows like the transparent wings of a great dragon-fly give the boats a quaint appearance as they float down the river.

The river is full of fish. There is one almost the size of a man, known to the Hausas as "Giwan Rua" (the elephant of the water). During the night the large fishing-boats are drawn up across the river in *echelon* from the bank, and boys in small boats beat the water, driving the fish into the *cul-de-sac* so formed. For catching the smaller fish there is another method. The fishermen sit astride bundles of maria, a very light, pith-like wood, in mid-stream holding downwards in the water large circular nets, the shafts of which are about 20 ft. in length like exaggerated butterfly-nets. It is a strange sight to see the silent men, apparently unsupported by outside agency or their own efforts, riding down the stream.

In the evening I paid a visit to the Sultan Jaggra. He conducted me through the rooms of his palace and afterwards round his stables to show me his horses of which he had many. He pointed with pride to a beautiful roan which had come from Kanem and had cost him 100 dollars, equalling £14, a very large price for any horse in Western or Central Africa. Horses of fourteen to fifteen hands are rare

and consequently much prized, the usual height being from eleven to twelve hands. Generally speaking, in Western and Central Africa good horses are scarce. This is due in a great measure to want of system and too much in-breed-



KOTOKO FISHING-BOATS

ing. The Fulani and Kanuri, who own most of the horses, are seldom travellers and consequently the animals grow soft from want of regular exercise. Unless it has been a good grain year they are fed on grass, and the poor fare does not improve their condition. Again, the horses are ridden at too early an age, with the result that they become goose-rumped, their legs shattered and spirit broken. The breed of horses originally came from the north and east, the Shuas owning the greater number of stallions. The horses are willing goers and, if looked after well and ridden carefully, can be made to do their twenty miles a day with ease. As a rule they are not fast walkers and go best at the triple-trot and canter. Vicious horses are rare.

The most common complaints are cholic and "horse sickness" produced by the tsetse-fly (*Glossina morsitans*). It is much akin to sleeping sickness and nearly always fatal,



KOTOKO FISHERMAN RIDING DOWN-STREAM

but the horses that do recover become immune to further attack from the disease. Most of the large towns possess a horse-doctor of some sort or other. Herbal medicines are generally used, and potash is largely given in the water to keep the horse in health, and a fire is always kept smouldering near the animal in the hut at night when the flies are most active.

The natives keep their horses rather for ornament than use, pacing them for short distances at high speed and pulling them up dead upon their haunches, all for the object of showing off the horsemanship of the rider. They also use cruel,

heavy bits which cause the horses' mouths to bleed profusely and often their tongues are badly cut. Sore backs, too, are produced by the hard saddles, and I have often seen horses



THE SULTAN OF GULFEI RECEIVES ME

being ridden with their backs in a most shocking state from this cause.

The large number of trappings and ornaments with which the horses of the "big men" are adorned give them a showy appearance and hide their bad points. In many instances, the horse carries "ju'ju," consisting of sayings from the Koran sewn up in little square cases of leather that are tied in the tail or mane.

After showing me his horses, the Sultan took me up to the top of the palace where I had a fine view over the well-built town. In some of the walled enclosures could be seen

gigantic mud jars, or granaries, each ample enough to hold several tons. The sun was just setting and his long beams traced a path of light across the wide river and onward over the plain till they struck the steep side of Haja-el-Hamis, kindling it to flame where it stood like a solitary pyre in the bush. Below me in the narrow streets women passed with calabashes of food for their masters' evening meals, and under the big, spreading fig-tree in the corner of the square, a group of boys and girls were singing to the clapping of hands songs that told of the deaths of Rabeh and the big Frenchman, Major Lamy.

The history of Jaggra's rule is interesting. He declared for Rabeh and on the downfall of the latter in 1900, the French recognised him as the chief of Gulfei. Gentil, by way of sealing the compact presented him with a large number of guns including many breech-loaders which he had taken from Rabeh. This, however, availed the French but little, for on the subsequent occupation of his country by the Germans, the wily Jaggra, who naturally did not wish to shift his town and people to the other side of the river, refused the overtures of the French but stuck to his guns. Up to this time he had had to get off his horse in the presence of the Sultan of Dikwa, his liege lord, but Jaggra was proud and, having now grown strong enough to assert himself, appealed to the Germans who supported his autonomy, making him Sultan of Gulfei.

José suffered from an attack of fever at this time, so I remained a day at Gulfei and spent the time finishing my map of Lake Chad.

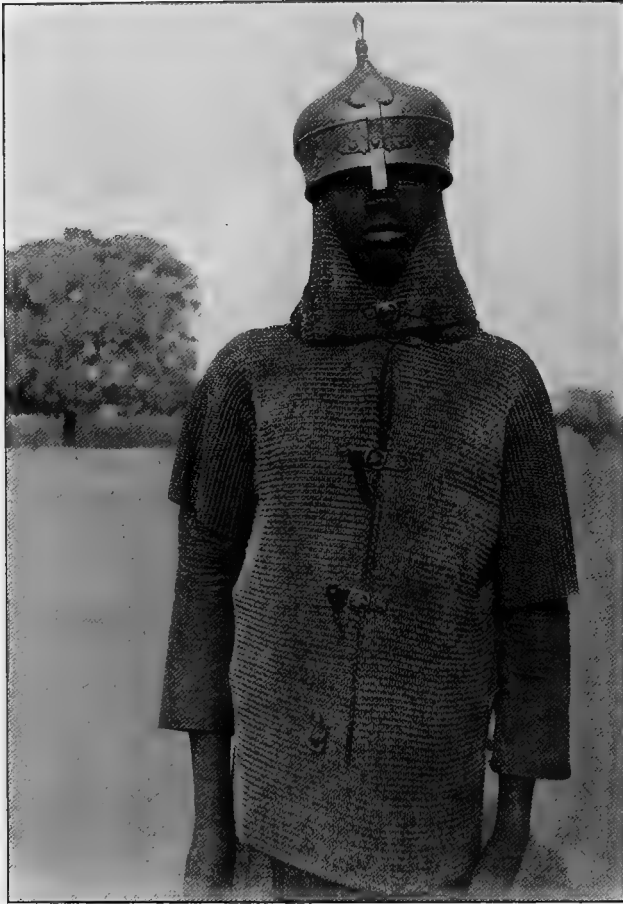
## CHAPTER XXIV

### FROM GULFEI TO FORT LAMY

ON June 1 a sudden bend of the river to the west brought us to the little village of Mana, which is picturesquely situated on the left bank. This was the time of low water and the bank dropped sheer for some 40 ft., which gave the village the appearance of being perched upon an eminence. From the mouth up to this point the average width of the river had been 400 yards, with a current of two and a quarter miles and there were scarcely any sand-banks to impede our progress. Often I noticed that the high, clean-cut banks were honeycombed with the nesting-holes of the Carmine-breasted bee-eaters.

We climbed up to the village by steps cut in the bank, and, having pitched camp under a shady tree near by, I went for a stroll in the bush with my gun. The thorn was very thick and large flocks of guinea-fowl abounded. I returned with a bush-hare, a useful addition to the pot, for Captain Cotton, a French officer, had meanwhile arrived in camp, on his way from Fort Lamy to Mani. Being a colonial of wide experience, he interested me extremely. He showed a great knowledge of the country to the north of Chad, consequently the nomad Tuaregs often entered into his story. He told me that they are supposed by some to be descended from the Saracens, a theory that is supported

by the device of a cross which the men still carry on their clothes, knives and shields, and the women on their orna-



CRUSADER'S ARMOUR. TAKEN FROM THE TUAREGS

ments ; in much the same way as the Moslem emblem of the crescent has become incorporated in the arms of descendants of the crusaders. And the Tuaregs still possess ancient coats of mail that their ancestors took from the Crusaders.



Captain Cotton also spoke of the Wadai situation. Wadai is now the sole remaining kingdom in the Sudan that is hostile



A BENISETT ARAB

to the rule of the white man. About the year 1825 it was conquered by the Sheik El Kanemi, the powerful Captain of Ibrahim, the Sultan of Bornu, and the original founder of Kukawa. In the eighties, as the power of Bornu declined, Wadai, strengthened by the preachings of the Mahdi, Senoussi, became powerful again and successfully resisted the attacks of Rabeh in 1891.

On January 21, 1904, the Sultan of Wadai attacked Fittri, a French post of forty men, but was repulsed. Since then, Germain Othman, who commands a part of the Sultan's forces, suffered a reverse in a night attack by the French and lost 800 saddles and many horses.

Wadai is still under the influence of Senoussi who has told him to sit tight and have nothing to do with the white man. This hostile feeling is only shared by the "big men," all the people would welcome at once the coming of the white man. This Senoussi is nephew of the original Madhi Senoussi, and wanders about the country with a small following of faithful fanatics. At the time of which I write he was to the west of Wadai.

Wadai owes its importance to the fact that Abeshe, the capital, has long been a centre for richly laden caravans coming from Tripoli, Kano, and the east. The number of these is now decreasing yearly owing to the many acts of pillage committed on them by the people of Wadai, which the French at the present moment find it difficult to check without concentrating a large force and marching upon the capital.

The occupation of the Shari region by the French has curtailed the power of Wadai considerably and one of his principal hunting-grounds for slaves is now closed, for the Sultan of Baghirmi is no longer his vassal. Cattle-raiding on the frontier, too, has almost ceased since the suffering Arabs have retired farther inside the French posts. But there is generally a yearly raid, or small attack at least, which necessitates the French always keeping on the *qui vive*. On the fall of Rabeh, Wadai trembled in his shoes

thinking that his turn must soon come, but up to the present the French Government has sanctioned no aggressive policy,



ON THE SHARI NEAR FORT LAMY

so possibly he may be emboldened to start his encroachments afresh.

Since Ali Dinar, the Sultan of Darfur, has proclaimed his friendliness for the Anglo-Egyptian Government Wadai is isolated by the French on one side and the British on the other, who have mutually agreed to pursue a defensive policy and not have recourse to a violent occupation of the countries within their spheres of influence. However, it is doubtful if Wadai will be able to disregard the white man much longer, and if his capitulation can be brought about by peaceful measures, so much the better for all concerned. A

military expedition paralyses a country for several years, and it should be the endeavour of all governments, especially in the Mohamedan provinces of Africa, to sheathe the sword as much as possible and by judicious and kindly means win over the independent potentates and chiefs, and through them rule their people. After all, they are the rightful owners of the country, and the only excuse for interfering can be on the grounds of protecting the community of trade interests. Wadai may yet save his skin, if he choose to follow the example of Ali Dinar.

In the afternoon of June 4, at the end of a broad reach of the river, Fort Lamy came into view. Peeps of brick wall and thatched roofs nestled in a cluster of thick trees upon the steep bank of the river, while crowning all, rose the graceful château-like house of the Commandant, with the tri-colour floating above.

Fort Lamy stands upon the right bank of the Shari, just below the junction with the Logone river. It consists of little more than the French military post and a straggling native town of mixed races, Arab, Kanuri, Baghirmi, Kotoko, and Banda. It owes its importance to its position, being on the road from Bornu and Dikwa whence rich caravans from Tripoli on their way to Wadai pass four times a year bearing coffee, kola nut, cloth and silk, arms, and gold and silver ornaments. This road is also trodden by many pilgrims on their way to Mecca.

On my arrival Gosling, cheery and fit, turned out with all the members of the Expedition and gave me a very hearty reception. The next evening Colonel Gourand, the Governor of the "Territoire du Chad," and his officers, gave a dinner

in our honour and drank our health in champagne. The Colonel possesses all the charm of a high-bred Frenchman. He is an able administrator and is held in great respect by the natives under his rule. The majority of the "big



A KOTOKO CANOE

men" are Arabs, who are a difficult, double-faced lot to deal with, acting with lies and flattery in one's presence, the while they steal behind one's back. Whenever the commandant goes on a journey all the "big men" assemble to see him depart, kissing his hands and mumbling prayers for his welfare.

The officers under Colonel Gourand's command were Captain Garden, Captain Cotton, Lieutenant Gerhard (acting as secretary) and two other subalterns. The strength of the force was four N.C.O.s., two Companies of Senegalese and a battery of field artillery. There were a doctor, an Arabic interpreter, and two mechanics also in the garrison.

The houses of the station are good. They are built of burnt bricks, which are made at the rate of 2000 a day. In the market square a plain obelisk of white stone has been set up to the memory of Major Lamy, the conqueror of Rabeh. Round the monument at market-time, the crowd turns and hums, overflowing as the sun grows hot into the neighbouring stalls and shelters. The market is a large one, where most things can be bought; beef, mutton and goats' meat, fowls, fresh and dried fish, butter, rice, beans, millet, maize, ground-nuts and pumpkins; and cloth, most of which is brought by the Hausa merchants from Yola. Kanuri, as well as Arab courtesans strut among the stalls, followed by slave girls carrying the knick-knacks and cosmetics which they purchase. The Kanuri wear "covers" of bright coloured prints thrown picturesquely round their supple bodies, and the longer the piece so that it can trail upon the ground, the more fashionable is its owner.

For payments smaller than the Maria Theresa dollar which is here worth three francs, strings of blue beads are in circulation. Each string contains eighteen beads, and forty-five strings go to a dollar. The beads are good currency everywhere in the country and strings of them are worn by the women round their loins. As a monetary system they are far better than cowrie-shells, which are clumsy and bulky, or the threepenny-pieces of Northern Nigeria, which cannot be divided to meet the small requirements of the purchaser. [¶] During the next few days we were busy sorting out our stores and packing up for our forward movement up the Shari. There was much to be done. The coverings to our bales of cloth were nearly worn out and had to be repaired,

and we found it necessary to sell to the Arab and Kanuri merchants all that was left of our more costly trade goods,



AN ARAB WOMAN

such as silk, fine cloth and scent ; for before long we should be travelling through a country of bush-people who would not appreciate such expensive luxuries. When this was done we found ourselves with enough goods and provisions to last for six months. To these we added a fresh stock of live poultry as the Sultan of Gulfei's handsome present was now exhausted, all except one cock. He was a brave-looking

bird, rather like an English game-cock and afterwards to be known in this history as Jaggra, the name Gosling christened him in memory of his illustrious donor. José was employed in finding more polers and he succeeded in engaging three Arabs, who had been soldiers of Rabeh, and a Kotoko man. Several of our Bornu men were paid off here. They were chiefly the horse-boys, for the prospect of boat travelling for a long time to come made it unnecessary for us to keep our horses. As I have said before, horses realised a poor price at Fort Lamy and one for which we had paid £6 in Kukawa fetched only ten dollars, or not much over £1. No doubt, the near approach of the rainy season, at which time the tsetse-fly is very prevalent, accounted for the poor state of the horse-market. I could not bring myself to sell Mandara, the horse that had belonged to my brother, for so small a sum and possibly to a cruel Arab master, so I sent him back to Dr. Blair at Maifoni.

Among the polers retiring from the Expedition at this point was Kurra (the jackal), who has already been introduced to the reader. He was suffering from a complaint very prevalent among "boys," of which the most marked symptom is a disinclination to work. After a year in the white man's service a feeling of slackness seems to come over the "boy," and his one desire is to return home and spend the money he has earned. So Kurra came to me and said: "Master, I tire too much." The offer of a rise of wages did not act as a restorative and I paid him off, giving him a cheque on the Lokoja bank with a letter to the manager. My last words to him were prophetic: "You had much better stay with me. Between here and Yola is a bad country and





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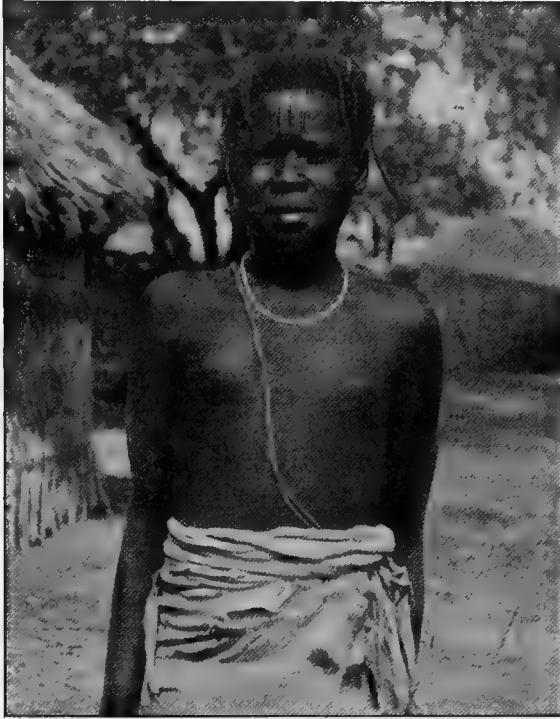
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Boyd Alexander  
Rifle Brigade

THE CHEQUE THAT WAS NEVER CASHED



you will get 'chopped.' ” That was on June 6, 1905, and on May 15, 1907, the Northern Nigerian Administration



A KOTOKO GIRL

forwarded to me the same cheque which had found its way through to the Resident at Yola, but with no news of Kurra, whose fate can only too easily be imagined.

The “boys,” who had enjoyed their time at Fort Lamy most thoroughly, were loath to leave the “gay city” and their wives; for all soon after our arrival had entered the married state and even the staid old Galadima was not content to live alone. Every morning all the wives used to come and shake hands with me. To keep up the position

of married men of course meant expense, with the result that the "boys" were always asking for advances of pay in cloth or money. When the hour of parting came the inevitable reaction set in and for the next few days they went about their work silent and glum and minus the greater part of their clothing which had found its way into the bundles of the girls they left behind them.

Whether it was under the influence of domesticity I cannot say, but it was while we were at Fort Lamy that Galadima, who had at one time been a teacher of the Faith, became once more a devout Mahomedan. With his last coin he bought a koran and a mallam's cap and punctually observed all the ceremonies of his religion, telling every one that he was on his way to Mecca. And Quabena, too, Gosling's little Ashanti boy, fired by Galadima's teaching and tired of the taunts of the other "boys" who were always chaffing him upon his pagan condition finally made up his mind to undergo the rite for admittance into the Faith, which was duly performed before our departure. But we had not left Fort Lamy long behind, when Galadima's koran became a "back number" only to be brought out again when some pilgrim we met upon the road returning to his home as an "al hadchi," conjured up to his mind visions of the sacred city.

Before taking our departure we crossed over to Kuseri to see the Resident, Captain Stieber, who kindly arranged for two Kotoko canoes to accompany us up the river as far as Irena so as to lighten the boats. The post is prettily situated, overlooking the Logone river. It is a good example of German energy and military neatness. With the help of

the Kotokos, who are excellent builders, they have erected good houses and stores, surrounding them on the sides away from the river bank with a strong castellated wall in which there is an imposing gateway with a tower that overlooks the road to Dikwa. Nothing that would lend a touch of smartness to the building has been forgotten and a red-painted letter-box surmounted by the German Eagle hangs on the wall by the gateway.

On June 15 we said good-bye to our friends at Fort Lamy, carrying away with us many happy recollections of their hospitality and kindness. They all came down to the river to see us start. There was a good breeze blowing, and with hoisted sails we flew out from the bank up the straight river. After we had put more than half a mile behind us and Fort Lamy was passing from view, we could still see the little band of gallant Frenchmen with hands to their eyes, gazing after us.

As the reader will remember—before I started on my voyage from Kaddai, Gosling left with the transport of oxen carrying all our luggage round the south side of the Lake to Fort Lamy, there to await our arrival.

I have made the following summary from his diary of the journey.

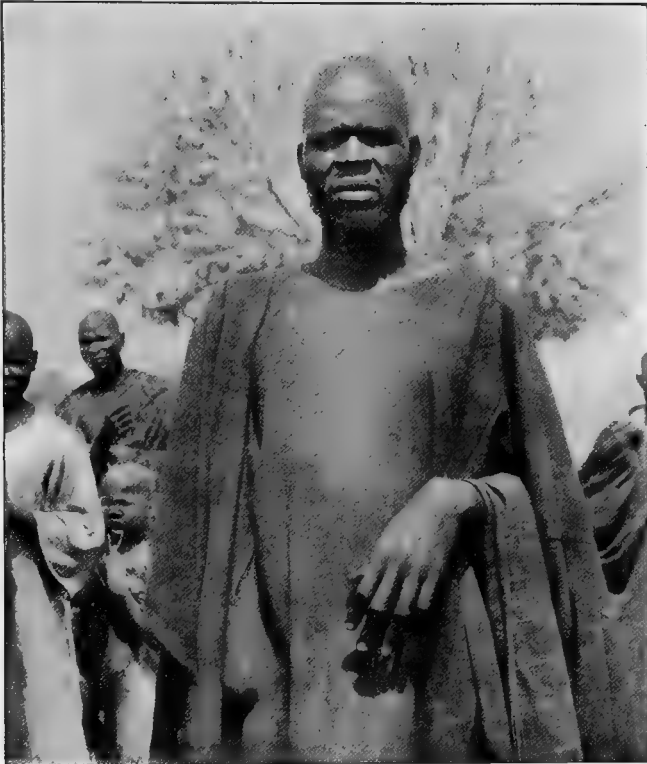
Starting at 10 A.M. on February 13, with a transport of fifty-eight oxen, he accomplished the waterless march of sixteen miles to Kowa by sunset the same day. He describes his start as being bereft of all pleasure, owing to the loss of "Rabeh," the bush-kitten. Early the next morning it was discovered that my brother's horse "Mandara" had been stolen by one of the "boys" who also took Gosling's saddle, but both were eventually recovered. Gosling at once

despatched a messenger to José at Kukawa and the latter went to the Shehu and obtained horsemen whom he sent out to hunt the thief. These fell in with others from Kowa upon the road, and picking up the footprints of the runaway, tracked him to Gashaga where they caught him.

Gosling's next march of six hours took him over a country of thin thorn and maio bush to N'gornu. On the way he passed six villages which all looked prosperous, with plenty of sheep and goats and a certain amount of cattle. N'gornu is very noticeable for its fine palm-trees. The town stands on rich soil that grows good cotton crops, and he describes isolated patches of Alkama wheat, onions and tobacco that were refreshingly green in contrast with the parched acacia bush. He gave the king a coloured picture of King Edward, with which the former was very pleased and said he would look at it every day. In his diary under this date he has an interesting note upon the Kanembu and Shua drivers of his oxen, whom he describes as a good lot of men. He goes on to say: "They were most of them engaged originally rather against their will, as is often the case at present out here; they are not yet sufficiently acquainted with white men and do not know what they are in for. If one sees that they are not ill-treated by the escort, and the distances are reasonable so that the bullocks have a sufficient time to graze each day, they are perfectly satisfied. I am sure they would rather have one day's pay less than see their cattle marched farther than they like."

His next stopping-place was N'galewa, a large Kanuri town in three parts, under three different kings, two of whom brought Gosling a very big "dash" of food. N'galewa

was at this time ten or twelve miles from the Lake, which was said to come right up in the rainy season.



A KOTOKO MAN AT N'GALA

Leaving at 6.30 A.M. on February 16, Gosling journeyed to a Kanuri town called Gullo, situated among some fine trees, under one of which he pitched his tent. Here he describes the way he used always to arrange the zana-matting enclosure round his camp in two sections, in one of which he had his tent and the loads, while the other held the oxen, the same doorway doing for both so that it needed only one man to guard them.

After spending a very cold night, he continued his journey on February 17 to N'gala. Half way to that place the country began to change its character as it got farther from the



GOSLING'S COLUMN CROSSING THE RIVER SHARI-WASE

Lake. There were good open stretches of rich soil where rice and millet were grown. The road crossed the dry bed of the Shari-Wase, the same stream which flows past Maifoni. N'gala stands on rising ground, commanding a fine view. Gosling, who was welcomed on his entrance by the village band of horns, alligata pipes and drums, camped among the ruins of the town. It was sacked and burnt in 1900 by Faderellah, who there overtook and defeated the present Shehu of Bornu on his flight from Dikwa to Yo. What is left of the walls shows that it has been a



very strong place. On the top of the ruins of the king's palace there are two piles of round "ju-ju" stones. It is



DYEING PIT AT N'GALA

said that any one stealing one of them would die, and the stone return of its own accord. Another remarkable feature of the place are the strongly built earthenware cisterns, some of which are 5 ft. deep. The village well goes down 70 ft. before water is obtained.

Gosling left N'gala on February 18. He crossed the Gumbemi soon after and then followed the left bank of the river, where the character of the scenery reminded him very much of the Yo country, with dense bush in places, and most of the trees the same. Even the baboons and red monkeys

were there to make the region seem familiar. But the river itself is quite different from the Yo, having sloping banks and no back-waters. There were many semicircular dams for catching fish, made of branches interlaced with thorn and brushwood. At a village on the way to Afate, the old king was delighted with a box of matches in return for his present of eggs. He had never seen such things before.

At Afate one of the drivers brought in a little grey monkey, which was christened "Birri," the Hausa for monkey, and which threw in its lot with the Expedition, coming through safely to the end. It is now at the Zoological Gardens.

On February 20 Gosling proceeded to Mulwe by a long, dull march through open thorn-bush and stretches of black soil where cotton grew plentifully. On the way he saw a number of gazelle that were very tame, also large flocks of guinea-fowl. Mulwe is a ruined town on the left bank of the River Godago, which flows between very steep banks. On February 21, following up the stream some way till it disappeared mysteriously in the dense bush where there was much pig and guinea-fowl, Gosling unexpectedly came on the Shari. He was 30 ft. above it, and describes it as a truly refreshing sight and a magnificent river.

In the evening he arrived at his journey's end at Kusseri, where he had a most hospitable welcome. First the king's son, a smart youth in a white turban, came to meet him; then the king with his armed retainers and a band, and finally the German Commandant, Captain Stieber, on a good pony and looking very smart in his white uniform. Gosling goes on to describe his treatment by the Germans as exceedingly kind; they gave him two good rooms inside their post as

a store in which to put the baggage ; houses also for his " boys " and " chop " for all. " Such is German hospitality, an example for us Englishmen," is Gosling's comment.



" FRITZ "

He then recounts his messing with the Commandant and Doctor Hassler. They dined most enjoyably, looking down on the river, in which was reflected the rising full moon. The Germans talked a little English and with the aid of two dictionaries upon the table conversation was amusing.

The Germans had a splendid collection of pets including a lion, a baby hippo, three leopards, a lynx and some monkeys. The hippo was quite a character, he answered to the name of Fritz and when called would come up out of the river into the verandah to be fed. Afterwards at Fort Lamy,

Gosling himself had two pets, a little waterbuck and a hare. They were very tame and became great friends with



GOSLING'S TAME WATERBUCK

“Birri” the monkey. They all slept together, and the waterbuck used to take the others for rides on her back. But alas! all but “Birri” came to sad ends, the waterbuck dying of a snake bite, while the little hare was found one morning dead in its box.

On February 25, Gosling crossed over to Fort Lamy and there settled down to wait for me to come out of the Lake, spending the meantime in adding to his collection of fish and making hunting expeditions.

## CHAPTER XXV

### FROM FORT LAMY TO THE TOGBAU HILLS

If it was a satisfaction to me to be moving forward once again, I am sure it must have been a joy to Gosling whom I



THE EXPEDITION ASCENDING THE SHARI FROM FORT LAMY

fear I had kept waiting at Fort Lamy a very long time. But if we were both glad our looks were not reflected in the faces of the “boys,” who were suffering from the reaction that we had learnt to expect of them after a stay in a town of so many attractions for the black man as Fort Lamy.

At this time the *personnel* of the Expedition consisted of five polers to each of the boats, among whom were Galadima,

Audelai, Umuru, and Bukar of the original lot that started with us from Nigeria. Then there were John the cook, Lowi, Quasso, Quabena, a Kanuri named Mustafa who acted as Arabic interpreter and an escort of six Hausas armed with Mauser carbines that we had brought out from England. They were under the command of Agoma Lafia who was originally one of the carriers on my journey from Loko and whom we now promoted to the rank of corporal. He was a man of forty with a clean-shaven face, except for a little goatee beard above which his under-lip bulged to extraordinary dimensions by reason of the plug of tobacco, without which he was never to be seen. Nor was he often separated from his little Hausa banjo, which he would twang and sing to as he sat on the boxes in the bows of the canoe, and which was still going when we reached Khartoum. It was Agoma's duty to see all the provision boxes and trade goods taken out of the boats each evening, properly packed in camp, and a guard mounted over them for the night. Later on, when our clothes began to show signs of wear and tear, we discovered that he was nimble with the needle, and he constituted himself with credit tailor to the Expedition. Dumbornu and Jagoba of the escort were our orderlies, who saw to the pitching of the tents and ministered to our comforts, making ready the warm baths that we were in the habit of taking at the end of our day's journey. Jagoba was our cobbler also, and with the hide of the waterbuck for leather, and sinews of the buffalo for thread, would resole a boot or make a pair of sandals with considerable skill. Our number was completed with the twenty Kotoko polers who manned the two canoes.

A course of five and three-quarter hours from Fort Lamy



ASCENDING THE SHARI





brought us to Klissem, a Banda and Kirri village which the two races divide distinctly between them, the Kirri living in the part to the south. It is a settlement of former slaves of



KOTOKO CANOE

Rabeh and all bear his marks, the three small cuts on either cheek. They are a primitive people and do not use much cloth. The women wear strings of beads round their loins with a narrow strip of cloth attached in front, while some have bunches of leaves only.

The Banda came originally from the country south of Darfur, but were driven farther south by the slave raiders of Wadai and Darfur, and now they are to be found, for the most part, in the districts of the Upper Shari. The men are not an

attractive or intelligent looking lot. They do not fish and seem to know little about hunting. Although the soil is fertile they grow only just enough grain for their needs, and if they work at all, it is as carriers for the French. The women, too, are coarse in feature with bulging foreheads and snub noses. They wear their hair in many short tails which stick out round the head. Some of them have curious patterns cut on their arms, which denote that they were selected as wives for the "big men" of Rabeh.

Their houses are neatly built and have conical roofs of straw and walls of zana-matting which the Bandas are very good at making, and there is a trace of elegance in the sides and arches of the doorways which are plastered with mud. In many of the houses there are big earthenware jars for grain. These are raised off the ground on wooden trestles to keep them from the rats, and there are similar but larger jars to be found standing outside.

On June 17 we reached Idio, a small Baghirmi village on the right bank about forty miles from Fort Lamy. Here the river is about 800 yards wide and winds picturesquely between well wooded banks. The little village has a thriving appearance, and the rich soil produces good crops of millet and cotton which the natives make into thread and sell. They do some fishing, too, and the nets they use are well made.

By this time, Gosling had seen all the game there was to be met with in the Shari regions, and had succeeded in obtaining a very representative collection including bushbuck, reedbuck, roan antelope, duiker, buffalo, giraffe, rhino, and wild dog; so now his trips into the bush were chiefly taken to keep the pot boiling. There was not much difficulty in doing

this ; a short walk from the camp, which was generally on a sand-bank, was sure to produce a kob or waterbuck. Such



KING OF IDIO

abundance of meat kept the "boys" in good spirits. I remember one night when Gosling had returned with a bush-and a reedbuck, the merriment of the camp was not subdued by the very heavy storm which broke at eight o'clock and lasted several hours. Owing to the sandy nature of the soil the tent-pegs would not hold, and it was all hands to the ropes ; but so fierce was the hurricane, that we could not hold on and were obliged to throw ourselves on to the fallen tent to keep it from blowing away. Then with the sudden fall of the wind, down came the rain in torrents

and “ boys ” and all crept in under the *débris* of the tent till the deluge was over.

This year the rainy season had commenced a month earlier than usual and a dust-storm followed by a tornado towards evening or during the night was an almost regular occurrence. Under these conditions we found the sand-banks afforded the driest camping-grounds, and they were free from the ravages of white ants.

At mid-day of the fifth day from Fort Lamy we had our “ chop ” at a small Baghirmi village called Miskin situated high on the edge of the bank. Like all the villages in this part, it had been sacked and burnt by Rabeh, but it had been rebuilt; we sat under a tree overlooking the river close by the village burial-place. As they were fisher-folk most of the offerings to the dead were symbolic of their trade in life and the graveyard was covered over with old fishing-nets supported on sticks.

Gosling, who had already been in this neighbourhood, gives the following description of a place called Munnawaji about fifteen miles from Miskin and near the Bahr-el-Ergig. . . . “ It is a thriving village—chiefly Kanuri. They have a number of looms going and make useful cloth. The people seemed quite pleased to welcome an Englishman, and are worthy people in every way. They have a good shelter in the town which is also their praying enclosure. The chorus of small boys reciting the Koran was quite deafening. The preparation of cotton goes on in every hut and much cloth is made; every one is at work one way or another, I have seen nothing like it elsewhere.”

That night we made our camp close to the mouth of the

Bahr-el-Ergig, or M'Bassu river, which flows into the Shari on the right bank. Here it is about thirty yards wide and has steep banks which are thickly wooded. At its junction



BURIAL-PLACE OF BAGIRMI FISHER-FOLK

there is a large island, covered with scrub, which divides the Shari into two channels.

On one of his hunting expeditions Gosling made his camp some distance up on the left bank of the little river. He describes the water as delicious and goes on to say: "Rhino are said to abound here. There is splendid soil along the river for cotton and other crops, and one would have expected it to have been thickly populated as the water runs all the year round. . . . I went down to look up the tracks of a lion that passed by early this morning. While there, I was astonished to see a small canoe coming down with two men and two children in it. They had left

Chekkina yesterday. In places the river is almost jumpable ; I had no idea the river was navigable so far. The volume of



CANOE ON M'BASSU RIVER

water is about 25 ft. by 1 ft. and with a current of one and a half miles an hour." . . . Then this pretty sketch of the wild life of the river follows. . . . "This evening I went to sit over a pool for a while before sunset. First, a fine-headed reedbuck, then a good waterbuck approached very cautiously. It looked round suddenly when a roan antelope disturbed by something came trotting along, and then it ascended the bank to my right. Soon I heard snorts, and my Banda guide on the look-out in the bush told me that a rhino had met the roan and then departed. At dusk a lion was grunting away

on the other side of the valley. . . . The next morning I crossed the river and soon saw some waterbuck and a roan



A BAGIRMI HONEY HUNTER

antelope lying down with them. A lucky shot as he galloped off knocked him over. He was an enormous beast, 15 hands 3 inches with a good head, though as a rule these animals carry small horns for their size. . . . An Arab boy who has come in from Mandjaffa tells me that the Banda there have killed an elephant. This evening I did a round up the river and as I was returning by moonlight I heard the crackling of broken rushes and all the movements of a big beast. We all made sure that it was a rhino, but on cautiously

approaching I found two kob in the middle of a battle royal."

On June 25, after a pull of seven hours through a low grass-covered country which must be under water in the rains, we reached Mandjaffa. Just when we had pitched camp a big tornado came on and kept us pretty well to our tents for the rest of the day. The next day, a beautiful morning and forest country interspersed with graceful trees on the left bank decided us to stay and make collections. Moreover it was necessary to lay in another store of "geri" for the "boys," a week's supply if possible, so following our usual custom we summoned the king and, after inquiries for his health and that of his family, told him that we had so many "boys" to feed and did not doubt that he could find the corn. Then he sent his headman into the village and soon in the compounds the cry was to be heard, "the white man wants food." Afterwards throughout the day, women, each carrying the bit of meal she had ground, trooped down to José's tent and received payment in beads, small looking-glasses or cloth for every calabashful they brought.

While the corn-sacks were being filled, we both crossed the river and set out in different directions. Gosling, on the look-out for big game, was followed by Umuru carrying his '450 express and another boy his '303; while I paid attention entirely to the birds, so took with me only my small '410 bore collecting-gun.

It was my custom when out collecting birds to go off alone into the bush, for, having no heavy guns to carry I had no need of a gun-boy, and going thus quietly by myself there was far more chance of being able to get near enough to the



birds to study their habits. In this pursuit, when we were not travelling, I was wont to spend the mornings and evenings



BAGIRMI AT A WELL

of my days. It was pleasant wandering through the cool forest thickets, sometimes to emerge into the green-carpeted glades just in time perhaps to catch a glimpse of antelope or waterbuck as they bounded away to cover in the bush. On these solitary walks, when I would spy some rare or unknown bird through my glasses and watch from my hiding-place its movements and habits to learn a little of its life-history, or creep cautiously through the crackling thicket to within the range of my shot, my pleasure was as great and my heart

beat as fast as if some gay striped or spotted beast had fallen to my gun.

After the morning ramble I would start about ten o'clock for camp again, and had I been lucky, with perhaps five or six choice birds in my pockets, each wrapped up separately in paper. Then when I had finished my mid-day "chop," there was the work of skinning and making up to be done, after first recording the measurements and the colour of the soft parts, together with any notes of interest I had been able to make on the habits of each. By the time I had finished my cup of tea, I was again ready to start on another bird quest. Then as the shadows lengthened I would take my way to some forest pool or backwater of the river, there to sit and watch the birds come down to feed and drink; for in the evening they always gather to the water-side. In the morning there is enough dew on the leaves to supply their wants as they roam through the woods.

The woodland country that we were now passing on the left bank was not like any I had before seen in Africa. It was not the stunted growth of the hinterland nor dense enough for true tropical forests; rather, it reminded me of our English woods, with well grown trees, pretty glades and open green sward that were the haunts of all kinds of game and birds.

Mandjaffa was the capital of the Baghirmi kingdom till Rabeh destroyed it in 1893. After a gallant defence of several months Gaourand the Sultan was compelled by heavy losses and famine to retire to Chekkina on the road to Fittri which is now his capital. The extent of the old ruined walls shows that Mandjaffa must have been a large town before

the siege. The big cotton-tree under which we camped was close to the Banda settlement and about a mile to the south was the Baghirmi town.



A BAGHIRMI WOMAN

Taking them as a whole, the Baghirmi appear to be a fine and healthy race. The men are tall and well made; they have blunt features and rather thick lips. The young girls have plain, honest faces but incline to stoutness as they grow older, while the elderly women are quite repulsive. The head-dress of the women is very distinctive with the

hair closely woven into plaits which are trained horizontally round the head. The children usually have their heads shaved except for two narrow fluffy strips crosswise from back to front and from side to side.

The Baghirmi are farmers, owning goats and sheep. They also make cloth and pottery, and do a little fishing, using nets only occasionally and preferring a square trap of wickerwork which they build in the river and bait with ground millet. Their "dug-outs" are small and leaky. Gosling who crossed the river in one, describes his experience as not being very comfortable. He says, "the small dug-out put my heart in my mouth for the safety of my rifles; a decimal of an inch to spare and occasionally shipping water over the sides—besides leaking elsewhere. The man stands up to pole and paddle, doing both with the same little pole, which has a blade about 4 in. wide attached for paddling."

The Baghirmi give the impression that they have seen better days. They are still suffering from the ruin of Rabeh's raids and are affected by the occupation of their country by the white man which has checked their slave raiding. The Baghirmi in their time have been great slave-dealers, preying upon the neighbouring Sara tribes.

June 22, 1905, is marked as a day of mourning in the annals of the Expedition. We made an early start at 6 A.M. from Mandjaffa and all went as well as usual until the mid-day halt for "chop." We were sitting in the broad shade of a fine tree on the left bank waiting for John to serve up our food, and the word "pass chop" had just been given when a groan came from under Gosling's chair and there lay Wuka dead! Poor little Wuka! His death was a great loss to his

master, for Gosling had made him his companion for the last year and the dog had repaid him in faithfulness and endearing ways. He had not been well for some time past, his spirits



BUGUMUNN. A BAGHIRMI TOWN ON THE SHARI

were low, and he had almost lost the sight of one eye. For the last few days he was always in a sleepy condition, and without doubt fell a victim to sleeping sickness produced by the bite of the tsetse-fly.

After the burial, branches of thorn were put over the grave in order to baffle the body-snatchers of the bush.

Gosling was extremely fond of pets, and the bows of his boat often presented a lively and amusing sight. A squealing mongoose was generally to be seen running over his boxes, and a monkey which climbed the mast at times to take high dives on to the shoulders of the polers and disappear the next instant among the boxes at the bottom of the boat. Ther

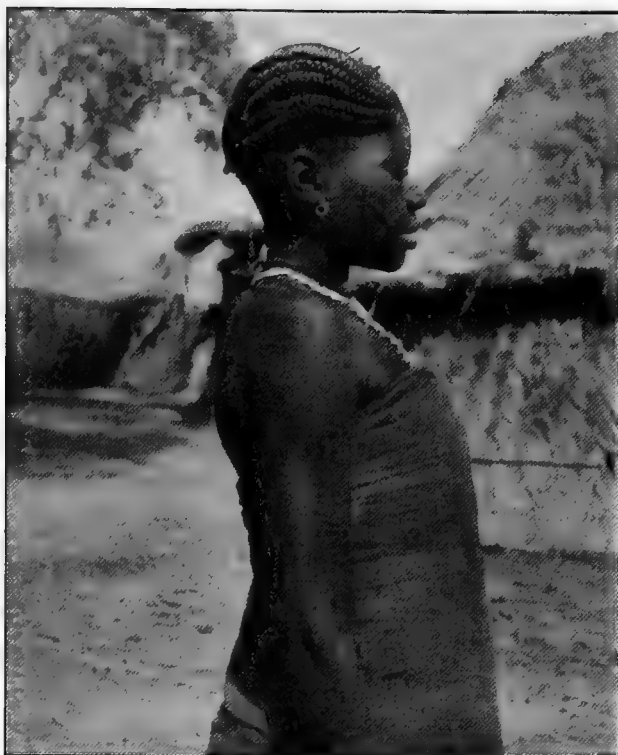
there was a little antelope, too, which was brought to him by some Arabs at Fort Lamy. He had named it "Pasi" which means fleet of foot in the Jollof language.

A six days' journey brought us to the important town of Maffinling on the right bank. It is the best and cleanest Baghirmi town we came across. There are some fine trees dotted prettily about the village, and at this time there were flourishing cotton crops. The houses are well built, and the tops of the "big men's" huts are adorned with ostrich eggs which are the symbols of wealth. Here it was necessary to lay in another store of "geri," and our camp assumed the appearance of a little market to which the women brought down eggs, beans, oil, ground-nuts, and tobacco, all of which they bartered principally for meat. Wherever we camped along the Shari, we had no difficulty in finding game; kob and water-buck were always plentiful. When any animal was brought in, it was José's duty to have it cut up, and after putting aside enough for our own wants to divide the remainder among the "boys." Of course they got far more than they could eat at one time, so they dried a certain quantity, which always went like wild-fire at the village markets.

About midnight we were driven into our tents by a heavy tornado (it was our habit to sleep in the open when the weather was fine) and the mosquitoes seizing their opportunity got into the nets during the removal and murdered sleep for both of us. In the morning I rose feeling feverish, but managed to go on to our next camp at Lafana, a journey of some seven hours. Then I went down with a severe attack of fever, no doubt due to the daily downpours, for the rainy season had commenced in earnest. It was very disappointing

to have broken the long spell of good health which I had maintained ever since recovering from my attack of black-water over a year ago.

Gosling at this time was in excellent condition, very sun-



A BAGHIRMI WOMAN

burnt, and with not an ounce of waste flesh upon his hard muscles.

Lafana is a Baghirmi town with an Arab settlement ; it is ruled by a Sultana, the only instance of a woman chief I have met with in Africa. She seemed a capable woman and had her people well under control.

Up to this point, all the Baghirmi towns had been on the right bank. Previous to the German occupation a few had existed on the left, but these had since moved over so as to remain under their own Sultan.

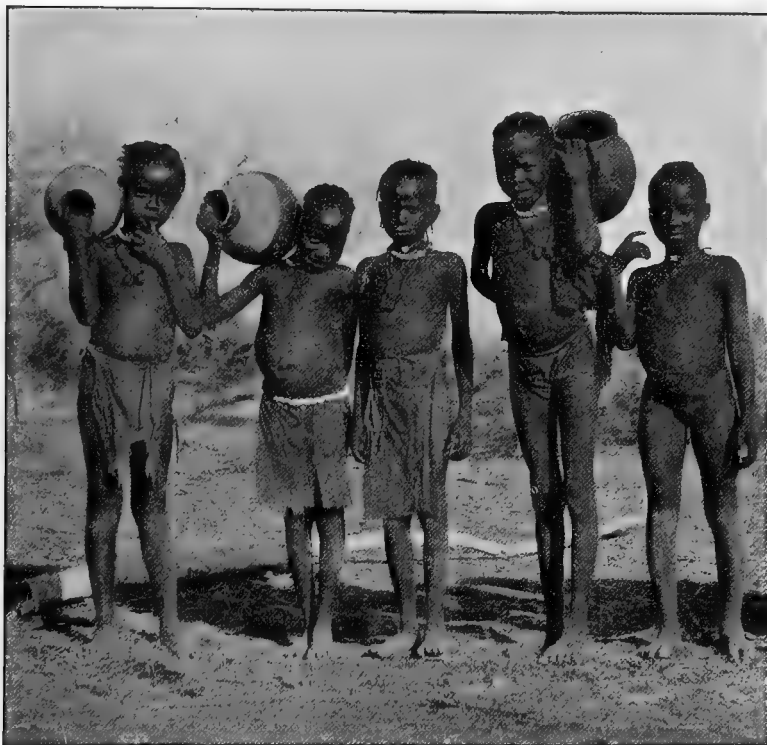
By the next day, though still feeling weak, quinine and calomel with the aid of the invaluable hot-water bottle to produce sweating, had cured my fever. In cases of fever, however slight the attack, the golden rule to follow is to give in at once and go to bed. If only every one would observe this, there would be far fewer deaths in Africa. One can invariably tell six hours beforehand the approach of an attack by a loss of appetite and a feeling of weakness in all the limbs. Then when the fever has left, it is essential to take a quiet day in camp in order to effect a complete cure.

On the occasion of which I write, having practised what I now preach, we left for Buso on July 1 and made a distance of seven and a half miles. The rate of our going, not counting the windings of the river as distance covered, was a little less than two miles an hour. Our polers had been working pretty steadily of late, and there had been no unnecessary stops. In some parts the river scenery is very pretty, trees and hanging vegetation clothe the steep, sloping banks down to the water's edge. At Buso the river is about a mile in width. At this time it had increased considerably, and a little later on when the rains became continuous it had an average rise of 10 in. a day.

Buso is a large Baghirmi town, with settlements of Bandas and Arabs. They possessed horses and cattle, the first we had seen since leaving Fort Lamy, so evidently the place is not visited by the tsetse-fly.



After leaving Buso, the country on either hand wore a most solitary aspect, and there was hardly a village anywhere



BAGHIRMI CHILDREN

to be seen. We went for days without meeting a single native canoe and the magnificent river flowed on through a silent land untouched by traffic of any kind.

Away from the left bank, the interior of the country is inhabited by the Sara tribe, or Kurdi as the Baghirmi and Arabs call them—a name they give to all the bush-people of the region. Having suffered much from the attacks of the slave-raiding Baghirmi, the Saras have been driven away

from the river into the bush where they live in small communities scattering their huts among their crops as a protection against surprise. But even so, they do not always manage to escape from their persecutors, for while we were at Buso, we heard that a party of Baghirmi with sixty slaves had crossed the river from the Sara country.

The night before we arrived at Miltu, which is some eighty miles above Buso, we camped on a large sand-bank. Close by, there was a "school" of a dozen hippos, but we left them in peace and went off to explore the bush which lay behind the camp. Gosling had not gone more than 500 yards when he walked on to a troop of eight lions which were lying down in some dry grass. They got up at about eighty yards and made off at a slow canter, grunting like pigs. He shot at one as it paused a moment in the long grass with its back to him, and not knowing that he had dropped it, walked right past it. After a fruitless search of half an hour for blood tracks, he returned to where the animal was last seen and found it lying dead near by. It proved to be a male in fine condition, but not quite full grown, for indistinct yellow spots showed on the belly and legs. With the lion's skin to dry, it was necessary to stay at this camp over the next day, which fortunately turned out bright and sunny.

At Miltu, our next stopping-place, there is a small German post of thirteen men in charge of a sergeant, whose duty is to prevent slave-raiding. For this protection no tax is levied on the Saras.

The river here is divided into two channels by a large island in the centre. On the left, the Miltu side, there are fine groves of large-leaved trees and tall acacias which at this

time stood out in welcome contrast with their bare boughs almost white against the dark green. On the right bank, about eighteen miles off towards the east, is a chain of thirteen cone-shaped hills, which our eyes met with gladness after gazing for so many days over endless, low woodland stretches.

Our camp was as usual on a sand-bank, and as soon as everything was in order, we went off to take a look at the native town which lay half a mile behind us. It is a large town composed of three Sara settlements with a sprinkling of Fulani among them. The small hamlets are scattered about in the corn and each is surrounded with zana matting and a thorn fence through which a narrow entrance leads into a small open space where two circular granaries made of grass with conical caps on the tops stand on little platforms of poles. From here a narrow passage between zana matting brings one into another enclosure where there are two or more huts which form the living quarters of the family; each is entered by a very small doorway, not more than 2 ft. square.

Many of the Sara men are tall and magnificently built. They have receding foreheads, long-pointed noses and beady eyes which give them a ferret-like look. Their hair is thick and woolly, and they are hairy of body. They wear a small pointed piece of cloth in front and sometimes a brass bracelet, or bits of string round the arm and neck. Throughout this tribe there is an extraordinary similarity of features, due no doubt to much intermarriage, which is generally to be found obtaining with a persecuted race.

The women are quite naked except for a bit of string

which is sometimes threaded with very small beads. They have more oval faces than the men, and their heads are shaved and the scalps painted all over with a red clay. The unmarried girls wear a small rectangular piece of tin, suspended by a string or leather to hide their nakedness. The tribal marks are deep, circular cuts close together down the whole of each side of the face.

The Sara are a timid people but good and industrious farmers. They grow millet and ground-nuts chiefly. Both the men and women work, which is a rare thing in Africa. They may be seen in the fields together sowing their crops. After the ground has been cleared, the man walks along making a dab in the soil at intervals with his native hoe and the woman follows with the seed which she places in the hole and covers up with her foot.

The Sara make most ingenious baskets for holding their ground millet that remind one of huge wasps' nests. They consist of nothing but leaves, most deftly woven together, layer upon layer, the stalk of one leaf being fastened into the next.

We stayed a day at Miltu for hunting and bird-collecting. Accompanied by twenty Sara beaters with drums, Gosling crossed over to the right bank where the country is very flat and at this time swampy, owing to the rains. After several drives a rhino came out to Gosling, which he shot. These animals are plentiful in this part, but in the rainy season it is difficult to find them as they have not the necessity to come down to the river to drink. This remark applies to all other game as well, and at this season, hunting is not so easy owing to the thicker vegetation.

At Miltu the character of the bush beyond the river belts alters a good deal. *Mimosa* trees are no longer to be seen. Instead, there is the usual West African bush, very low and in places scanty with the prevailing shea-butter tree that is found so much in the Gold Coast Hinterland. In this region there are plenty of birds, among which I met with several old friends from West Africa. No doubt this is the road eastward for the Senegambian fauna.

We resumed our journey on July 9 and after travelling for many days through a flat, featureless country, the monotony was one day broken by the outline of hills distant a day's journey to the south. These were the Togbau hills, and the next evening we were camping at their foot. They are about 300 ft. high and consist of two ranges running at right angles to the river. They are a mile in length and are parallel to each other 1000 yards apart, and a fertile valley lies between. The French call them the Togbau, after a big Sara chief who was captured by Rabeh and taken to Dikwa, but on the German map they are named Mielin. They are a curious, volcanic upheaval standing isolated in the great bush plain. Thick-leaved trees and scrub cling where there is foothold in the crevices of the huge boulders that are tumbled about in picturesque confusion, some piled, one upon another, like monuments of an uncouth age. At the foot of the hills lie settlements of a large Sara village, scattered among the growing corn.

We pitched our tents in the dry bed of a loop in the river, formed by an island. Here at the junction with the main stream the Sara carry on their fishing. Large oblong enclosures made of canes are placed at intervals in the water,

facing the current with their circuitous openings by which the fish enter.

Soon after our arrival women came from the village bringing corn, ground-nuts and eggs to sell, and a little later the King, Kajibu, came down riding on a shaggy little pony. He was a stately figure, dressed in a flowing purple robe and behind him followed his retinue of well-developed men and boys, most of them naked, while some wore small aprons of skins in front and behind and all carried spears. The women were quite naked, and their faces were disfigured by a stick a quarter of an inch in length thrust through the right nostril and a similar one was stuck in the lobe of the right ear, the shell of which was studded with a trimming of small beads sewn into the flesh with elephant gut.

We decided to stay here for the next day in order to explore thoroughly the ins and outs of the hill range which by all appearances offered a good field for zoological collections.

So when the morning came, having fortified ourselves with a breakfast of porridge, we both set out in different directions. Gosling was bent upon obtaining some of the little rock dassies like those which the survey party had discovered in the Nigerian hills, but with the hope that they might turn out to be a different species. His Sara guide was a good climber. He was clothed in two scanty leathern aprons before and behind and carried a small knife stuck in a string round the left elbow, a string round the neck hung with teeth and bits of wood as "ju-ju," and two wooden armlets above the right elbow. All this "ju-ju" seemed to have brought luck to Gosling, for he returned to camp at

mid-day with four fine specimens of the little rock dassie which has turned out to be new to science and which has been named *Procavia shariensis*. Although I carried no "ju-ju," I was not less fortunate, for I obtained a new rock thrush which has been named after my brother (*Cossypha claudi*). It was hard work climbing from rock to rock, often hauling oneself up on to a ledge only to find one's advance barred by a deep chasm out of which innumerable bats fluttered up like pieces of burnt paper. In these rambles I frequently came across large round baskets, or grain stores, which—to secure them against pillage—were placed on ledges of the rock accessible only by secret paths known to the natives. My path was very difficult, but I was seized with the craving which goads on the mountaineer to gain the highest point and at length I saw all the country lying far below me.

A vast view of a barren country presented itself and my mind was at once carried back to a similar occasion, when I viewed the landscape from the top of the Keffi hills in Nigeria, and I could not help being forcibly struck by the contrast of the two scenes. There, as far as the eye could reach stretched fields of corn, the surface of which was often broken by clusters of hamlets where dwelt the happy harvesters, while here on all sides to the distance lay a barren stretch of bush and sand.

But if there was not an aspect of fertility in the scene, the black dots of natives working in their tiny corn-patches below me presented a picture of peace where not many years ago the noise of firearms resounded in these rocky hills, for it was here that Rabeh, the black Napoleon of Africa, fought and defeated the French.

Around our camp-fires that night several of our men who had fought under Rabeh told the tale of his battles, which I have embodied in the following brief account of the great fighter, the story of whose life forms one of the most fascinating pages in the history of Africa. But before attempting to describe his fights with the French, it will be as well, I think, to give the reader a rapid sketch of the earlier events of his life.

By birth belonging to the Jellaba tribe of Darfur, he became the favourite slave of Zubeir Pasha, the famous slave-trader of the Egyptian Sudan who was afterwards the Governor-General of the Bahr-el-Ghazel Province. Under this skilful leader, who in 1873 subjugated Darfur for the Egyptian Government, Rabeh received his military training. We next find him serving under Suleiman, Zubeir Pasha's son, who succeeded his father as Governor. In 1878 Suleiman rebelled against the Government but was defeated and induced to submit. But Rabeh, who had by this time become a chief, refused to surrender, and succeeded in escaping westward with a small band of armed followers. After several years' successful fighting, including the subjugation of the Sultan of Borku whom he twice defeated, he established an independent kingdom at Dar Runga between Wadai and Darfur.

In 1891 he attacked Wadai but was obliged to retire westward, reaching the Shari in the following year. He next invaded the kingdom of Baghirmi, the tributary province of Wadai, whose Sultan eventually forced him to withdraw into Bornu where he concluded a treaty with the Sultan Hashim. For his part in this, Hashim was killed by his



nephew Kiari, who also turned upon Rabeh and defeated him in December 1893 at Gilba to the south of Kukawa. Rabeh, however, rallied his men and a few days later utterly routed Kiari's forces and destroyed Kukawa, the capital of Bornu.

After this, Rabeh made Dikwa his headquarters, for it was the most central point from which he could rule his newly acquired provinces. But this did not mark the goal of his ambition, he was merely pausing to gather strength to advance upon Kano, the rich capital of the West, where it had ever been his dream to found his kingdom. At Dikwa, which he fortified together with the three strategic points of Gulfei, Karnak'Logone and Kusseri, he reorganised his army, levying taxes on the people for its maintenance. His army, including followers, when in the field numbered no less than 60,000 men. Each day Rabeh himself apportioned foraging grounds to the different sections, and they fed off the country like locusts. In all his military organisations he was assisted by his son, Faderellah, who was also an able leader of men.

In 1897 a source of danger arose for Rabeh, who was a fanatic and a hater of the white man, in the appearance at Lake Chad of the French Mission under Lieutenant Gentil. Bringing his steamer by way of the Congo, Ubangui and Tomi rivers, and thence carrying it in sections across country to the Gribingi river, after great difficulties Gentil gained the Shari, down which he steamed, making treaties with all the chiefs on the way, including Gaourand, the Sultan of Baghirmi.

It was a brilliant piece of work which Gentil accomplished, but only by the skin of his teeth, for, although he never knew it, he narrowly escaped being annihilated by Rabeh on his way back from Chad. Rabeh coming from Dikwa with his

army arrived at Kusseri a day too late to intercept him ; Gentil's steamer had passed during the night.

Early in the following year Rabeh attacked the Baghirmi Sultan and destroyed his capital, Mandjaffa on the river, as a punishment for his not having opposed Gentil's Mission.

It is at this point we come to the fight of the Togbau hills, where the reader will remember we had made our camp.

It was in June 1899 that Rabeh, with a force of 300 men armed with rifles and 10,000 spear and bowmen, set out from Dikwa to oppose a French force under Lieutenant Bretonnet, consisting of four other Frenchmen, forty-five Senegalese, and 400 native Baghirmi levies that had retired from Kouno in favour of a position on the Togbau hills. A rocky defile made by an inaccessible hill resting on the left bank of the river was defended by the Baghirmi behind trenches, while Bretonnet took up his position on the kopje which forms the western limit of the range. Rabeh attacked the position on July 17.

At the commencement of the fight, Gentil arrived in his steamer from Fort Archambault and, hearing firing but not knowing the position of affairs, left his boat which was hidden from Bretonnet by the hill abutting on the river and advanced on the Baghirmi entrenchments, which he mistook for the enemy's position, and opened a heavy fire from the rear with the result that the Baghirmi fled. All was now confusion. Even Rabeh was completely puzzled at the new phase of the battle until the presence of Gentil's boat was discovered. Thereupon, leaving his Lieutenant Ba-bukar to press the attack on Bretonnet, he himself advanced on the steamer and forced Gentil to retire, but not before the

latter had got a message through to Bretonnet urging him to retreat upon the river while there was yet time. But the brave Bretonnet, twice wounded and in a swooning state, replied : " No, we must die where we are." Gentil was then obliged to make down stream, hotly pursued by Rabeh's men along the bank, who fired on his boat, making a hole in it.

It was not till late in the afternoon that Rabeh assaulted the little hill to find nothing but corpses where the defenders had stood. " Where are all the men who have been fighting me ? " he asked. At that moment the dying Bretonnet raised himself up and gazed at Rabeh. Immediately, a soldier rushed forward and struck off his head and, kneeling before Rabeh, held it up to him. Rabeh took it in his hands and looked at it for a short space, then put it down and in silence rode down the hill.

The battle of Togbau resulted in the total annihilation of the French force and the loss of three field-guns. Among Rabeh's wounded was his son, Nyebe, and Ba-Bukar, the General of his forces, was killed. The death of Ba-Bukar who had served him all through from the Bahr-el-Ghazal was an irreparable loss to Rabeh. As a fighter his fame was even greater than that of Rabeh, who in the songs of the people was sung of as the king, while Ba-Bukar was called the Lion.

During the fight a white sergeant was taken prisoner and brought before Rabeh, who in admiration of the Frenchman's bravery offered him through his interpreter his life if he would serve under him. But the brave man answered, " No, I serve France." Then Rabeh quickly asked : " What is that he is saying ? " And the interpreter, wishing to save the man, answered : " he says he will serve." So his life was

spared till his actions afterwards belied the answer which the interpreter had made and Rabeh commanded that he should be beheaded.

After the battle of Togbau Rabeh retired to Kouno, which he put into a state of defence.

In October Gentil again advanced from Fort Archambault or Tounia with a force of 344 rifles, four guns and a steam launch carrying two guns.

On the 29th he attacked Rabeh, whose army numbered some 3000 rifles and three guns. The battle was hard fought and there were heavy losses on both sides.

In the thick of the fight, Gentil seeing pale-faced men serving Rabeh's guns and believing them to be his renegade fellow countrymen Voulet and Chanoine, offered instant promotion to his gunners if they succeeded in shooting them down. This they did, but it was found out afterwards that the men were Tripoli Arabs.

The battle of Kouno very nearly ended in a disaster for the French. Rabeh, who was taken by surprise had only half his force with him and sent for reinforcements, but before they could come up Gentil had wisely retreated, after having fought for eight hours and expended nearly all his ammunition. During the battle Rabeh was wounded in the leg. Before that, he had decided to make a counter attack, which probably would have decided the day in his favour, but he was prevented from carrying out his intention by his high priest, who, throwing himself down and clinging to Rabeh's knees, implored him to desist and remember the prophecy that he should die in the seventh year of his rule. And Rabeh heard him for it was now time for the prediction to come true.

Rabeh now retraced his steps to Dikwa to gather his strength together afresh, for he had received news that white men with large forces were marching on Kuseri from the north and west. These were the Foreau-Lamy Mission which left Algeria in October 1898 with the aim of reaching Lake Chad through the Sahara, and the remnants of the Voulet-Chanoine Mission under Lieutenants Joalland and Meynier, coming from Zinder. They joined forces on February 24, 1900, at Gulfei and captured Kuseri where they awaited the advance of Gentil coming from the south.

Once again in headquarters at Dikwa, Rabeh lost no time in making preparations for a great and final effort against his enemies. Up to this time he had never been defeated by the white race, but his encounters with them had taught him that he had no mean foes to deal with. Moreover the battles of Togbau and Kouno had taxed his strength to its utmost, and now the power that he had pushed away from him was returning to strike him with redoubled force. The time had come in which the prophecy of his death should be fulfilled, and his fatalist mind was darkened by brooding fears. His army, too, had lost heart, since the death of Babukar. Faderellah his brave son was away holding Gulfei, and his son Nyebe was a coward, so in spirit Rabeh stood alone. Instinctively he felt that his hour had come, but like the great fighter he had ever been, he determined to go down over the bodies of his enemies.

The night before he left Dikwa he sat outside the palace with his captains, and summoning his army, called upon all who were willing to follow him on the morrow to battle, to take each a bean from a large calabash that stood before him.

The fighters passed and the calabash was emptied and filled up again before the number was told of the men that would follow him. Those that held back, he left with Nyebe at Dikwa, and on the next day with 5000 men and three guns marched for Kusseri and throwing out a screen of horsemen, stockaded a position some three miles below the town.

On April 21 Gentil and the Baghirmi Sultan, Gaourand, with 800 of his men arrived from Fort Archambault and effected a junction with the other two French forces under Major Lamy, bringing their strength up to 774 rifles, three field- and one machine-gun and the 800 native levies. The sudden appearance of Gentil upon the scene came as a surprise to Rabeh, for he had received false news of the former's position. He at once sent back messengers to order the rest of his forces at Dikwa to come to his assistance, telling them to ride their horses to death if need be in the endeavour. Meanwhile, Gentil, whose men had arrived tired out with hard marching, counselled Major Lamy to postpone his attack. But Lamy did not take his advice, but decided to attack the next day, and there is not a doubt his prompt action averted disaster for the French.

It was in the early morning of April 22 that the French force advanced on the position where Rabeh had chosen to await their attack. His army was breakfasting when the news came to him, but he did not let it disturb his calm and ordered the men to finish their meal before making ready to fight. The French kept advancing firing heavily but receiving no response. Rabeh's aim was to make his enemy expend as much ammunition as possible before the attack was developed, and then launch a counter attack

with the horsemen which he held in reserve. But before the moment came for his great effort to be made, Rabeh was wounded severely in the leg and forced to dismount from his horse. His head mallam then approached and begged him to lower his flag as it was attracting the fire. But he replied : " My flag must still fly." Not long afterwards, the French delivered the assault and successfully carried the stockade. Then Major Lamy, keen to discover his great adversary and make sure of his capture, immediately went round the wounded that were lying on the ground, questioning each in turn. " Are you Rabeh ? " At length he came to Rabeh himself, who at the question sprang to his feet and answered by burying his dagger in Lamy's heart. At the same moment Rabeh was struck down, and the two great chiefs fell apart, dead.

So died in greatness Rabeh, the slave boy, who by his genius for war had created a kingdom, and carried it through a continent upon the points of his spears.\*

\* The losses in the battle were severe on both sides. On Rabeh's, the killed and wounded amounted to over 1000, and all his camp and guns were taken. Besides Major Lamy, the French lost one officer and eighteen men killed, while three officers and fifty-seven men were wounded.

## CHAPTER XXVI

### EXPLORATION OF THE BAMINGI

WE camped for two nights at the Togbau hills, and the last was a broken one, for heavy rain on our now much-worn tents made us very uncomfortable. We were further disturbed by a leopard that came and took two of our fowls, and then had the boldness to come back for a second helping, which left Jaggra sole survivor of the poultry pen.

Soon after starting in the morning, Gosling's boat rudely roused from his slumbers a hippo, which plunged and scrambled up the bank and gave "Biri," the monkey, a terrible fright. Our journey as far as Fort Archambault, or Tounia, was uneventful, nor was the country interesting, being very open and flat on both sides of the river, and already much inundated by the rains.

Our next camp was about eighteen miles from the Togbau, and here we stayed two days, as Gosling shot a couple of elephants and it took a long time to get the meat into camp, which was six miles distant. The elephants were not very large ones. When all the meat had been brought in, none of the Kotoko men would touch it, for they said that if they ate elephant meat, they would fall sick and their arms and legs drop off.

A letter from Captain Stieber, at Kusseri, overtook us



before we left. He wrote offering £160 for one of the boats, adding that he would call her the *Claud Alexander*. Both the French and Germans had been taken with our boats, admiring their construction and strength, and



MID-DAY "CHOP"

the latter were particularly keen to possess one like them, as they had no boats at all on the River Logone. However, it was quite impossible to part with one of them now, for the whole success of the Expedition would depend on them and we had made up our minds that they would be our mainstay for another year at least. Without them we could not have passed through the Shari region, where no carrier labour is obtainable.

About thirty-six miles above the Togbau hills, the river Bahr-sara falls into the Shari on the left bank; it has a width of forty yards and is navigated by the French. After this point the Shari narrows down to one hundred yards in

places, and with its wooded banks reminds one very much of reaches on the Thames.

On July 25 we arrived at Fort Archambault and were hospitably entertained by Captain Brunet who, we afterwards learned, was the officer in command at Gujba, where Faderellah was defeated and killed.

Fort Archambault is situated upon a high bank overlooking the river. It is a well-arranged post and pretty, with pleasant trees interspersed among the good brick houses. The garrison under Captain Brunet is composed of three white Non-Commissioned Officers and a company of Senegalese Tirailleurs. Close to the station, which is on the left bank, there is a large Sara town and scattered over the surrounding district there are altogether one hundred and twenty-seven settlements. Directly to the south, the country is inhabited by the Kabba Saras, a section of the Sara tribe.

Farther east on the right bank, the Kabba Sara women wear the pelele, two enormous wooden discs 4 in. in diameter inserted in holes bored in the upper and lower lips, which disfigure the face to such an extent that it no longer looks human, and the speech is reduced to a mumbling. This custom is said to have originated in the mutilations which the women inflicted on themselves to prevent being seized by the Sultans of Baghirmi for their harems in the days of slavery.

Before leaving Fort Archambault it was necessary to lay in 1200 lb. of "geri," for the region in front of us was a deserted one. We also had to engage five new polers to take the place of our Kotokos, who had to be sent back

to Fort Lamy owing to sickness. The current, too, was becoming daily stronger so we increased the number of polers in each boat.

We were fortunate in being able to supplement our sadly



FELELE WORN BY THE KABBA-SARA WOMEN  
Reduced half natural size

diminished stock of tea with some of the excellent coffee which is brought by the natives from N'dele, a town on the right bank, five days distant to the east. Here the coffee-trees, which were discovered by M. Chevalier in 1903, grow to the gigantic height of 40 ft., and there are some of even 60 ft. The Banda natives climb the trees to pick the berries.

On July 28 we said good-bye to Captain Brunet and left for Irena, a village near the mouth of the Bamingi. A journey of six hours brought us to a Kabba Sara village, called

Banda. Though it was quite a small place, we were able to get some of our "gero" ground there, which was fortunate, as we had omitted to see to this before leaving Fort Archambault, and the men were beginning to grumble at the prospect of having to live on the raw millet. So we stayed for one day.

As a rule our arrival at a small village was the signal for the natives to send away their women and poultry into the bush for safety, and it took some little time before confidence was established. It is not that they are afraid of the white man, but they fear the depredations of his "boys." However, our arrival did not in any way upset the simple people of Banda, who, as soon as the camp was made, were continually journeying to and fro with the calabashes of "geri." In the evening the dancers of the village, attended by a band consisting of drums and a musical instrument called a mundi, came down and danced before us by the light of the camp fires. The mundi is a primitive sort of dulcimer made of hollow gourds of different lengths, with pieces of wood stretched across, which are struck by drum-sticks to produce the notes. The old man who played it must have served his art with the devotion of years, for his back was bent double in the manipulation of the instrument which was slung from his neck in front of him. It was altogether an interesting performance. A war-dance with much flourishing of spears and shields was first executed by the men. Afterwards the women joined in, and two rows were formed of the men and women opposite each other. Then a man and woman came out into the middle of the ring and danced, accompanying their steps with gestures expressive



THE DANCE OF THE SARAS BY THE CAMP FIRE



of rough courtship, and little children, whenever they could get the chance, ran in and took their turn. All this while, the people clapped their hands to the beating of the drums, and the little hammers were never still for a moment, as the old



YOUNG AFRICA

musician tunded out the notes from the dulcimer till the sweat streamed from him. Neither he nor the dancers showed signs of flagging, and they were like to have gone on all night, had we not broken up the ring by throwing in handfuls of beads. This was the signal for a general scramble, in which all joined, including withered old women and tiny children, and when the ground had been picked clean, the strong started to prey upon the weak.

The Kabba Saras are tall and well made and closely resemble the Saras in their type of features, and very receding foreheads. They wear less clothing (indeed, the majority

go quite naked) and have a higher morality than all the other tribes in this part of Africa; they are extremely jealous of their women.

The village life is interesting. The members of a family do not herd together after the usual custom of bush-people, and the young men live apart in huts by themselves a little way off from the family settlements. The huts are small and well built. Inside, there is a bed, made of six smooth logs upon a strong trestle 3 ft. off the ground, with a mattress of dried reeds. A shield of split cane 4 ft. high hangs on the wall, while spears, a few pots and a fishing-net complete the owner's possessions.

Not far above Banda, the river takes an almost westerly course through bush plains. In places the banks are 20 ft. high, and of red earth which strikes a picturesque note in contrast to the tangled growth upon their sides and the fine trees that crown them.

We arrived at Irena on August 4, and the next day sent back Mustapha in charge of several boxes of natural history specimens with the Kotoko canoes to Kusseri.

Leaving Agoma, the corporal, and four men at Irena to look after our stores, and with the boats lightly loaded and carrying a fourteen days' supply of "geri," we set out on August 6 to gain the mouth of the Bamingi river, in high spirits at the thought of once more exploring untrodden country and mapping an unknown river. But our joy was not shared by the five Sara polers, who showed signs of fear at the idea of venturing on waters which already bore for them an evil reputation, and they told us we should be



dashed to pieces on rocks as big as elephants, that lay hid below the rapids of the river.

After an hour's poling we reached a pretty sand-bank at the point where the river (no longer known as the Shari) divides into the channels of the Bamingi and Gribingi. Of these, the former is the bigger, as its name " plenty water " implies, being fifty yards wide, while the latter is not more than thirty yards.

The Bamingi was still unknown to the explorer, unless we consider the record of a French trader, named Béhagle, who attempted to ascend it, but had his boat smashed and nearly all his men drowned at the rapids about four miles from the mouth, and was compelled to return. Ill fate pursued him on the Shari, which he descended as far as Kusseri, where he was received with friendliness by Othman Cheiko, one of Rabeh's lieutenants. In spite of the latter's warning, he went to Dikwa to see Rabeh, who demanded from him the rifles of his men, but Béhagle refused and was thrown into prison. Not long afterwards, Rabeh, in a fit of spite at the hard knocks he received from the French at Kouno, and to show he was still a king, sent orders to Dikwa and had Béhagle hanged.

Early the next morning, in fine weather, we started on our voyage up the new river. For over three miles the course was smooth and against a current of not more than two miles an hour, but soon we heard ahead of us the ominous sound of water pouring over rocks, and a little while afterwards, on turning a bend, a cascade appeared across the whole width of the river. This rapid, which is fifty yards in length, is formed by a reef of broken rocks over which the water rushes

in two channels. We found the main one was impossible to attempt, for a great volume of water bounded over rocks half sunken in its centre. The other channel was formed by slabs with a fall of some 4 ft., down which the stream poured with less force. Below the rapids the torrent had carved a deep bed. In the waters of this pool the black bodies and bright eyes of huge crocodiles, disturbed by our approach, rose and sank—a sight which struck terror into the hearts of the “boys,” while the Saras shook their heads and put their hands together twice after their fashion to express despair.

We succeeded in pulling the boats by means of ropes to within a few yards of the smaller channel. The loads were then taken out and the empty boats were half lifted, half pulled over the four yards of rock into deep water above. It was now that the lightness and the double keel construction of the boats told to advantage, and the first of the many rapids which they had to pass before reaching their journey's end was successfully overcome.

Having once more loaded up the boats, we continued our journey, and soon the noise of the Crocodile rapids behind us sounded like a distant murmur upon the ear. Although the depth of the water, which varied from 7 to 9 ft., made poling difficult, steady progress was maintained until two o'clock, when a heavy storm threatened, and we made for a sand-bank where we pitched tents only just in time before the rain came on. This was fortunate, for there is nothing a native dislikes more than rain and nothing that knocks him up quicker than a drenching. Although it may be with some loss to progress, it is a wise rule to halt whenever

possible, for the sake of giving shelter to one's "boys," for they will work all the better after with dry skins.

This time we were kept in the tents till nearly seven o'clock, when the rain ceased and we emerged dry from cover. Then fires were lit, and as soon as their bellies were filled, the "boys" were as cheery as ever. It was our first camp on the new river, and we lay down satisfied with the day's work, for though it had been arduous and the journey slow, the hours had passed swiftly in the excitement of exploring unknown regions, where the next step ever seems to be going to land one on the brink of some discovery.

The following day went by without much incident. No human being was there to watch us pass, for the country is uninhabited. The beauty of the scenery seemed enhanced by the spirit of solitude brooding upon the long silver stretches of the river that slipped silently past its banks, all muffled in green. Thick-leaved bushes, hung with deep crimson berries, rested their branches upon the full flood of the stream. Where the river made a bend, the impinging banks became steep and as high as 10 to 16 ft., and the green coverings fell away to reveal the freshness of the red earth.

So far, except for the stony-looking crocodiles, we had been passing through the realms of Nature inanimate. Only once or twice, when the screen of foliage gave way upon a view of the open country beyond, were a few kob or a solitary water-buck to be seen disappearing into the distant bush. And once we surprised a pig that was grubbing under the thicket of a ravine. The only diversion was caused by a flock of Egyptian geese which swam for a long time ahead of the boats. Their strange behaviour astonished us at first, for nothing would

induce them to take wing, and every time I raised my gun, the bird I aimed at dived like a grebe out of sight. However, the mystery was afterwards explained, for a victim showed that all its pinion-feathers were in a state of moult.

About three o'clock we pulled into the bank in order to go hunting before the evening, and made our camp in the low bush on the top of a cliff that hung 20 ft. above the river.

Among the birds which I found in this locality was a honey-guide (*Indicator barianus*). Following the habit from which it derives its name, it boldly forced its company upon me, circling round and uttering a string of chatter notes in its endeavours to entice me to follow its lead. If one follow the course it takes, as it flies from tree to tree the whole time keeping up its running chatter, it will stop suddenly at a certain tree and become quite silent, watching one intently the while, as much as to say: "There is the honey, take it out, and leave some for me!" And sure enough, if one care to look for it, a bees' nest will be found near-by in the ground or in the hole of a tree. The Hausas liken its notes to the words, "*Bini-gashinung gashinung—wogga wogga!*" which means, "Follow me, look, look! Here it is!"

This amusing bird is well distributed over the bush-country of Africa. I remember how once when travelling on the Zambesi, on looking back I found that my "boys" were not following me. Retracing my steps, I discovered them on their hands and knees not twenty paces from where I had shot a honey-guide. A fire had been lit, and one of them was hard at work unearthing a big bees' nest. As soon as

it was extracted, they made short work of the black-looking honey, which disappeared down their throats, grubs and all.

This bird has a remarkably tough skin, which it is almost impossible to tear, and when dry, becomes as stiff as parchment. Doubtless a provision of Nature that gives it immunity, when rifling a nest, from the stings of the bees.

During our days on the Bamingi, the honey-guide became an attendant familiar, often following the boats by the banks and sometimes enticing our "boys" to go in search of the honey, which they invariably found.

The night was clear and the stars bright, so we stayed up late taking observations for latitude, but the work was made difficult by the heavy dew that gathered in beads upon the lens.

At times the cries of lion, leopard and hyena awoke the stillness that surrounded our little camp upon the cliff.

The next day very heavy rains caused us to stop at one o'clock. Luckily we hit upon a beautiful sand-bank with a "hippo" pool near by, so the prospect of getting meat made up for wet clothes and general discomfort.

It was a romantic spot that we had chosen for our tents, for the sand-bank lay opposite a deep bend of the river. Across the broad pool rose a steep cliff of red earth that sloped gently down to lose itself beyond in the folds of a little grove where at night the hippos came to graze. All among the gnarled stems of the trees, the grass had been cropped to such an even, velvet closeness that the spaces underneath the twisty boughs seemed like forest lawns pressed in elfin dances. The smooth, deep-trodden paths through the grove

told of the journeys of years to the pastures from the pool in this ancestral home of the hippos. As the passage of the boats sent out circles across the still water, black, warted heads rose up and emitted loud snorts of anger at the invaders of their quiet.

Of course the "boys" were delighted at the sight of so well-stocked a larder, and knives were already being sharpened on the stones and cleaned in the sand when Audelai, the gourmand of the crew, sat down and watched with greedy eyes the bullets spitting the water wherever the head of a hippo appeared. Presently, Gosling's '450 and my '303 caused two to plunge out of sight, for both had been hit in the ear, the only place to aim at to kill a hippo. In less than an hour the two bodies floated, and a boat full of excited "boys" pushed out into the stream, and soon two big hippos, a male and female, were pulled by means of ropes on to the edge of the sand-bank. The shooting of hippos is not pleasant sport; they are so cumbersome and slow that it seems almost like murdering them in their sleep; but in this case the slaughter was justified, for we were in sore need of meat to make our limited supply of meal hold out. I must confess we enjoyed our dinner of the liver, and the resourceful John discovered milk in the female hippo, and for the first time for many weeks we drank milk in our tea.

After John had cut off enough meat for our consumption, the men were allowed to take as much as they wanted, and the operation of cutting up went on to a late hour. Next morning the carcasses of the hippos, cleaned to their ribs, appeared sticking out of the shallow water like the derelict

hulks of ships that have run aground. In one of them a large fish was caught, that provided us with a welcome



AUDELAI

change for breakfast, after which we started again on our journey.

The river wound before us with the same picturesqueness as the day before, along stretches bordered with woodland and bush, and taking wide sweeps at the bends. At one of these, where the distance across was no less than a hundred

and fifty yards, we surprised a number of African darters which were swimming so low in the water that their backs



ROLLING OVER THE HIPPO

were hardly visible, and their upright necks made them look like water snakes rather than birds, as they dipped at intervals to reappear a few yards ahead. Finally they beat up a clumsy flight and took refuge in the trees upon the bank.

A little farther on where the ground shelved gently to the water's edge, we sighted the fresh spoor of buffalo, so Gosling landed and disappeared into the wet bush, and presently we heard a shot. But the buffalo had gone too far, and he came back with a waterbuck.

At another point, where the right bank was very high and



steep, tall forest trees sprang out of a mass of thicket and tangle, and in the tree-tops splendid, long-haired monkeys, in magpie livery of black and white, stalked along the branches



OUR JOURNEY UP THE BAMINGI

or sat in the highest forks, regarding us intently in well-bred silence as the boats passed far below them. It was the first time we had seen this particular species, so the boats were drawn in to the bank, and Gosling went off crawling on hands and knees through the thickets to the foot of the big trees. Later on, he returned with a fine male specimen; its head and body measured 2 ft. 1 in. and the tail 2 ft. 8½ in.; its coat was long and silky and the black tail had a long, white hairy tip.

Farther on, where the banks became more open and the river held a straight course, troops of large dog-faced baboons

sixty to seventy in number, followed us by the banks in single file, ambling along to keep pace with the boats. At times they would stop and gaze in excited wonder, shaking their furry bodies from head to foot as if to be rid of a dreadful dream. Some, more bold than the rest, climbed small bush-trees to obtain a better view. There were all sorts and sizes, old and young, mothers with babies clinging round their loins, and young ones trotting behind them, while the tail of this weird company was brought up by a monster baboon, bigger than all the rest, who barked at the heels of the others, allowing none to lag behind. The "boys" were wild with delight and threw chaff at the heads of the baboons calling out, "*Lafia lafia mutum daji?*" ("Are you well, are you well, bushmen?") followed by imaginary handshakes, while they hailed the giant one with shouts of, "*Sariki ya so—ya so!*" ("The king comes—he comes!")

We made our sixth camp at the foot of a high bank covered with magnificent trees, a feature that became more frequent in the scenery the farther we ascended the river. Towards evening, the wood was enlivened with the notes of many birds; the chorus of little rock-pheasants came from the undergrowth and the rasping calls of guinea-fowls from the high boughs above, while a beautiful green-breasted Plaintain eater (*Musophaga*), with a silky white crest, would now and again run along the stout branches and make the hollows of the river resound with its peculiar, croaking cry. "Oh—oh—oh—oh!" it would keep on saying in notes that were quite roguish in their tone.

The next morning heavy rain fell, delaying our start until nine o'clock. A mile up the river we came to another hippo

pool, even more picturesque than the first. From thirty the width of the river suddenly swelled to one hundred yards, and formed a beautiful pool ending in a narrow neck not more than twenty yards wide. Here slabs of dark rock and thick trees in the deep shadow of the right bank contrasted strongly with the sunlit sand-bank opposite, where fell the pleasant shade of a group of trees nestling at the foot of a steep red cliff—an ideal spot for a camp! On a sandy island in the centre of the pool, a hippo and her young one basked in the sun. As we approached, they sank into the water and joined a large school of their fellows, whose black, knobbed heads dotted the water like rocks.

We all agreed with the hippos that it was a lovely place in which to have a good time, and it was with sighs of regret that we passed through, feeling that we had missed an opportunity; for clearly this should have been our camping-ground of the night before. However, we made a mental note of its position for our return journey and left the hippos in peace.

After two days more travelling, we had completed a distance of eighty miles. The river now began to assume a rather different aspect; there were no sand-banks, and groups of rocks sometimes appeared in the stream which had narrowed to a width of thirty yards. The surrounding country became rocky, with occasional kopjes, 100 ft. in height. These sometimes rested close to the river, and their sides were covered with grass 6 ft. high, which grew all about, making hunting very difficult.

On August 14, we pitched camp in a place of exquisite beauty where the opposite bank rose 120 ft. into the air, forming a rocky knoll; here in the hollows and

ravines the growth became luxuriant with fine trees. It was a naturalist's paradise, and I enjoyed exploring its little passes and dells, which were glad with the sight and sound of water trickling lazily over rocks and rich earth clothed with ferns and mosses to join the river below. Here, under the thickets and bowers of green was the haunt of the shy red thrush, the sweet singer that delights to hide in loveliness. I waited long and patiently to catch sight of him, and at length I saw him drop down stealthily from his green hiding-place to seek his food upon the ground. At sundown when the depths of the ravines became more profound and all the other birds had gone to roost, the silent passes echoed with his ode to solitude.

Our progress the next day was much slower, and we made barely  $1\frac{1}{4}$  miles an hour. It was hard work poling against the current which was daily gathering strength from the rains, and we were obliged to take down the masts in order to avoid the overhanging branches of the trees. The hours matched their pace with ours, passing with such slow, deliberate tread that all the little incidents and sights of the day were marked so deep in the mind that they still seem as if they had happened but yesterday. Again I am watching the struggles of the "boys" to stem the swift current that swirls round a reef, or turning the bend where the bank rises 130 ft., and graceful trees soften the cleft sides of the harsh rock. There, where the land stoops to the river, I see broken branches that mark the passage by which elephants have come to drink, and the glad moment returns to me when I shot a gigantic tawny owl which flew out over the boat from the depths of a thick tree.

This owl (*Scotopelia peli*) was not common, but now and again the noise of our approach startled one from its dark retreat, and it would fly up the river to seek shelter again in the trees ahead.

We camped that night in a thick belt of trees, which the long shadows of the late afternoon made look all the more forbidding, but no other place could be found, so we had to make the best of it. It was dark and damp, the trees dripped moisture from every leaf and the fall of the drops pattering on the dank weeds that covered the ground sounded as if the forest were weeping under some horrid spell. When the morning came we were glad to be up and away, and leaving the melancholy grove behind, we emerged into the sunshine of a perfect day.

After proceeding some distance, we made a most annoying discovery; Jaggra, whom the reader doubtless will remember, was nowhere to be found. Of course we gave him up for lost; he had been taken as toll for our lodging in the forest of tears! We suddenly realised a sense of great calamity, and even the spirits of the "boys," ever stony-hearted where animals are concerned, were subdued for a time. For Jaggra was a great personality, a genius of a fowl, who had climbed from the "cockpit" to be commander of the boat. Truly he was a wonderful bird to have survived the fate that he had been bred and born to! Tied by the legs, he had been shipped as poultry along with the thirty-one others of his kind that had long ago gone the way of all good fowls. One by one he had seen his fellows disappear (if disappear be not too elegant a word for the dreadful process of execution) and the day dawned when no neck stood between

him and the knife. But he was not proscribed upon the bill of fare for that day, and by the evening the stock of poultry had been replenished. Still, it was his turn next morning to die, but when the time came, John, conquered, I believe, by the sheer force of Jaggra's personality, passed over him and singled out another victim. Jaggra with splendid pride, accepted this homage to his genius. Henceforth, he was no craven to be chivvied every morning through the bush by a black scullion, and roughly thrown with tied legs along with all the other fowls into the bottom of the boat where, if they became obstreperous they got "ducked" in the water by the "boys," a process which made even Jaggra's shackles turn pale as he looked on with open beak and dilated eyes. Instead, each morning ever after the day of passover, as soon as the boats were ready to start, disdaining assistance, Jaggra would always hop from the bank on to the gunwale and take up his position with dignity in the bows. Poor Jaggra! we shuddered, imagining the picture of his end. By now he was safely tucked away in the furry paunch of some bush-cat.

At twelve o'clock we stopped as usual for our "chop," choosing, as the day was hot, an open spot under a shady belt of trees. The "boys" then went off into the wood to get dry sticks for the fires. They had not been gone long, when we heard shouts coming from their direction, "*Hainya mutum!*" ("People's path!") Then José, with several of the others, was soon on the track and, after following it for five hundred yards or so, the roofs of huts appeared in a clearing of the wood. In an open space, under a large shanty with a square top of straw, were a

number of savages sleeping or lazing away the hot hours of the day. The instant they saw us they sprang to their feet and rushed into the huts. The next moment they reappeared, men and women, all armed with spears, bows and arrows, and made off in all directions into the bush, where they evidently intended to prepare for an attack. So, without gratifying our curiosity and prying round their premises, we returned at once to the boats. After some time, in answer to our friendly shouts, they began to come out of their hiding-places, one by one, and creep down to where we were sitting by the river, but they kept at a respectful distance. They were a wild-looking lot, very black of skin, and many had grizzly beards. They were fully armed, and skins of monkeys and bush-cats covered their loins, while bits of wood and teeth of wild animals hung round their necks. We stretched out our hands for them to come and shake, but they stood rigid and glared at us with hostile looks. I then stood up and made signs to them to put their weapons by, endeavouring to explain that we had not come to fight them or destroy their village.

Then ensued much talk among them as to what they should do. There was evidently a difference of opinion, and some of the older men shook their heads, and it was plain to see by their gestures that they counselled war. Then all suddenly withdrew, but returned soon after more heavily armed than before; behind the men came boys carrying double sets of bows and spears. They all massed together and watched us at a distance to see what we should do; evidently this was a demonstration of force to impress us. It was now our turn to make a move, and we brought out our

cloth, beads and looking-glasses. At the sight of the cloth they were quite indifferent, but their eyes glistened when we displayed our big blue beads ; yet they still stood firm. Then we brought up the small round looking-glasses, and quickly getting the range, flashed them at the enemy's centre. They received this onslaught of magic with terror at first, and some ran away, while others hastily drew their skins still closer round them. Then a hero stood out from among them and stepped boldly forward to look into the glass, but at a very safe distance. When he caught sight of himself, his ugly face broke out into a smile of wonder, then wild laughter shook him, and he ran back to the others and explained what had happened by drawing a full circle round his face. Thereupon they all sat down, and I took the opportunity to go to them and pass the glass round. As each man saw his image, he burst out into laughter, which ran through the whole band till the bows and spears fell away from their sides. The looking-glass had won the day.

Then by signs we made them understand that we wanted food, in return for which we would give them some of these wonder-works. The chief replied by stretching out a bony hand towards the sun, and lowering it to the point where the orb would be at five o'clock. By this we understood that the food would be forthcoming at that hour. Then there followed a shaking of hands all round, after which our friends came down to examine the boats. When they had satisfied their curiosity and wonder, they went back to the village laughing and talking, very pleased with themselves and with us. In the afternoon we returned their call, while José took the boats to the opposite bank where he cut down



the grass to make a camp ; we thought it would be wiser on the whole to have the river at night between us and our newly made acquaintances, for they belonged to the Banda tribe who are well known for their treachery.

The village consisted of huts scattered among the crops of Indian corn. They were of the usual round shape and made of cane, with conical roofs. Inside they were as dark as pitch and very dirty. A great portion of the space was taken up with logs of wood collected to last the family through the wet season.

Millet, ground-nuts, beans, chillies, pumpkins, cassada and tobacco grew in small quantities round about. The corn had hardly ripened, so the prospect of getting much food did not look very bright.

The women were most peculiar to look at ; they had small features, and their hair was twisted into a great number of well-oiled strings that fell all round the head like the coat of a poodle dog, and a curved, iron hook projected out of each nostril like the tusks of a pig. Another stuck out through the upper lip, while the lower bulged out round the



A BANDA WOMAN

wooden disc of the pelele—together making up such a monstrous visage that one doubted the mind could be human that was behind it. The photograph here shown is of the principal wife of the chief.

We could get very little information from him about the river farther up, but we made out that a day's march would bring one to the point where it divided into two streams. As food was so scarce, we left the next day to retrace our steps, having completed a journey of one hundred and thirty miles up the river.

## CHAPTER XXVII

### FROM THE SHARI TO THE UBANGUI

AUGUST 19 saw us slipping down stream at the rate of four miles an hour, very different to the crawling pace we went up by ! It was indeed pleasant travelling, gliding noiselessly in mid-stream with the paddles stroking the water lazily at times.

As we drew near our old camping-ground in the weeping wood, it was natural that we should renew our regrets at the memory of poor Jaggra's end, and we were engaged in these sad meditations, when—marvellous to tell ! there ahead of us upon the bank was a vision of gay feathers. All cried, "Jaggra !" and the boats pulled immediately into the bank, and that incomparable bird, after three nights alone in the wood, hopped into his accustomed place in the bows without showing on the surface more concern for the circumstances than if boats and men had been incidents in a dream.

Our next objective was a sand-bank at the foot of a prettily wooded knoll where José had moved a herd of elephant on our journey up the river. Just before arriving, we were stealing silently down the stream, when we came close upon a party of seven elephants on the low, wooded bank near the water. It was a pretty sight ; one or two stood motionless while the others were lazily engaged pulling down the higher branches with their trunks and stripping off the

little shoots with the daintiness of children gathering nuts. At the noise of our paddles dipping in the water they raised their trunks and snuffed the air, pushing their large ears forward like screens. Then off they went at a trot down wind.

The distant trumpeting of another herd in the direction of the sand-bank for which we were making, decided us to go on at once and pitch camp and then look for the elephants. The place we had chosen was evidently a favourite resort ; a clean, pebbly sand-bank served for a playground where they could come to roll in the sand, and there was a big pool for their bath at the foot of the thickly wooded knoll where paths were worn by the elephants scrambling up and down between the steep rocks.

About three o'clock after a cup of tea we started off in pursuit. As we threaded our way cautiously through the wood by the river before gaining the higher ground, we saw a mysterious man, quite naked, moving through the trees. When he caught sight of us he dashed away and flung himself shrieking into the river, and, abandoning his spears in the water, swam as if for dear life to the other side, where he disappeared in the long grass. He was an elephant-hunter, but pluck in his own line evidently availed him little in the present situation.

Ascending the rock by twists and turns we gained a flat bush country covered with tall grass. After losing an hour by a wrong cast, Umuru cleverly got on to the right track. To follow elephants one must be a good walker, for it is surprising what a distance they will cover in a short time when disturbed, and in this instance they had got a long start of us.

However, it is not such hard work as stalking smaller game over rough ground, for the elephant path is generally free of all obstacles and smooth-trodden as the track of a steam roller, so it is merely a question of hard walking to catch up with the herd. For five miles we raced along on the heels of Umuru, and though sometimes we came to cross-paths he never failed to find the right one. Now and again we saw the places where an elephant had left the track to roll in the grass or to break down some favourite shoot. Then at last we knew that we were getting warm, for the dung that lay at intervals on the path was still smoking, and sure enough the next moment Umuru whispered, "*Giwa!*" ("Elephants!")

We could not see them, but heard their low trumpeting and the cracking of tree branches. We paused breathless for a moment or two before we advanced stooping to the edge of the tall grass. There in a grove of small trees we beheld a big male standing sentinel, while several females with their young were feeding among the trees away on our right. It was nearing sundown, and against the fading light their bodies were silhouetted big and black upon the green of grass and leaf.

I know of no excitement to equal that of being confronted in their wild state with such gigantic beasts. Instinctively one grips the little rifle tighter in pigmy hands and holds one's breath.

Elephants are very blind, and this makes hunting them much less dangerous than it otherwise would be, but their sense of hearing is so extremely keen that one might almost say that they can see with their ears. It is seldom that

an elephant will deliberately charge the hunter, and the commonest danger occurs from the whole herd stampeding in all directions and rushing blindly upon one before there is time to get out of the way.

Using the cover of an old ant-hill, we crept up to within ten yards of the male, which was a huge beast. His ears had already gone forward to catch the noise of the approaching danger, but before he located it Gosling had fired at him twice behind the shoulder, but missed the heart. Instantly, on the report of the rifle, the females with their young crashed away to the right, while the wounded elephant turned and dashed off in the opposite direction. After an exciting chase of five hundred yards we came up with him in an open glade where he was standing among the rest of the herd, which now tore away in all directions. Hearing the noise of our coming, but seeing nothing, for blood was pouring from his eyes, he turned round and faced the bullets. At each shot the great mass swayed like a forest giant beneath the axe, and at the fourth he tottered and fell with a crash to the ground, dead.

At the sight of so harmless, so helpless, so noble a beast reduced to a lump of dead flesh to be brought to dissolution by the hands of men working quicker than the worms, one's heart went heavy as a stone, for the spectre of death seemed suddenly magnified before one's eyes like a flea under the microscope, and one turned away with a wish never to kill an elephant again.

It was now almost dark and we experienced a bad four hours getting back to camp, plunging and groping our way through the long wet grass to find the river. With great

relief we heard signal shots from José which guided us into camp where we arrived at ten o'clock, exhausted with the labours and excitement of the day.

The next day a hot sun gave us an opportunity for drying our wet things, and it was a comfort to sleep on a dry blanket and to put on dry things once more.

Meanwhile, the whole camp under José went out to cut up the elephant and bring in the meat and tusks. The tusks were good ones, the right measuring 5 ft.  $8\frac{3}{4}$  in., and the left 5 ft.  $3\frac{3}{4}$  in., with circumferences of  $17\frac{3}{4}$  in. and  $17\frac{1}{4}$  in.

Our next camp was at the beautiful hippo pool which we had missed on our way up. Here we shot two small hippos in order to lay in a supply of cooking-fat. The river was now rising fast, and many of the sand-banks that existed on our journey up had disappeared.

On August 25, owing to the increase of water, the Crocodile rapids presented a less formidable passage, and we passed down the side channel without finding it necessary to unload the boats, and by two o'clock had settled down once more at Irena.

We shifted our quarters from the poverty-stricken little village of Irena to a large sand-bank on the opposite side of the river, a situation which had several advantages, for it dried up much sooner after the heavy rains, and its more or less isolated position enabled us to keep a sharper eye upon the "boys" who had therefore not so much chance of getting up to mischief in the village.

It was necessary to stay here several days before setting out to ascend the Gribingi river to Fort Crampel, our next objective, while José returned with one of the boats to Fort

Archambault to bring up another supply of "gero" for we could rely upon nothing in our front. The time was fully occupied in packing our stores and mending as best we could the dilapidated boxes, while plotting out the map of the Bamingi kept us to our tents pretty well all day. July 30 commenced with a splendid hot sun and we took the opportunity to dry our things. The sand-bank presented a strange sight strewn with all our belongings and clothes spread out, exhibiting their parti-coloured patches. But at three o'clock the bright day was overcast with the sudden gloom of the eclipse which covered a quarter of the sun, and the "boys" all crowded round me to get a sight of it through a piece of smoked glass.

Gosling, who always preferred trekking, made arrangements to travel by land in order to lighten the boats, but at the last moment the road was found to be impassable owing to the rains. Luckily, however, on August 3, a French steel-boat happened to pass on its way up the river with mails, so Gosling went in her taking with him three of the "boys" who were suffering from guinea-worm and therefore were useless for work. Two days later I and José left with the boats.

The Gribingi river which is the smaller, differs somewhat in its character from the Bamingi; its low banks, which are covered with thick tree-growth, very seldom attain the steepness which is so picturesque a feature of the latter river. The lower reaches flow through a low land that is knee-deep in water when the river overflows its banks. About eight miles from the mouth a series of three rapids, with strong currents, has to be passed, but at high water it is possible



with some difficulty to navigate them in small steamers that draw 2 ft. They are evidently formed by the same rocky stratum which causes the rapids on the Bamingi. Sixty miles higher up, the river narrows to thirty yards, becoming tortuous with sometimes steep-cut banks. The bush tree with red berries, like that found on the Bamingi, lines its banks, and in places the spreading branches reduce the width of the passage to five yards. Farther, about one hundred miles below Fort Crampel, the country becomes more undulating, accentuated by little wooded hills of rock and red earth that sometimes abut on the river.

The ascending of the Gribingi, some two hundred and thirty miles in length, proved a difficult task, and the passage of the rapid near the mouth was nearly disastrous to one of the boats, which was carried down by the force of the current under the overhanging branches of the trees, the men being swept off into the water and the boat nearly capsized. Poling was impossible owing to the depth, and paddles had to be used; sometimes we helped ourselves along by the overhanging branches. It can be imagined how slow and tedious was our progress, we seldom made more than a mile an hour. Often camp had to be pitched in the pouring rain in swampy forests of long grass, 12 ft. high, but it was wonderful how a few camp fires transformed these evil-looking places. Our Sara polers, who were naked, spent a miserable time crouching by the fires all night, preyed on by mosquitoes. Yet in spite of it all and the fact that they had hardly enough food to keep body and soul together, they did their eleven hours a day of paddling cheerfully.

The rains had now reached their culminating-point;

terrific storms gathered from all points of the compass and broke nightly upon the camp with torrents of rain and vivid flashes of lightning. About the middle of September they showed signs of slackening ; there were heavy dews at night and the rain was of shorter duration ; sometimes wind-storms swept over us and passed away to the west, and by the end of October the rainy season had altogether ceased. During this time fine sunset effects were rare, but my diary for September 18 endeavours to record a magnificent contrast of colour. The sun had just set and a great storm-cloud stood against the east, looking like a mountain of black rock where it rested in the shadow of the earth that crept swiftly up its side, while the upper part, still struck by the Parthian arrows of the sun, glowed red like fire-illuminated battle smoke.

The river banks are thinly populated ; in the proximity of the three small wooding-stations of Ratu, Finda, and Wujia there are villages, but they are poor and we could obtain but little food.

The inhabitants, who are a section of the great Banda race, called themselves Wujia. The men, who are small, have eyes set far apart ; they bear a marked similarity to each other in the shape of their noses, which are broad at the bridge and then run out to a point like the snout of a hedgehog. Both men and women wear dark and light blue beads, neatly arranged around their loins, necks, or arms. Into their nostrils the women insert thin silver rods, 3 in. long, that turn up like the tusks of a pig ; they also wear a pelele of wood and metal in the upper and lower lips. Sometimes a great number of heavy iron rings are worn on the

wrists and legs. They colour their heads and bodies with paint which they make out of the red earth.

Their huts, which are dirty, are scattered over the farms where they grow Indian corn, tobacco, and beans. We found beads and salt were the trade goods most in demand.

On September 30 we reached Fort Crampel, a small French station under the Civil Administration whose headquarters are at Bangi; its northern boundary rests on the left bank of the Bamingi that divides it from the Territoire du Chad which is under the Military Administration. The station is named after the explorer Crampel, who led a mission from the Congo to Lake Chad and was betrayed by some of his own men into the hands of the Sultan Senoussi's emissaries and murdered at Kuti in the province of Darunga in April 1891. The rifles and ammunition belonging to the mission were given by the Sultan to Rabeh, whose son Faderellah had married his daughter. How far Senoussi was responsible for the murder of Crampel is not known, but he is a shifty fellow and the French find it necessary to keep an armed force at N'dele. Although he gave his allegiance to Gentil on the latter's return journey from Lake Chad in 1898, yet in the following year he secretly informed Rabeh of Gentil's movements down the Shari to Kuseri.

At Fort Crampel there is a small factory belonging to the Nana Company, which trades in rubber and ivory. Rubber vines grow abundantly in the "marigots," or tropical belts that line the numerous streams in this part of the French Congo; a really rich country, very different to the barren Territoire du Chad, which is useless for colonising and unproductive of any trade.

The collection of rubber and ivory is difficult owing to the unsettled condition of the district, which is peopled by the Munjia and Banda tribes. In December 1904, twenty-four Senegalese were killed and eaten; their heads were afterwards found stuck up in a row with bits of rubber inserted between the teeth by way of irony.

The factory employs Sierra Leone "boys," who speak English, to travel in the bush and buy rubber and ivory off the natives. The natives collect the rubber in little balls which are packed in long grass baskets. They are often cunning enough to fill the centre of the balls with mud and pieces of wood. With regard to the ivory, there is a large amount lying buried in the country, but the chiefs will only produce the smaller tusks, demanding, in exchange for the bigger, guns which are forbidden by the Government; consequently the trade is pretty well at a standstill.

Other articles of exchange that go well with the natives are old-fashioned coachmen's liveries with crested buttons, and old uniforms of British regiments. I remember one day while at Fort Crampel a chief coming in with some food for the post at the head of a file of naked men and women. He was a comic sight dressed in nothing more than a red tunic, which proclaimed him to be an honorary private of the Essex Regiment.

Fort Crampel is built at the foot of a steep, conical iron-stone hill 200 ft. in height, from which a beautiful spring of clear water flows, and here and there in its folds grow wild banana-trees. From the top there is a splendid panorama on all sides except the east over the endless bush. Towards the south, through the uniform expanse, a darker

line meanders marking the narrow course of the Gribingi river. Eastward from the hill of Crampel, which is its western limit, extends the low range of hills known as the Kaga that forms the watershed of the Bamingi.

The Munjia and Banda people are an unintelligent, degraded looking lot, and so much mixed by intermarriage that it is most difficult to distinguish between them, though there are still two distinct languages. They are scattered all over the country between this part and the Ubangui, having been driven south by the slave-raids of Rabeh and the Baghirmi sultans. They are inveterate cannibals and worshippers of ju-ju, wearing the barbaric ornaments that mark a low civilisation. The features of the women are distorted with peles of metal, and they wear thick copper or iron rings in the nostrils and upper lips, and a profusion of iron bracelets and anklets; bunches of human teeth hang from their ears and strings of beads around their necks and loins. Both the men and women have their front teeth filed to a point.

Their huts are conical in shape, with the thatch coming right down to the ground over a low mud wall which is heightened inside by the floor being dug 2 ft. below the level of the ground. Outside there is always a ju-ju shrine, consisting of a small, straw shanty, covering a wooden platform upon which are placed rotten eggs, and sometimes the jawbones and masks of wild animals decorated with the wings and feathers of white fowls.

The ju-ju worship of the Pagan tribes of Africa forms an interesting study in the growth of the religious instinct in man. The Pagans have no God, but show in a negative way

their groping towards the realisation of one by their belief in an evil spirit. With primitive man the sense of well-being and the enjoyment of the good things of earth seem such natural and abiding conditions, that his intelligence accepts them unconsciously, and would find no need to develop if those conditions always prevailed. Therefore since man's intelligence is only quickened by adversity, and since it is only by want and suffering that thought is born, it is natural that the awakened faculty should acknowledge the power that created it and see a moving spirit behind the forces of evil, which are always more or less sudden and violent, and fail to recognise intention or form in the slower-moving, all-pervading good. To give an example, the native tills his field, grows his corn and thanks no one for the harvest but himself. A flood or storm comes and wrecks his crop and then he sits down to think; with the result that he comes to believe there is some one more powerful and more hungry than himself, and thereupon determines not to let the spoiler get so hungry again, so feeds him with offerings of corn. In this way, I imagine, first sprang in the mind of primitive man the conception of a power beyond himself, till in process of time the means by which he sought to propitiate it came to be believed in as possessing a virtue of their own; and so we find the native wearing charms for the safety of his person that take a form appertaining to his industry or calling. Thus among tribes like the Munjia and Banda, who are farmers and hunters, the feathers of white fowls and teeth of wild animals are worn as ju-ju; while the Banziri, who are fisher-folk upon the Ubangui, use shells and fish bones; the Mobatti of the Welle basin, who are basket-makers, wear

miniature baskets made of grass and place others on sticks by the entrance to their villages ; while their neighbours the Kachi (a section of the Yakoma race), who work iron, put their trust in iron rings. Many more instances could be given, but these will suffice to show how the native always endows the evil spirit with his own attributes.

Our time at Fort Crampel was not without troubles, and discontent showed itself among the men, who started malin-gering, giving the usual excuse of "sick for belly" for wanting to return home. A firm hand was necessary to nip the trouble in the bud, which amounted to a mutiny among the Arab polers whom we had engaged at Fort Lamy. We had set much store by the hope that these men would stick to us, for we realised more every day how necessary it was to have our own followers on an expedition of this kind. It is never safe to rely on the help of the natives of the countries through which one passes, for as soon as they find their day's work too long or their food too short they desert at a critical moment. I am sorry to say that Bukar threw in his weight with the Arabs. However, in the light of his subsequent loyalty and excellent service, I have long ago forgiven him.

Added to this trouble was the difficulty of finding food ; there was little grain to be had, and no meat, on account of the tsetse-fly which abounds in the unhealthy neighbourhood. To crown all came the loss of Jaggra, who died a king's death by bursting his crop with a surfeit of maize.

In such unfavourable circumstances we were not sorry when the time came for us to take our departure. We now left the water to trek to Krebeje, a five days' journey, with

the intention of reaching the Ubangui by descending the river Tomi. Meanwhile, José taking the boats by a stream called the Nunna, which is about twenty yards wide and falls into the Gribingi half a mile above the station, met us at the point where the road crosses the river, three hours' march from Fort Crampel. Here we camped while the boats were taken to pieces and everything got ready for an overland journey. The passage of the Nunna was made with difficulty owing to the trees which almost met over the water the whole way.

Our road followed the French route for supplying the Shari and Chad regions from the Congo ; this route was originally opened up by Gentil, who afterwards descended the Gribingi from the point where Fort Crampel now stands. From that time it had been regularly used by the French, although the Gribingi is not altogether a navigable river. 7500 loads were sent up annually to the Territoire du Chad, with the result that the country was beginning to feel the strain severely of supplying so much labour and food. The French since then have opened up a new route by the Kumi and Fafa, small rivers which connect with the Bahr-Sara, a river we have already mentioned as flowing into the Shari below Archambault. Communication on the Shari is kept up for seven and a half months in the year by single-keeled, steel barges, about 30 ft. long and 3 ft. in the beam, worked by polers. During the rainy season most of the traffic is done by a stern wheeler which can ascend the Gribingi as far as Fort Crampel.

After the boats had been taken to pieces, I and José went forward with the sections, while Gosling waited behind



till the next day, when a sufficient number of carriers had been collected to bring on the rest of the transport. The French Government supplied us with the men ; there were one hundred and thirty-two of them, the only ones that could be obtained ; they were a weedy-looking lot, many of them hardly more than boys. For two days they stuck to the work and struggled on under most trying conditions, for there was very little food to be got, and when their day's march was done, hunger drove them to scour the bush for fruit. On the third day many deserted, and the road was littered with boxes and boat-sections at intervals as each carrier, seizing his opportunity, dropped his load on the path and dashed away into the long grass. There was nothing for me to do but to leave the things where they fell and push on to the next village, where I arrived dead tired at eight o'clock.

Early next morning José took back a fresh lot of men, that we managed to raise through the chief, and brought in the abandoned loads. After this, matters improved ; with cooler days and better roads, and with the help of the stronger carriers, we reached Krebeje on October 12, without further mishap.

Our journey over the low Shari-Ubangui watershed was accomplished without much incident for we were travelling along a well-trodden road ; but the time was interesting owing to the opportunities we had for observing the subtle changes that came over the features of the country as each day brought us into more southern latitudes. The region is well watered and undulating ; fifty miles from Fort Crampel the watershed is passed, and so gradual is the rise that one

hardly realises it except by the view becoming more extensive and by the streams running from the west instead of from the east as hitherto. As one descends on the farther side, the vegetation becomes more tropical, thick belts of forest, full of the rubber vine, hide the streams, where many of the birds for the first time belong to the forest fauna.

At Krebeje we fell into the kind hands of Monsieur Gaboriaud, the Administrateur, who showed us much hospitality, pressing us to stay as long as we liked. But much as we would have enjoyed prolonging our visit, the life of the bush called us, and Gosling set out in the direction of Kemmo to find elephant, while I started for a group of isolated, ironstone hills, known as the Kaga Djirri, situated twenty-five miles west of the Post. There are some ten hills in all, lying about a mile apart; perhaps they might be better described as kopjes, for the highest is only 400 ft. Three miles distant to the south, the River Tomi, swollen to the width of fifteen yards by small affluents from the hills, winds away eastward.

From a distance the hills looked bare and easy to climb, but the grass that filled the valleys and crept up the slopes was so high and thick that in order to ascend them I had to cut paths, sometimes using the knife, at others throwing forward the weight of my body in order to beat the grass down. After a time, as each hill was opened up by a path, I could go straight to my collecting-ground and avoid the long grass of the plains.

In this country I spent a most enjoyable time and obtained forty-eight specimens in all, of which twenty species were new to my collection. This was satisfactory, for the

distribution of African birds is so wide that one soon comes to the end of the species.

There are no inhabitants upon the hills, but the surrounding country is peopled by the N'dicongo cannibals, a tribe of the Banda race. Both men and women are great smokers; they paint their bodies all over with a rich copper red which the women pound out of the bark of a tree. It is only on certain occasions, however, that the entire body is painted, such as when a man goes to choose or buy a wife. Besides the pelele and other Banda adornments, the women wear a metal spike 4 or 5 in. long which hangs down from the lower lip.

Each village is independent and ruled by a chief who is the strongest and most unscrupulous man of the community. If a native wander away too far in the bush he is likely to fall into the hands of the next-door neighbours, who seize him for a slave, or if they cannot catch him alive, kill him like a beast and eat him. When a chief dies, a general uproar is made in the village, and all his wives are killed and buried with him. But in the case of a headman, the body is buried upon a living bier of half the number of his wives to the accompaniment of music and dancing.

Salt, beads, and cloth went well amongst these people.

On August 23 I returned to Krebeje, where José had in the meantime put the boats together and made all ready for a start down the River Tomi. By now the "boys" had become very handy, and one boat was joined up and put on the water within three hours. The next day we left for Kemmo, where I had arranged to meet Gosling.

The Tomi is a pretty little river and like no other that we had seen in Africa, except the Nunna, which has very much the same character. At Krebeje it is no more than fifteen yards wide. The country on either side is open, but thick belts of trees clothe the banks, hiding the view, and the little stream winds very sinuously like a leafy labyrinth under an arch of twisty boughs and coiling creepers that meet overhead. On the third day we had travelled about sixty miles. Here the river increases to a width of forty yards, holding a straight course with stretches sometimes of eight hundred yards, where the belts of growth widen and assume a more luxuriant and tropical nature. In places there are reefs and rocks that require careful navigation. Native canoes that carry rubber ply between Krebeje and the mouth, but for boats the size of ours the river is hardly navigable ; snags hidden in the water, low branches overhead, and often a tree fallen right across the stream, make the descent dangerous. We reached Kemmo, a small French post, on the fourth day, and found Gosling waiting for us. He had been elephant-hunting and had killed his fourth and last elephant. The French were extremely kind to us in regard to our shooting, having waived the payment of licences.

For the last year, except on the return journey down the Bamingi when we travelled with the stream at a rate of three miles an hour, we had been poling against the current the whole way, climbing laboriously up the rivers, often not making more than a mile an hour. But now the poles were put away, and we slipped down the broadening river at the rate of seven miles. As we came within sight of the great

silver sheet of the Ubangui, and all gazed forward motionless, I felt the boat move under me like a live thing that has fretted its way dubiously following a faint far summons, and now leaps at the sight of the big bosom of water that will bear it to the sea.

## CHAPTER XXVIII

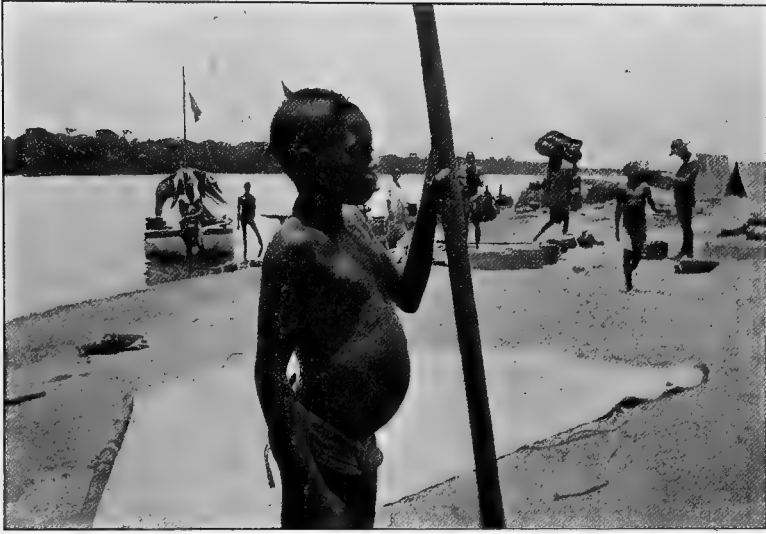
### OUR JOURNEY UP THE UBANGUI

AT Kemmo the River Ubangui is 1200 yards wide ; the first sight of the broad sheet of water, shining silver in the sunlight, was very impressive, and to us coming out of the green tunnel of the leafy Tomi seemed like an inland sea, for the low line of the farther bank looked still more distant in the heat-haze.

Henceforward our course would always lie to the eastward till we should reach the Nile. Each morning as we set our faces towards the sun, and the boats mounted the broad river that flowed through an open land of prosperous villages, there was joy in our hearts, for we felt we had won through the intricate byways of woods and small rivers, and were on the highway for home.

On November 4, 1905, we commenced the ascent of the great river. The pleasant sensations of the previous day, when effort had been relaxed and we glided swiftly down stream, had been brief also, for now we once more turned the heads of the boats against the current. The river was very full and it was hard work and slow progress as we hugged the right bank, creeping in and out of the shade to avoid the branches of the trees which thickly lined the bank and shut out our view of the open bush-country to the north. The character of the left bank is different ; except for a fringe

of trees now and then that hang over the river, there is an uninterrupted view over open, undulating country covered with long grass. A distance of thirty miles, which took two days



OUR STAND-BY

to accomplish, brought us to the Roman Catholic Mission of Saint Esprit, where the Padre, Father Moreau, and his three Frères received us most kindly. The Mission, which has been established thirteen years and includes a fine two-storied house of brick, was made entirely by these good men. They take charge of three hundred boys and girls, who are brought up to useful work, such as carpentering, building, and working on the farms, which grow enough maniocs, maize, potatoes and beans to feed the establishment for two-thirds of the year. They also raise live-stock, and we saw one hundred head of cattle, a flock of sheep and a fine lot of pigs, and sixteen ponies which the Brothers had bred them-

selves. Besides this they make wine from the paw-paw, or guava fruit, and brew a good light beer, cure hams and make butter and cheese. They seldom, if ever, return home ; Father Moreau had been at his post for seven years. Occupying their strenuous lives with so much useful work, needless to say, they appear very happy.

After four days of collecting, and an unsuccessful attempt of Gosling's to find the Bongo antelope, which is said to inhabit this part, we bade good-bye with grateful hearts to kind Father Moreau and his brothers, to one of whom we were much indebted for his clever mending of our dilapidated rudders.

A little way above the Mission the river takes a wide bend to the north, broadening out to a mile. About two days from the Mission, or fifty miles from Kemmo, a rapid gave us trouble, but as the river was full we made the passage more easily than we otherwise would have done ; at low water a reef of rocks must be visible right across the river. The Belgian, or south bank, is the best by which to pass this rapid. Above this barrier the river is intersected by groups of narrow islands covered with large trees. On the left bank a chain of hills, not more than 180 ft. in height and sparsely clothed in trees, lies close to the river. We were now in the country inhabited by the Banziri tribe, and found no difficulty in reaching a village near which to camp each night ; this was an advantage, as it gave the men dry places to sleep in ; the last four days there had been heavy rain, which came on towards evening and lasted throughout the night.

The Banziri villages lie close to the river ; the huts are



arranged in two long lines forming a wide street. They are well built, clean, and quite the best we had yet come across. The huts are bee-hive in shape, with thick grass roofs reaching to the ground ; they have small entrances but are capacious inside with a diameter of about 12 ft. Sometimes one sees a square or oblong mud-built house, the owner of which has come under the influence of the white man and copied his style ; as a rule he is a time-expired soldier of the French " Miliciens " who has settled down in his home again after service on the coast.

All along the river we found thickly populated villages. Some are over a mile in length, and the appearance of the people is extremely healthy and prosperous, a pleasing contrast after the dirty little villages, with still dirtier inhabitants, which we had lately come across tucked away in the bush and standing corn.

The Banziri, for the most part, inhabit a narrow strip of country along the right bank of the river from Kemmo to within a few miles of Mobbai. They are not a fighting race, and do not venture far into the interior for fear of the bush people, the Linguasi and Linga, who are akin to the Banda whose cannibal tendencies they share. Their prolific nature and healthy constitutions point to the fact that they are comparatively newcomers in the land. Here they have prospered in peace, for this is perhaps the only portion of Central Africa which has escaped from the raids of Rabeh and of the Arab razzias from the north.

Their prosperity may partly be due to their avaricious instincts and great love of trading ; it was most amusing to watch how far their demands would sometimes go, quite

out of all reason and proportion. For corn that was only worth a spoonful of salt they asked four yards of cloth, and when refused preserved their pride by marching off unshaken in their demands; but when they saw that we were not to be imposed upon they did not let the chance of doing business slip by and sold their produce through friends at our price. They are good farmers, fisher-folk, and expert watermen, and with the help of their canoes drive a brisk trade. They commence by selling their fish for beads, and with these they buy manioc (a kind of potato) from the neighbouring tribes; they take the manioc down the river to Bangi and sell them for the flat, triangular pieces of iron, or "ginga," as they are called. With these they return and buy goats and fowls from the Bou-bous of the interior, by whom iron is much prized for making spear-heads. They then take the goats down the river and sell them for a good price, which enables them to go to a factory and buy what goods they like.

The "ginga" is looked upon as the most valuable currency and a hundred will buy a wife, but the most common currency is salt or very small red and white beads, the constant demand for which is surprising; their value is always the same and holds good everywhere.

The women are passionately fond of the red beads, which they weave together in pieces and wear over the head, so closely intertwined in the hair that they have the appearance of tight-fitting skull caps. In some cases coils of beads are worn at the back of the head like the "bun" of a white woman. A heavy necklace of rope, an inch thick and closely woven with beads, hangs round the neck in the form of a

horse-collar. Coiled copper rings are worn round the ankles and below the knees.

Both the men and women paint their bodies all over with a red dye made from the bark of a tree, which has a much deeper colour than the red chalk used by the Sara and other tribes. Before putting on the dye they smear themselves with a coating of mud ; in this preparatory state they present a very ghastly appearance.

The tribal marks are three or more lobe-shaped blisters down the centre of the forehead. The Banziri are a well-made race, with refined faces that are more Nubian than Bantu in appearance. As a rule the women, who far exceed the men in number, go naked, so set little value on cloth. The young girls are particularly comely and coquettish in their manners to the stranger.



BANZIRI GIRL

In general the Banziri speak Sungo, an easy language, and also the trade one ; it will carry the traveller the whole length of the river.

The ju-ju of this tribe takes its form from their chief industry ; sticks hung with fishes' heads and shells are stuck up near the river in which their fish-traps are placed. The traps are cone-shaped at one end and have two compart-

ments 9 ft. in diameter. It is a weird sight to see a small canoe drifting down the river to some new fishing-ground and carrying one of these huge baskets silhouetted against the evening light, with the squatting figure of a man in the stern stroking the water ever so lightly with his paddle for fear of capsizing the tiny, heavy-laden craft.

Another means for catching fish that the Banziri employ are barricades of cane, which they set across the mouths of the streams and backwaters.

During our journey up the Ubangui we devoted ourselves to making natural history collections; I came off rather better than Gosling, for birds and small mammals did not take up much room, but the heads and skins of large game always presented a difficult problem in the transport arrangements, for there was now no means of sending the specimens back to the coast. Gosling, however, did not relax his efforts, so leaving me at a small Banziri village thirty-five miles above the junction of the River Kwango, where I wished to make collections, he continued the journey a day farther up the river to the big island of Luma, where he hoped to find the rare Bongo antelope.

The village I stayed at is on the right bank, and lies not far from a chain of down-like hills 150 ft. in height, the ravines and hollows of which are filled with trees and thickets—a nature of country that was new to me, so I spent several days in its exploration, setting out morning and evening on long rambles with Mama Bornu, one of our Arab boatmen who had become my gun-boy since we left Fort Archambault.

Now and then in the long grass, through which I had to push my way to reach the hills, I came upon clearings, not

more than an acre in extent and cultivated by the natives for maize and rogo; they were completely concealed by the tall grass that walled them in, and were safeguarded in this way from the natives of the interior who sometimes raid the crops of the river people.

The rogo is excellent eating; in appearance and quality it is like the yam. After the rind has been peeled off it is soaked for three days in water (without this precaution the food is poisonous), and then spread out in the sun till it becomes quite hard and brittle, when it is ready for pounding.

The scenery of these hills is exceedingly pretty, as I had plenty of time to observe, wending my way slowly up the little water-courses where the banks are smothered in thick bushes and creepers that clamber up the ravines. Sometimes when I stood still to watch the birds flit across my path I heard a nightingale singing in the depths of the thicket, but its song sounded much fainter than in the woods at home; or my attention was attracted by a squirrel in the tree-tops "chucking" angry protest against my intrusion. Higher up in the ravines, *parturiunt montes!* the rocks tumble over themselves to mark the source of springs where tiny tricklings of water ooze out and drop lazily from stone to stone. Once the noise of my feet slipping on the mosses startled out of their sleep a pair of nightjars which I at once perceived were new to me, so when they had settled again I took off my shoes and stalked them, luckily obtaining both birds. This nightjar proved afterwards to be new to science, and I named it *Caprimulgus goslingi* in memory of Gosling.

Whenever I shot a rare bird my satisfaction was shared by my boy who always received a "dash" in celebration of

the event. Mama became quite keen at the work, and when sometimes a bird fell wounded into the thicket his sharp eye was very quick at spotting it ; then he dashed off like a retriever to the place where it fell, and it was a great relief, when in answer to my anxious call, “ *Y'a gudu* ” (“ Has it run ”), came back the welcome, “ *Babu* ” (“ No ”).

There was a fine view from the top of the hills ; northward, as far as the horizon, rolled a sea of tall grass waving dark and light like the changeful ocean swept by the wind ; here and there rose a little island-hill, with dark green foliage deepening the lines of its clefts and ravines. Looking southward across the broad white band of the river the scene changes ; everywhere there is forest and grass-land right away to the dark line of wooded hills that form the watershed of the Congo affluents.

The last day's ramble is deeply impressed on my mind. The morning was very hot and, as I came out of the stuffy thickets on to the open hillside, I remember the grateful sensation of the cool breeze in my face. My work for the morning was finished, and, as was my wont, I quickened pace for the return journey to camp. But more haste less speed ! As I neared the foot of the hill I slipped upon a loose stone and was thrown several feet to the ground, striking my head heavily on a rock as I fell. I remembered no more.

On coming to I was conscious of the burning sun on my face, but when I opened my eyes all things were dark as though seen reflected in a black glass. Then I saw Mama coming down the hill, bringing water in a pannikin that he had made out of leaves. I thought he had come to call me and asked what time it was ; then I put my hand to the back

of my head, and it was immediately wet with blood. Mama told me I had lain insensible for half an hour. The water refreshed me, and then by easy stages I crawled back to camp where I remained all the next day nursing a bad headache, while José went about the work of collecting food for our journey on the morrow.

Pounded rogo was the food of the country, and the "boys" on the whole enjoyed the change. There are no chiefs among the Banziri, and at each of the villages we came to, where food was wanted, it was supplied in separate portions by the different families. As I rested in camp that day I watched the women come and go in twos and threes to José's tent with calabashes of rogo. Galadima, the quartermaster, was there to make the payments, doling out into each empty calabash a spoon of salt or beads, whichever was asked for; but the salt was in greater demand to satisfy the craving that all these people have. It was amusing to watch the women exerting all their charms upon the staid old Galadima, who at times stretched the measure according to his idea of female loveliness. At a little distance the husbands waited to examine and approve the purchases, in the process always managing to make a good deal of the salt stick to their fingers, which they greedily licked after returning the calabashes to the women.

The next day we reached Luma and joined Gosling, who, I was sorry to find, had suffered a bad time since we parted from severe attacks of fever, the result of several drenchings at night, for a tornado had destroyed his tent past repair.

The island of Luma is three miles long by one broad, and like other islands in the river, is neutral ground between the

French and the Belgians. It is covered with tropical vegetation, and the rubber vine grows in abundance. It is the resort of elephants and red river-hogs, while the birds I found there belonged to the forest region ; the screeching cries of the flocks of grey parrots coming to roost in the tall forest trees were loud enough to call one's imagination back to Regent's Park.

Here I stayed a day to collect while Gosling again went forward to work another island ahead. Above Luma the river makes a bend to the south ; on either side chains of gentle, rounded hills, devoid of trees save in the hollows and ravines, loop sometimes close to the river line and sometimes wind away to the distance of a day's journey. As one travels on, the aspect of the river changes ; it is now some 1000 yards wide, and large, wooded islands divide the stream, which winds past sylvan headlands forming a succession of bays 800 to 1000 yards in length. The islands are inhabited by elephant, buffalo, lesser bushbuck and pig.

From Luma onwards to within a day of Mobbai, both banks are populated by the Blakka or Sakka, a section of the Sungo and bearing the tribal mark of that race, three or more blisters like warts down the centre of the forehead. Their upper teeth are filed to a point, and both men and women, but more especially the latter, ornament their bodies with patterns cut by a knife, an operation which is performed at all ages.

They speak the same language as the Banziri, but Sungo is also used by them ; in fact the Banziri, Blakkas, and Yakomas are all sections of the Sungo race. The Yakomas,



however, to whom we shall come presently, no doubt are the true Sungo.

From Luma onwards the banks are very thickly populated, and at a Blakka town called Tungbo, three days from Mobbai, the children literally swarmed. As we passed we were surrounded by the whole village who tried to stop the boat, begging me to stay and shoot them some meat, for Gosling two days previously had given them a taste for it by shooting three buffalo on an island not far below the town. They hung on like leeches and followed us for at least a mile, swimming alongside, laughing and chaffing. These people are not hunters, so meat is much prized by them and will buy anything.

As things afterwards turned out, it would have been as well had I stopped at this friendly town instead of pushing on and landing as we did late at night at a small Blakka village on the right bank some 400 yards inland. It was dirty and ill-kept; the only place for my tent, clear of the long grass which surrounded the village, was an open space close to the huts. From the very commencement things did not promise well, for while my men were pitching the tent the angry villagers gathered round and tried to stop the work, saying they did not want to have a white man sleeping in their village. After some altercation and struggles the natives were driven off and retired into their houses; but only a short time elapsed before more serious trouble broke out. When the men went into the village to ask for wood they were answered by showers of stones from the huts. This put their blood up, and they started paying their assailants back in their own kind; then a lively scene followed and heads were

cut open. It was now time to interfere ; so calling the corporal and two other men who were on guard by the boat, I followed quickly and with José's help made a prisoner of the ring-leader, who turned out to be the chief of the village. He was quickly bound, with hands tied behind his back, and placed in charge of the corporal for the night, for I intended to take him on to Mobbai. The Hausa method of tying is a brutal one and no mercy is shown to the victim, the cords are so tightly drawn together that they cut deep into the flesh. I took pity on the man's plight and ordered the corporal to loosen the cords, much against the latter's will, who said his prisoner would escape. And sure enough late in the night a splash was heard and the guard jumped up only to see our prisoner swimming away into the darkness. A little later the drums of a distant village started playing to signal back the news of the chief's escape, and the music of the drums, accompanied by shouts, was kept up throughout the night. The next morning there was not a soul to witness our preparations for a start, but just as the boat was pushed off from the bank a spear struck her side, and the next instant out from the reeds jumped our friend with two other men naked and armed with shields and spears to speed our parting with derisive cries and gesticulations.

The passage of the river was now rendered very intricate owing to the number of islands, and without knowing it I passed Gosling, so I stopped at a village a day short of Mobbai, where he caught me up, and we then continued our journey together to Mobbai which we reached on December 8.

At Mobbai the traveller cannot fail to be struck by the very great difference in the character of the country on either



JOSE LOPES



bank ; the river appears to be a sharp dividing-line between a sterile and a fertile land. On the right bank there are low hills of stony soil with hardly a tree to be seen, while on the Belgian side the whole country wears a fertile aspect, with wooded hills and extensive tropical forests filling the valleys. Where the river passes the hills rapids are formed, consisting of a rocky channel about 350 yards in width through which the whole volume of water has to pass.

The French post is in command of Captain Mahien, who, with only two other officers to assist him, administers a district 800 miles long, far too large an area for such a small number, with the result that much of the country remains closed.

On the opposite side of the river is the Belgian post of Banzyville. It is under the command of an Italian, Captain Babulini, who is assisted by an adjutant. The post is the oldest and one of the best in the Belgian Congo ; there are fine brick houses, and an abundance of banana trees, paw-paws and bamboos add to the picturesqueness of the place and refresh the eye, while a broad avenue of palms makes it the ideal tropical settlement of one's imagination. This was the first time we came under the protection of the Congo flag, the golden star on a deep blue ground. We were much impressed with the well-ordered appearance of the post. The plantations of young rubber trees extend for three miles, and in this district alone there are about 45,000 people. Each village has its work allotted to it ; one supplies plantains or palm oil, another paddles, another carriers, and so on according to the nature of the local product. In return for their labour each man or woman is paid and fed, and the

whole population appears contented with their well-occupied existence.

Away from the right bank, in French territory, dwell an interesting bush people, called Bou-Bou. Occasionally on our way up the river we had seen a Bou-Bou mixing in the crowd of a village, having come down from his country to do a little buying or to see the people and sights of the riverside, actuated by much the same impulse that takes us to spend a day by the sea. But this was the first opportunity we had had of seeing one of their villages. There was one three miles from Mobbai, and we attended its market which, as usual, was held some little distance from the village. It was situated in a pretty valley in an undulating treeless country smothered in tall grass and here and there dotted with little villages. As early as nine o'clock all the people had come in and the place was buzzing busily. There were quite five hundred people, standing, sitting, bargaining or gossiping, and we spent some time watching the picturesque sight from a rough sun-shelter. The scene reminded one of the Yo market, for the Bou-Bous were all armed with long spears and shields. Placed on the ground for barter or sale was beer made out of maize, and manioc, red millet, beniseed, ground-nuts, sweet potatoes, tobacco and salt-ashes. Living as they do in an almost treeless country the Bou-Bous have not sufficient wood to complete the process of extracting salt.

Under a shed close at hand we noticed some very remarkable goats, bred by the Bou-Bous, which I feel sure cannot be known in Europe. They are about 2 ft. 6 in. in height and have fine silky black-and-white coats, with wonderful tufts of hair on the tops of their heads.

The Bou-Bous exchange their produce with the Sungos, or people of the river, for fish, plantains, red bark for painting their skins, and snails, palm oil, spears, gingas and beads. They also have a currency consisting of tiny iron spear-heads, somewhat like exaggerated packing-needles.

The men of this tribe are tall and have very long heads ; they practise the custom prevalent in these parts of filing their upper teeth to a point, and, like the Bandas, they pierce the upper lip and the nostrils with sticks. From a hole in one side of the under lip hangs a round, polished stick of rock crystal looking very much like an icicle ; it is about 3 in. long and tapers to a point. The Bandas also use this ornament, and the crystals are found in their country some five days' journey to the north of the river. They are very much prized and not every man can afford to possess one.

The Bou-Bous wear many rings on their fingers and sometimes copper wire below the knees. Both men and women do their hair in thin plaits all over the head, sewing in beads for ornament in the front. Often they stick a neatly fashioned copper hair-pin through the hair. It is 4 in. long, with a head flattened to a thin oval shape and slightly curved. The way the girls dress their hair is even more remarkable. They deftly weave into their own short curls, long, plaited cords of black twine, which falling over their shoulders to the ground have the appearance of luxuriant tresses. While the girls are at work, these are generally coiled and fastened up on the top of the head. The loin-cloths of the men are made of fig-tree bark which they get from the Sungos. They are clever at hunting and breed small dogs for the purpose.

The villages are well ordered and consist of two rows of huts; these are thatched to the ground and the roofs are high and pointed.

For protection from raids they scatter their plantations of maize and manioc among the long grass, using the many knolls that are dotted over the country as look-out posts; these are 15 ft. in height, probably old ant-hills.

The Bou-Bous are a large race and inhabit the country to the north of Mobbai; many of their chiefs are powerful, and some refuse to have anything to do with the white man. The Sultan of Bangassu still raids them for slaves, and cannibalism exists in the interior of their country.

We were now on the fringe of the Congo forest region and looked forward to its exploration. After the long time spent collecting in the bush country, we had enjoyed the more difficult search after the wilder life of the hills, and now the vast, mysterious forest appealed to our imagination, promising to open up fresh fields for our enterprise.

Accordingly on December 9 we set out for the forest from Banzyville, both going towards the south-west but taking different paths. For five hours I marched through a more or less enclosed and hilly country, the path often crossing little streams where the wood grows in greater luxuriance. The region is well populated with Sungo villages, some of which are large. I stopped for the night at Buaddo, a fair-sized Leti village. It consists of two lines of conical huts, fifty yards apart, and down the centre of the way at intervals there are oblong sun-shelters, open all round, for sitting in during the day. The seats are low trestles in the form of stretchers, with tops of split bamboos.



The Leti men are fine and have not unpleasant faces. Their tribal mark, a varying number of blisters on the forehead, is like that of the Sungos, of whom they are a branch ; they also have the same custom of piercing ears and lips. The women, and sometimes the men, ornament their bodies with a great many raised patterns cut in the flesh chiefly of the stomach, chest and back, reminding one of richly embossed leather-work ; the process must be extremely painful.



EAR DISC MADE OF WOOD AND BRASS

My journey this day was somewhat irksome. I had come into the region to lead the simple life of a hunter, but the news of my coming was spread before me, and just before I reached one village I was met by the chief in his best go-to-meeting suit of black coat and clerical hat. He saluted me as "Commandant," which made me feel embarrassed as I stood before him in my much torn and shabby shooting-clothes, with boots whose soles were parting company from their bodies. His greeting, however, did not lack ceremony on

that account, and when in my conversation with him I asked him to get his people to catch me rats and small animals in the forest, though he stared at me in blank astonishment, he kept a grave face. Not so his followers who, when he turned and communicated to them my wishes, could hardly contain themselves for laughter. I was then no "*Bula Matadi*," come to collect rubber, the only thing they thought a white man ever did in their country. The name "*Bula Matadi*" (hewer of stone) was first of all given by the Congo natives to Stanley on account of his forceful will ; now it is applied to all white men.

The chief showed me the book given to him by the Congo Government ; the cover bore his name and that of his village and tribe, and inside was a printed table of the taxes payable by him to the Government ; these took the form of so many hours of labour each month, and so much food-stuff or palm oil, whichever his district yielded.

At each village I came to, large numbers of wooden calabashes full of cooked plantains and green vegetables were ready for my "boys," and so overdone was the native hospitality that at last, much to their disappointment, I had to refuse it, for it began to tell upon some of the "boys," who took to sleeping off their surfeits by the wayside.

All the chiefs I met with had two or three soldiers, armed with converted flint-locks, of which there must be a large number in the country. The men have in them the making of good soldiers and show a ready appreciation in the way they handle their rifles when saluting the white man. It follows, of course, that powder and caps are the best trade goods for this country ; the latter are strictly forbidden, but

apparently everywhere used. A box of one hundred caps will fetch more than twenty times its cost price. Only flint-lock guns are allowed to be imported, but they are easily converted afterwards; the natives will not look at one that is not.

After leaving Buaddo I entered a virgin forest of considerable extent which brought to mind recollections of my experience in the tropical forests of Ashanti.

On entering the forest the first sensation is one of grateful coolness and shade after the glare and heat of the sun and a sudden relief to the eyes as the field of vision becomes restricted, but soon the gloom, that catches no relief from the dark opaque leaves of the trees and heavy masses of pendent creepers, becomes monotonous and oppressive.

After steady marching till noon, in answer to my question, "*Koddero yongolo?*" ("Village far?") my guide replied, "*Peppe*" ("No"), and soon bunches of poles, which the natives had been cutting for building their huts, told us that we had not much farther to go. Then appeared clusters of banana-trees (a sure sign of a village in the forest), soon to disclose the straw peaks of huts, from which up-curved spires of smoke, showing blue against the dark trees beyond. This was the Leti village of Molegbwe, where I intended to stay and make collections.

The next morning the chief came to see me, bringing with him some fine bananas and pine-apples. He was accompanied by his white wife who was the fairest woman I ever met. Naturally he was very proud of her and evidently wished to show her off as much as possible, for she was quite naked. It would have been interesting to hear her history,

but I was unable to speak her language and had to be content with looking at her each day as she sat with her lord outside the hut opposite to mine.

She was the most perfect example of an albino I have ever seen in Africa and had quite pink eyes. Her proportions were rather too heavy to be graceful. We came across several cases of albinism in this part of the Congo, invariably women. Elephantiasis and leprosy were also prevalent.

This little village (twenty miles west of Banzyville) is on the border of the forest through which I had come. Beyond, to the south, lay comparatively open country to the horizon, where a three days' journey would have brought one to the confines of the great equatorial forests.

I spent a profitable time here, adding to the collection of birds and mammals. Among the latter was a rare lemur and a very beautiful red duiker (*Cephalophus rubidior*), new to science. Nearly every evening some kind of animal was brought to me by the Leti, who are good hunters.

Gosling, who was at this time at a place not very far off, was busy hunting, and large numbers of elephant, the red and the black pig, lesser bushbuck and buffalo were seen by him.

On the whole we returned to Banzyville in good spirits, feeling that we had made a fair start with our forest collection.

About twelve miles above Mobbai, the scenery of the river is strikingly beautiful. On the right bank there are two ridges, one at right angles, and the other, which is a little farther on, running parallel to the river; in the pass between, a beautiful rocky burn finds its way down to the river. As we beheld them from a little way off, the hills very much

resembled our South Downs. They were covered with fresh green of lately burnt-off grass, and near the top of the ridge a stratum of white stone appeared, looking like chalk at a distance ; patches of dark-green trees filled the hollows and crept right over the ridge like hog-backs. From the top an undulating grass country is seen rolling away to the north.

About fifty miles above Banzyville we came to the Setema Rapids. The entrance to these is not more than sixty yards across, then the river suddenly bulges, and a group of hills, about 120 ft. in height, follows round the semi-circle of the right bank. The little village of Setema lies opposite on the left bank, where the current swirls down at a tremendous rate, taking a Z-shaped course past the many reefs and groups of rocks before gaining the open water below. This is the only possible course for navigation. After two hours' hard work with the help of the chain and some of the Setema men, the boats were hauled up safely to the farther end. Just beyond the village the water again becomes broken up by rocks and reefs across the river for half a mile ; but by dint of strong poling and the use of the chain, we got safely through at last.

Along this part of the river the banks are well populated with the Yakomas, who are the true Sungo stock. The men are veritable giants ; they are very intelligent and wonderful watermen ; with small paddles, not more than 3 ft. long, they drive their large canoes at a prodigious rate, and when passing the most formidable rapids, show a reckless daring that is truly wonderful.

After the danger is over and the boat glides along under their strokes, these giants break out into musical

chants to the sound of the drum that a boy beats in the stern of the canoe. Then they settle down in silence to their work again till the drum beats up afresh when a village comes



YAKOMAS SHOWING DISC IN EAR

in sight and then the chant starts again. They are very cheerful by nature and their sense of humour is highly developed. The crew of a canoe choose one from out their number as jester to play the fool and keep the rest in good temper. This man makes a butt of the laggard, who is driven by the laughter of his fellows to mend his paces.

The tribal marks, rows of warts down the centre of the forehead, as we have before described with the Banziris, protrude to an enormous extent; in some cases the profile is like a coxcomb. The lobes of their ears are also slit and

stretched like tyres round enormous wooden discs, often  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in. in diameter. When the discs are taken out, the lobes fall down on the shoulders.

The men wear loin-cloths made out of beaten bark. The



YAKOMA WOMAN FISHING

small tree from which the bark is obtained grows round their villages ; it is straight-stemmed and clean up to half its height, from which point the branches grow out almost upright ; the dark green oval-shaped leaves are opaque and shiny. To obtain the cloth-fibre, the bark is peeled off the stem near to where the branches spring. After a time a closely knit, reddish fibre grows down from the bark of the upper tree and encases the naked stem. This is taken off and the strips beaten till they become welded together ; then the whole piece is pegged out to dry in the sun. It is

the colour of cocoa-nut matting, but the natives sometimes dye it a deep red or black.

Like the Bou-Bou girls, the marriageable maidens of the Yakomas wear black twine in their hair, but to an exaggerated extent, and in many cases there is so much of it that the ends are wound on a stick like a big ball of twine that weighs twenty pounds and is carried under the arm. It has a very quaint and pretty effect.

The Yakomas are fine iron-workers; their heavy spears show a finish which is truly remarkable. They make good soldiers and are recruited by both the Belgians and French.

Good clay pots are made by the women, who also occupy their time with fishing. At one village we came to we saw a group fishing with their open wicker-work baskets like shrimping-nets; several of them in line were dragging the bottom, and as they caught the small fish, they popped them into a little basket fastened to their forehead.

The virile appearance of the Yakomas is striking, and their prosperity is shown by the number of large villages; there is one where we stayed close to the Kotto river, which is over a mile in length.

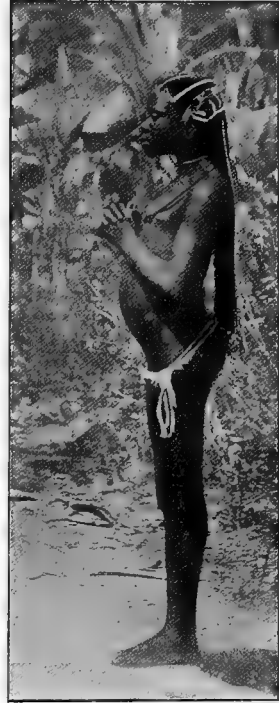
On December 23 after passing the Setema Rapids we pulled up near a village on the left bank, and as the natives told us there was plenty of game we decided to stay and get meat for our Christmas dinner; otherwise, with the exception of tea, we had nothing to keep it with, for all our stores had given out. There was still a certain amount of cloth left and a few small trade goods, such as beads and razors. For our presents to the "boys," we gave



each four yards] of red<sup>1</sup> flannel which, by-the-bye, is one of the best trade goods that can be taken on an expedition of this kind. The "boys" were delighted with it, for their clothes were by now reduced to the scantiest rags and the nights and mornings had suddenly become cold. It was the end of the rains in this region, the last having fallen on December 15; then followed dense fogs in the early mornings, with the thermometer between 59° and 60°.

When Christmas day arrived our great want was meat to make merry with, and Gosling proved a proper sort of Santa Claus when he came into camp with a fine water-buck. So all were in the best of spirits, which were raised still further when the chief of the village brought in six calabashes of palm wine, a drink the "boys" dearly loved. We made our feast off the water-buck near a blazing fire and toasted each other in the palm wine, which was fresh and so had a sparkle that we tried to believe made it not unlike champagne. Our talk naturally went back to our last Christmas at Kaddai, and then forward to the next, which at this time we fondly believed we should be spending at home.

The "boys" had prepared a surprise to follow the



YAKOMA GIRL WEARING  
TRESSES OF TWINE

simple feast. They came and drew up in line before us, and Agoma, acting as spokesman, said that they would like to perform a play for our amusement. When we readily consented, they went a little distance away to prepare for the thrilling drama that appears in the following play-bill.

“THE WHITE MEN”

CHARACTERS.		CASTE.	
Boyd Alexander	} Mighty Hunters . . . . .	{ Dunbornu	
G. B. Gosling		{ Umuru	
José, Captain of the Boats . . . . .		Mama-shua	
Elephant . . . . .		Audelai	
Lion }	. . . . .	Jagoba	
Buffalo }			
Little Bird . . . . .		Quab'na	
Polers, Gun-boys, &c.			

Agoma's banjo was the orchestra and accompanied the play throughout. It was a “play without words,” in which the so-called dumb animals were the only characters that had speaking parts; the lion's roar and the elephant's trumpeting were really wonderful pieces of mimicry. Some of the actors were gifted, and their truthful studies from the life were very amusing and made us laugh heartily as we recognised each other's little peculiarities. The first act opened with the entry of the boats, with the polers poling furiously up a rapid; then the hunters disembarked and the plot thickened considerably; the main upshot being that Gosling hunted the biggest elephant in the bush, and got it; while I went stalking the smallest bird in the forest, and secured that also. Then buffaloes and lions crowded the scene and were despatched with marvellous rapidity, till Agoma stepped forward, and, holding up his hand, called out, “*Ya Kari*” (“It is finished”).

## CHAPTER XXIX

### HUNTING THE OKAPI

THE next day, December 26, found us moving forward once more, both very fit and suffering no ill-effects from keeping Christmas on palm wine. Two days later we passed the mouth of the Kotto, which, like all the tributaries of the big river, is called bangui; the derivation of Ubangui being from “ngou” to drink and bangui—small rivers—the drinker up of little rivers.

On New Year's Day, 1906, we arrived at Yakoma, a large Belgian post at the mouth of the Welle, and left the next day to ascend the river which has a width of 800 to 1000 yards studded with rocks. It flows through an iron-stone country, where the natives work mines. On our way we went to look at one of these which was situated on a small hill. It had been worked to a depth of 90 ft. and the heat below was considerable; there were galleries in the mines, and the rock which contained iron in great quantities was picked out by a heavy-pointed bit of iron on a short wooden handle. It was then hauled up by means of the coils of a creeper, fastened together to serve as a rope.

The Welle between Yakoma and Djabbir is not navigable, and ours were the first boats on the river. The people who are the M'bira tribe, a section of the Yakomas, swarmed out of the villages to look at the boats; they greeted us with

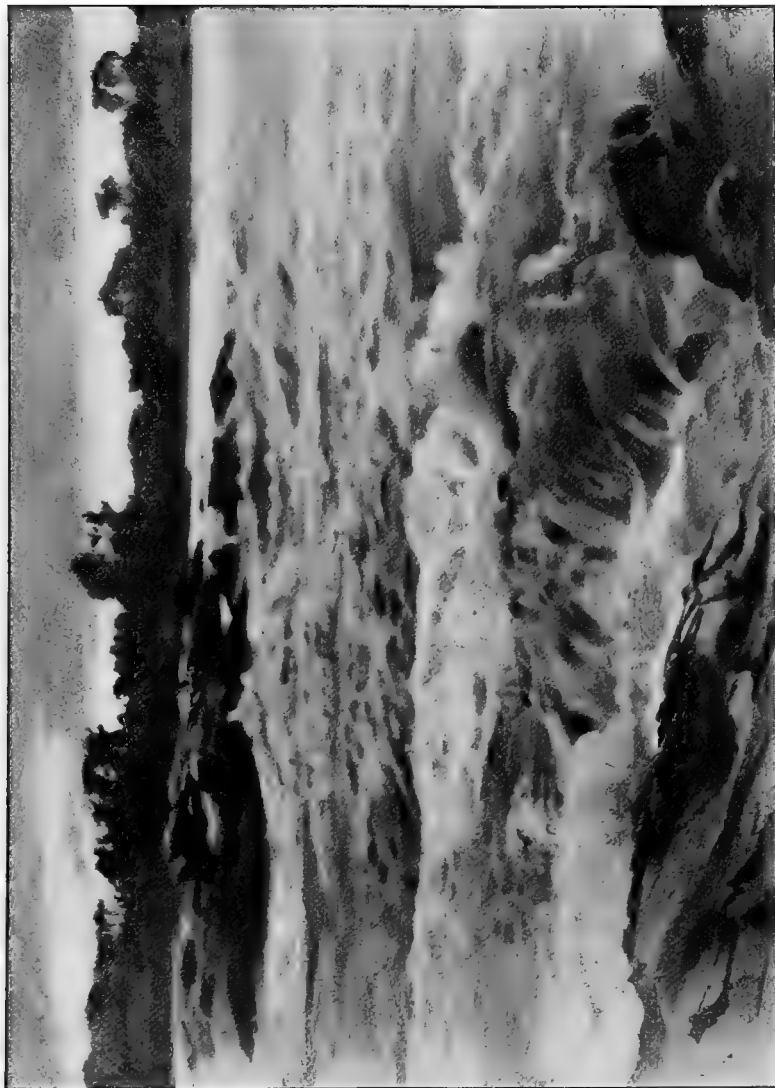
enthusiastic cheers and many of the boys and girls plunged into the river and saluted by beating the water with the palms of their hands.

At a small village six miles above Yakoma, where we spent the night, crowds came and gazed at us in wonder, but perhaps John cooking our dinner was the object of the greatest curiosity. We had no difficulty in getting food in this part. The people are very well off, for the country is wonderfully rich, yielding iron, fish, palm oil, and plenty of manioc, sweet potatoes and plantains.

At Kassamba, another two days farther on, we had our first experience of the free-and-easy manners of Congo chiefs. Here the chief, without being invited, came and sat himself down with us and immediately began begging for cloth ; on seeing tobacco on the table he produced a pipe, and when we did not take his strong hint he asked for some. He had nothing to say for himself, but simply sat on, with the object, I believe, of showing his people what friendly terms he was on with the white man. His unpleasant familiarity was in great contrast to the courtly bearing of chiefs in Nigeria. Kassamba, however, mended his manners afterwards, for he " dashed " us with a goat, some fish and a big jar of beer.

We found interpreting rather a difficulty at this time, for none of us knew Bangala, which is the language everywhere used in the Congo, but José picked it up very quickly and Gosling started with great pains making a vocabulary. Both it and the Sungo language are easy to learn, for they are not rich in words and there are no numbers over a hundred.

The next day we left for the Voro Rapids. Kassamba accompanied us in our boats with a splendid lot of polers,



THE VORORAPIDS



and from his villages on the way we picked up eighty men who followed in canoes, to carry our loads the six miles overland round the rapids while the boats were hauled up empty. With the extra help of his fine polers we passed easily a strong rapid just above his town, and then pushed along at a grand pace to a small village forty miles below Djabbir, called Vambongo, from where we could see in the distance the foam and hear the roar of the Voro Rapids, the strongest and most dangerous on the Welle. They stretch for a distance of three miles and are in places a mile wide, and the river is cut up by a maize of rocky islands covered with palm-trees and tropical growth, between which the water rushes and tumbles headlong through narrow channels with beautiful cascades falling down on either side. Early the next day, January 4, we set out to pass them; there were fourteen polers in each of the boats besides the men in the native canoe. A heavy mist hung over the water, making it impossible to see more than a few yards ahead.

By means of our long boat chain and strenuous poling we reached the head of the rapids. Here the river is divided into three channels by rocks and islands; to the right a magnificent fall of water roared and swept over giant boulders, the foam flying many feet into the air; while below, the swirl of the water made troughs 3 to 4 ft. deep. It was the same on the left, leaving the centre passage, only a little less formidable, to be faced. The native canoe was borne back and sunk, but our splendred Yakoma giants nothing daunted, naked and with many cries, battled against the foaming water. Twice we were carried back, but the third time, with a superhuman struggle, the boats mounted

and were driven beyond the rapids. Then the men broke into a low musical cry, sustained upon one note that quickly changed to a swinging boat-song as the danger was thrust behind.

The passage took three hours to accomplish, and another hour, threading a way through the rocks with which the whole river was studded, brought us very tired to Voro, where the people lined the banks and welcomed us with a great cheer.

Voro is a large village extending a long distance on the left bank. The people are Kachi, who are very similar to the Yakomas, and like them the young girls wear the long black twine in their hair, often with the addition of jangling bits of metal and bells fringing the ends. Their houses are well built, many of them square, with mud-plastered walls, evidently copied from the white man. It was here we saw for the first time attempts at drawings and decorations which the natives made not only on their persons but on the walls of their houses also ; white paint was laid on in streaks over their faces and bodies, and several small boys had one eye surrounded and a line drawn to the ear like a half pair of spectacles ; and we saw four old women sitting on stools adorning their eyebrows and foreheads with streaks of black paint which is got from the juice of a forest nut. The paintings on the walls of their houses were even more curious ; the man with the gun, constructed just like the figures that children make with dots and lines, predominated. The elephant was well represented with tusks nearly as long as the trunk, and a tail with huge bristles ; there were crocodiles also and—what was more remarkable—an ostrich,



for it is strange that they should have known of its existence. Perhaps the artist who made them had been a great traveller, and these frescoes on the walls constituted his odyssey.

For their treasures of beads and ornaments, these people make little oval boxes, studding them over with brass-headed nails, which are consequently a valuable article of trade in these parts.

At intervals along the street of the village there were little shelters of grass protecting their ju-ju, which consisted of numbers of iron rings painted green and threaded on upright sticks.

We stayed at this place all the next day, for the boats had let in a lot of water during the night, revealing the ugly fact that the bumpings against the rocks had made small splits in the rivets ; so we had to take the boats out of the water and stuff the little cracks with felt and then solder them over.

During the day we went out hunting and collecting. Gosling was much amused by his guides, who, when he shot a red river-hog, hotly pursued it with their guns as it made off before falling dead. Soon he heard a cap miss fire, followed quickly by a shot, and on coming up with them it seemed to Gosling from the expression of his face that one of the men was undergoing great agony. It appeared, however, that the only reason for his contorted visage was that his gun had failed to go off while the other man had got a shot. But he was much consoled when it was discovered on examining the pig that his companion had missed it after all. The native with his gun is just like a child with a new toy ; he never leaves it a moment out of his sight, and even though

he may have no powder to load it with he carries it wherever he goes, or a slave boy often carries it for him.

The Welle has a number of names which vary according to the tribe of the country it flows through ; for instance, from its mouth to Voro, it is known as the Linga, then as Ungungu, and farther up as Nimba, and at Djabbir as the Bonso. The word "werre," no doubt another form of "Welle," is a general term applied to the country on the right bank.

On January 9 we left Voro for Djabbir, which is about forty miles higher up the river. The going was very bad ; the whole distance is cut up with rapids among small islands, with the exception of a few short navigable reaches, two or three miles in extent. Our second day was the hardest, for we had to make the passage of no less than seven formidable rapids.

The violent uses to which the boats had been put caused more splits to appear and the old ones to re-open. Matters looked serious, for all the solder was finished and we were at a loss to find a wherewithal to mend them, until I luckily remembered having seen a native woman mending her pots with the wax of wild honey. It struck me at the time as so interesting that I made a note of it. And now I tried it on the boats with unexpected success ; wooden wedges were driven into the cracks and then sealed over with the melted honey. The restoration was complete and Sampson's riddle reversed, for—out of sweetness came forth strength.

This wax is made by a small bee no larger than a house-fly, which makes its nest in holes in the trees of the forest. The wax really forms the lining of the nest before the honey

is deposited. With boiling it becomes like tar, and when cooled is very hard. As the splits became larger and more numerous a great quantity was required, so we never missed an opportunity of getting the natives to collect it.

We also made an alteration in the boat-sections, changing the second—that is the bow sections—with the corresponding ones in the sterns, for we found the bow sections always had to bear the brunt of the blows from the rocks. For this reason, if I ever had occasion to use such boats again under similar circumstances, I should have the shoulders of the bow sections doubled in thickness.

On January 15, without further mishap, we reached Djabbir, a Belgian post where much rubber and palm oil is collected. It was here that we lost one of our Kotoko polers who had joined us at Fort Lamy. He had been seized with paralysis some weeks before, and we carried him on in the boat. Finally his lungs became involved, and we were obliged to leave him in the station, where he afterwards died.

In another two days we were toiling up the river again to Angu. This part of the river is not much better, though a few navigable reaches of four to six miles are sometimes met with, where the current is not more than two miles an hour. The most dangerous rapids are the Kenga, about ten miles below Angu. The river is at its lowest in February and highest in July. Navigation is made more difficult by the great width, which varies from three-quarters of a mile to a mile, and the water comes down by many channels forming a number of islands. In these places the river flows over a rock-strewn bed, and much damage was done to the boats by the hidden boulders.

The scenery is beautiful and has more variety than that of most African rivers. Although it flows through forest country, that is as a rule very monotonous, the trees along the banks are gay with the colours of all the seasons. In the mass of foliage, the tender lemon green of spring-growth and the russet and gold of Autumn mingle with the green of summer and the darker tones of clustering palms. Here and there the white stems of tall cotton-trees and the feathery lace-work of leafless branches stand out against the mass of varied colour. Not only does this bright bordering illuminate the river line, but in places on the right bank spreads right up the slopes of the hills.

Soon after leaving Djabbir we had evidences that we were coming into the land of the okapi. Once or twice at the Mobengi villages on the left bank we found native hunters wearing bandoliers made of the striped part of the skin. We could not get much information from these men except that we might find the okapi in the forest three days to the south, and that it was called *n'dumba*, the Bangala name for the animal and the one by which we afterwards found it was known throughout the Welle region. As we journeyed up the river, Gosling never relaxed his efforts in seeking information, and near Angu it became evident that that place would be the most suitable from which to make an attempt to find the okapi, in fact Angu is the only part near the Welle where it is met with. Here we arrived on January 25. It is a small Belgian post situated on the extreme edge of the forest; the country to the north on the right bank is the usual bush, with a few forest belts in places intersected by streams.

While at Angu a new member joined the Expedition, under the name of "Mistress Anne," a little chimpanzee six



"MISTRESS ANNE"

months old, which a chief brought in to me from the forest. She was suffering sadly from neglect and a bad cold, but careful treatment soon restored her. The Belgian Administration does not allow the natives to keep the chimpanzees they capture, which is just as well, for it saves a great deal of suffering to the animals.

The chimpanzees are locally distributed in the forest, where they roam in small parties or families; during the

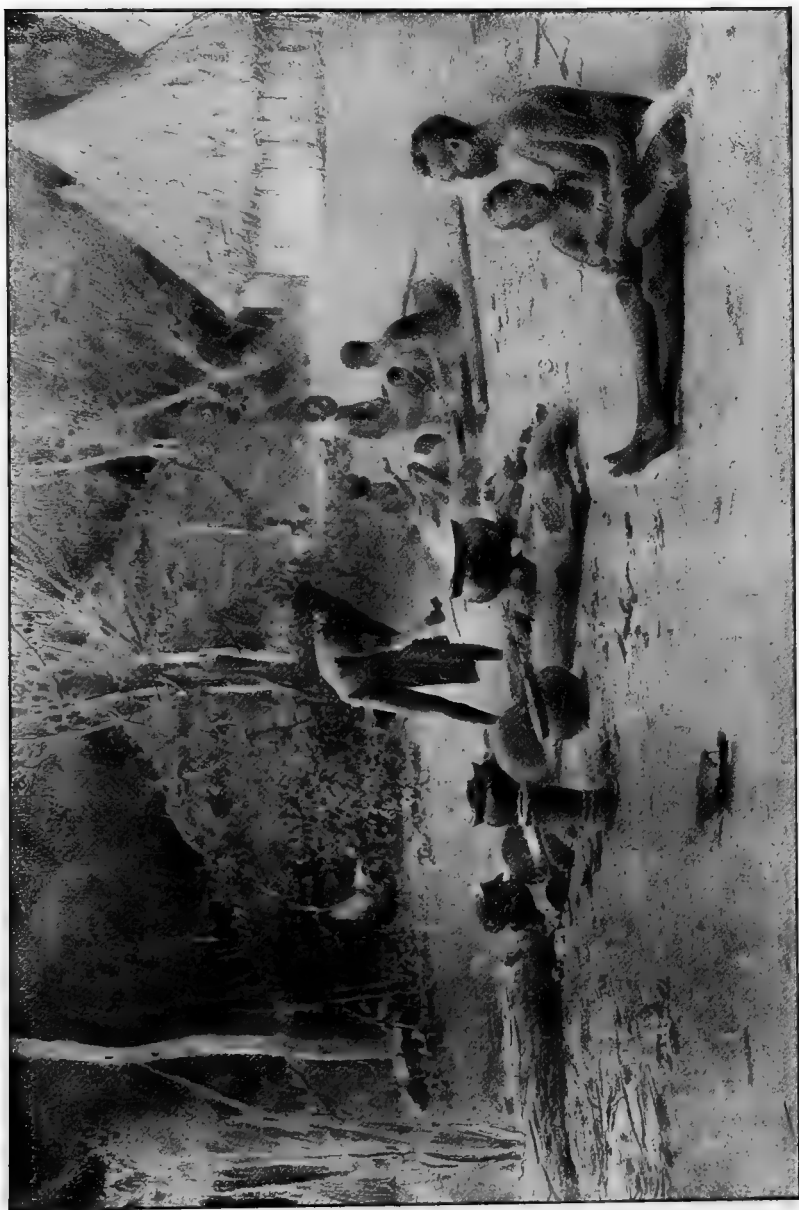
day they remain in the tops of thick trees where they build rough platforms of sticks for nests. At night they come down to feed on the native plantations.

On January 26 Gosling set out in a south-easterly direction, and I followed with José a few days later, taking a more southerly course. Each was determined to be the one to capture the mysterious okapi.

This part of the forest is peopled with the Mobatti tribe and there are a good many Bakango villages in the neighbourhood of the river. We did not find it necessary to take our tents with us, for the little hamlets were very clean. They consist of two rows of mud huts, six to fourteen in number, and in the middle of the passage between there are sun-shelters with mud seats which are always kept scrupulously clean; these made us good sleeping-places at night. The roofs of the huts are thatched with leaves, for there is no grass in the forest; their russet colour strikes a pleasing note against the green background of the trees.

Round the villages the ground is cleared for about 200 yards, and the soil is so rich that no tilling is necessary to make it raise the crops. The larger trees are felled by burning and allowed to lie among the crops till in the process of time they are broken up for firewood. The food of the Mobatti consists of manioc, sweet potatoes, maize, plantains, and fowls and eggs. They are also fond of a big black-headed ant, about half an inch long, which is collected by the women, and eaten after being boiled. The Mobatti and the Bakango speak the same language.

A day's journey from the river brought me into deep forest. It is difficult to describe the sensations that are



A FOREST HAMLET OF THE MOBATTI





experienced on entering the heart of the great forest for the first time. All the senses seem awed, blinded as it were by the sudden coming from the sunlight into the dark of the trees, then gradually out of the gloom the vastness dawns upon the mind, and although unable to see more than a few paces through the dense growth one knows instinctively that one is in a region that is forest, as the land is the land or the sea the sea ; the very height and girth of the trees seem to tell of its extent, as the hairs of a giant would tell his size.

At first one gazes marvelling at the enormous stems and strives to measure their height with head thrown far back, but soon from their very number they cease to be objects of wonder. The narrow native track, which is channelled deep with the impressions of many human feet, winds through thick undergrowth of dark, opaque leaves and hanging creepers, in and out to avoid the great tree-boles and fallen limbs that glisten with moisture, while everywhere there is the smell of mould loose and rich and muffled with the fallen leaf of years. Sometimes the path passes through a swamp that is the bed of the large-leaved plants upon which the okapi loves to feed, and the squelch of footsteps startles into voice deep-croaking bull frogs that keep on calling with a heave and sigh till the traveller has passed. Presently, as if sprung from the ground, a string of natives appear on the path ahead, their backs bent double under loads of plantains ; all follow close on each other's heels, afraid to go alone. Farther on, perhaps, at the side of the track, the eye catches the white of a broken withy which hunters have bent down for fear of losing their way, or a party of birds of all kinds is seen threading their way through

the undergrowth, the cruel side by side with the gentle, the shrike with the tit, all friends in presence of the common fear, the haunting fear that rests on the forest like a spell. On and on the traveller presses through the gloom of the perpetual twilight that has now become stifling ; the long coils of the creepers hang down from the trees dripping like dreadful watersnakes, and the ash-white rubber saplings look like pale spectres in the gloom of the great trees. Then the darkness, that at first seemed so peaceful and hushed, grows terrible, like a live thing struggling in the meshes of the trees, captive from some night that passed through the forest long ago. And the traveller hastens on with eyes thirsting for the light that lies ahead like a precious desert pool where the trees at length give way. Here chattering weaver birds in bright plumage of scarlet and black, and tiny sun-birds of beautiful lustre hues, hovering round a blossom tree in the sunlight, pass wonderful as a dream, and in a few steps one is swallowed up again in the night of the trees.

With the exception of pigs and antelopes all the forest animals are nocturnal in their habits, and so at night the forest is never still. One would think to find sound stifled in the denseness of the trees, but instead every stem is a sounding-post vibrating with the noise of innumerable forms of life, busy at their feeding. As one lies awake in the native hut listening, so multitudinous, so ubiquitous, and from so far do the noises come to assail the ear, that it seldom distinguishes the separate sounds, and is only vaguely conscious of a universal hum of cries and scratchings and cracklings in the undergrowth, which at intervals seem shocked to

silence by the screams of the sloth, that grow loud and louder to break in a perfect frenzy of passion. Sometimes one is awakened by a sound like rain pattering on the roof to find that it is made by myriads of ants crawling over the dry leaves.

My first day's journey brought me to a village of the Mobatti, called Lobi. This was my headquarters from which I made excursions morning and evening into the forest to collect birds and mammals. The Mobatti, who are good hunters, kept me busy skinning the animals that they brought in every day. In return for what they gave me they received gun-powder and beads which pleased them mightily, and they entered thoroughly into the spirit of the thing. By this time Quasso had become an experienced skinner, and with his help I generally managed to skin and make up a good dozen birds and mammals in the day.

The Mobatti hunters make use of nets and gins for trapping the smaller animals, and pits for the larger game. Often in the glades and small tracks that branch away from the village path two or three hunters, armed with spears, may be seen in the early morning prowling round for whatever they can find in the thickets. Behind the hunters walks a slave carrying their pipes, tobacco, and other necessities, and a bit of smouldering wood to light a fire at night, for they often stay out for days when on the track of some particular animal. A small dog follows at their heels, wearing round its neck a wooden bell, shaped like a cow-bell, with two bits of wood inside to make it rattle when the dog begins to hunt ; sometimes the bell is stuffed with leaves to prevent its making a noise. Towards nightfall these men

brought in their strange spoils to the chief, who then marched triumphantly down the street with all the village following him ; the hunters carrying many animals as strange as the mysterious forest that bred them ; gigantic forest rats with white bellies, two feet from head to tail, others a rich red-brown with backs marked like chess-boards and snouts as long as ant-eaters ; grizzly mongooses that rob fowls of their eggs by night, breaking them upon stones before eating them ; sweet-faced phalangiers, with eyes like saucers and as clear as amber ; pangolins with arched and scaly backs like coats of mail, that steal through the dark places of the forest thrusting their long tongues like swords into the holes of the white ant ; huge vampire bats with teeth like sharks, and many other strange animals that had never before been seen.

Gosling describes how one afternoon two hunters came into camp, to the accompaniment of a tom-tom improvised out of bark for the occasion, supporting on their shoulders a pole to which was slung a small squirrel which they laid in triumph at his feet.

The Mobatti enjoyed it all hugely, for they are cheerful people, and the women and children are always laughing. In the early morning they are to be seen coming out of their huts, one bearing a lighted stick which has been kept alive all night ; with this they make a fire and cook their mid-day meal, keeping themselves warm till the sun is up above the trees. Here they sit laughing and talking and nursing their children till the men return at noon to eat. And so they continue for the rest of the day till the fires are lit again to cook the evening meal, which the foresters, unlike the people of the open, eat after dark.

During this time, José was in the forest a day to the south, where I had sent him to hunt the okapi, so that we might cover as large an area as possible in our search.

Having exhausted the possibilities of Lobi and its neighbourhood for collecting I left one morning to catch up with him. It was now three weeks since we had left Angu and I had received no news from Gosling. The chances now of getting an okapi seemed farther off than ever, indeed I had almost put the matter out of mind. I had not gone far on my road when one of our "boys" appeared round a turning in the path carrying meat and a note from José. As I opened it nothing was farther from my thoughts than the okapi, so imagine my astonishment and delight when I read that he had killed one and that here was its meat!

Hearing that Gosling was coming in I returned at once to the village, and two hours later he arrived looking very fatigued and depressed at his failure to get an okapi. He had suffered from fever, the result of many wettings and hard work in the forest. "Cheer up, Goose," I said, "I am going to give you okapi cutlets for luncheon!" His face immediately lit up at the great news, and soon, like Roman emperors, we were feasting on the rarest animal in the world, fully appreciating the fact that we were the first white men to eat the meat of the okapi. It was very tender and tasted like beef.

While Gosling left for Angu I went to join José and help him, if necessary, with the okapi skin. That evening saw me at the small village of Beritio, but José was still out in the forest and did not return till next day with the okapi.

The weather had been very much against the skin

drying ; heavy rains, no sun, and perpetual moisture. Under these conditions the skin looked better than I could ever have expected, though it had commenced to slip in places. It was a very fine specimen of a male.

The history of the capture was as follows :

On leaving me José went to Beritio, three days' journey to the South of Angu. With the help of a native hunter he discovered the spoor of an okapi and also heard it in the forest, but did not see it ; he followed it up till nightfall and then returned to the village. Early the next morning he set out again and watched by a stream on the chance that it would come down to drink. This it did, and his guide saw it, but José could not catch a glimpse of it himself, and only heard it rushing away through the undergrowth. He followed it up for three days, the whole of which time it kept moving in a circle, crossing the stream several times in the day. After leaving the stream it always took the same course. José then resolved to try and capture it in a pit as the natives do. Having obtained more men from the village he went back to the stream and laid his plans. About 100 yards from the stream were two large trees, and he observed that the okapi after leaving the water always passed between them. Here there was an old native pit, partly filled up, which the okapi avoided, so he made a pit exactly where it travelled between the trees. The pit was dug about 4 ft. deep, and branches placed across the top, and leaves laid over the branches, making the place look as if nothing had been done. He then put up a rough fence on either side of the track so as to make certain of the animal running in the direction of the pit. Early next morning José again

approached the stream and heard the noise of the okapi rushing away. Soon there followed a loud thud, for the animal, taking its usual course, had fallen into the pit, and so was secured. [v.]

The haunts of the okapi are streams running through swampy ground, thickly overgrown with a clean-stemmed plant, some 6 to 8 ft. high with large and shiny oval leaves bunching at the top, the young shoots of which are an essential food of the animal. In these localities it roams about singly or in pairs, and, according to the native hunters, three may occasionally be seen together. Gosling, although he got to close quarters with it at three different times, never saw it, so perfectly concealed was it among the leaves. In one of his hunting trips, while making for a likely haunt, he heard the noise of something moving among the leaves in a swamp not more than thirty yards away and then the plunge of some big animal into the water. He and his guide both said "Hippo!" but on going to the spot they found by the spoor that the animal was an okapi.

In his diary Gosling says: "During the night the okapi will wander along in the mud and water in search of the young shoots of his favourite plant. Here he may be found as late as 8 A.M., after which he retires to the seclusion of the forest, where he remains until dusk. In the glades and clearings I found his spoor on ground frequented by buffalo and waterbuck, but this is unusual, for his companions in the forest are more often the elephant, the greater bushbuck, and the yellow-backed duiker. On the hunting-grounds I visited I estimated the number of okapi at five or six, and twenty miles farther south in the forest on very likely ground,

where formerly my guide said they were numerous, there was only one, probably owing to rubber-collectors having been there. The okapi is killed occasionally by the natives who spear or trap it. I ascertained that six altogether had been killed by them at various times in this locality."

Viewed in the light of the knowledge we have of the okapi's habits, the wonderful striped markings, which are confined to its legs and hindquarters, form an interesting example of protective colouring. When the okapi leaves the dense parts of the forest for its favourite haunts in the swamps, it always keeps to the cover of the thick leaves, and the only light that reaches it comes slanting through the bare stems of the plants, or else is reflected up from the water, and so the markings are wavy in form like shadows thrown up from water in sunlight.

It may not be amiss here to give a short history of the way in which the okapi was discovered. Stanley, in his book "In Darkest Africa," was the first to draw attention to its existence in the following sentence: "The Wambutti (the Congo dwarfs) knew a donkey and called it 'Atti.' They say that they sometimes catch them in pits. What they can find to eat is a wonder. They eat leaves." This brief note was followed up by Sir Harry Johnston who in 1900, during his stay at Entebbe as Administrator of Uganda, obtained from the Semliki Forest in the Congo Free State some bandoliers made by the natives out of the striped part of the animal's skin. These were forwarded to the Zoological Society in London, and Dr. Sclater recognised in them an unknown animal which he described as a zebra, naming it *Equus Johnstoni*. In 1901 a Swedish officer,





THE OKAPI



named Eriksson, in the service of the Congo State, sent a complete skin with skull to Sir Harry Johnston at Entebbe, who then saw that this animal with its cloven hoof-bones was not a zebra after all, but closely allied to the giraffe. Sir Ray Lankester, the well-known authority on the okapi, has placed it in the new genus, *Okapia*. The okapi and giraffe are the only survivors of the once extensive group of the *girafidæ* of the Miocene period. The okapi's range extends through the Equatorial forests, but it is locally distributed and I do not think it would be found where the large-leaved plant does not grow, the tender shoots of which seem essential to its existence, and this is not surprising when one sees how weak are the front teeth of the animal.

Except in the case of our Angu specimen, and that of Major Powell-Cotton's from the River Ituri, the localities of all the specimens now in Europe are unknown; so the exact distribution has still to be determined. So far, Angu is the westernmost range that is known. The natives on the Welle, however, told us that it was to be found in the neighbourhood of the Likati river, and during my stay in the forest near Banzyville a native came in saying that he had seen an okapi with a young one in the forest. On our journey from Angu up the Welle, we could find no trace of the animal to the north of the river where the forest limit is reached.

And now to return to my story.

I stayed three days with José at Beritio, waiting for the skin of the okapi to dry. At first it seemed doubtful that we should save it, for rain fell heavily every day and I was almost in despair. I shall never forget that anxious time; how eagerly we seized the opportunity of every little interval

of sun ! the next moment, perhaps, to find ourselves rushing out to snatch the precious skin from a sudden downpour of rain. The drying, however, went on better than we had expected, and on the third day we were able to leave for Angu.

At a village we stayed at on our way, I bought from the chief another skin which, although it was incomplete, cost me a great deal of cloth, for the striped part is much prized by the natives, who, besides making bandoliers of it, use it for covering their chairs. Being the rarest and most difficult skin to obtain and attractive by reason of its peculiar markings, the native regards it as an emblem of rank. I remember how, when on our way to Niangara, an old chief followed our boats for two days, begging me to sell him a small strip of my okapi skin, and offering for it no less than twenty fowls which he had with him in his canoe.

Although Gosling had failed to catch an okapi, he had during his time in the forest obtained a goodly number of small mammals, including a beautiful white-bellied mouse which proved to be a new genus and was named after him, *Colomys goslingi*. He also became possessed of a baby chimpanzee which he christened "Mary." The tiny thing, which was only three days old, had broken its left arm in falling from a tree, and Gosling mended it most successfully. As she lay on her back in a small basket she looked exactly like a baby in a cradle. After a formal introduction she soon became friends with my "Mistress Anne" who was the elder by six months.

I joined Gosling at Angu on February 27, the day on which we had sailed from England two years before.

## CHAPTER XXX

### OUR JOURNEY UP THE WELLE

WE were not sorry to leave Angu. The long stays in the hot steaming forest hunting the okapi had been most trying to the health of the party, and the work on the Welle, which has an evil reputation for being the breeding-ground of bilious and blackwater fever, told severely on our weakened constitutions, and we had all suffered from serious attacks of fever.

Before leaving we obtained another lot of men for the canoe, which took a good many of our things and so lightened the boats for going up this difficult river; at each post we came to a fresh number of polers was always engaged.

We were now in the country of the Bakango, a tribe who inhabit the river banks. They are good watermen and handle their canoes in the rapids with great skill, although in physique they are not nearly so fine as the Yakomas. They intermarry a good deal with the people of the interior. Both the men and women paint striped patterns all over their bodies with the black juice of the forest nut; they also wear the loin-cloth of bark. The women, who are coarse and ugly, disfigure their ears like the Yakomas, but to a much greater extent; the whole of the shell is cut out and the remaining rim of flesh stretched like a rubber tyre on a tin

hoop sometimes two inches in diameter. They often adorn the rim with many little brass rings or beads sewn in with



BAKANGO METHOD OF CATCHING FISH

elephant hair. They wear before and behind a covering in shape and size like a large water-lily leaf, neatly woven out of dry corn-blades.

The Bakango are a fisher-folk and employ rough stockades in the form of cages which are driven between the rocks in the rapids ; into these the fish are swept by the strong currents. They also poison fish with the branches of a tree, called M'bete, that exudes a poisonous juice when cut ; the branches are placed in a backwater where the fish come and feed on the juice which has the effect of blinding them.

They collect much palm wine from the palm groves on the river islands.

The best trade-goods for dealing with these people are



MOMBUTTU CANNIBALS SENTENCED AT NIANGARA TO IMPRISONMENT FOR  
EATING THREE MEN

cloth, salt, white beads and *mitakos*. These last are brass rods, about 4 in. long; they are generally used by the women for making bracelets. Salt has a good value; one teaspoonful will buy three eggs and two a fowl. In some parts of the river the natives make a salt of poor quality from the slimy water-weed growing on the rocks, which they collect when the water falls.

Our journey up the river from Angu to Niangara was a continual fight against rapids and hidden rocks. With the exception of the distance between the Angba hills and Niangara, where the river bed for the first time becomes sandy; the entire course is cut up by rocky stretches and bad rapids complicated by islands, with navigable reaches at intervals varying from two to eight miles in length and in two or three places from thirty to forty miles, but this was when the river was at its full ; during the dry season navigation must be very much more difficult.

The principal rapids, where unloading was necessary, are the Corombo, about a day from Bima ; the Sakossa and Ciassi below Bambili ; the Punga, twenty-five miles above Bambili ; and above these again the Angba, formed by the hill of that name.

As far as Bambili the left bank of the river is all tropical forest which after that point recedes to the line of the Bomakandi river, and the Welle is then known as the Makua and flows through an open bush and grass country the whole length of its course from the Kibali. It has an average width of 160 yards and both banks are well lined with belts of trees with spaces now and then that open on to pretty views of the country beyond. Although the river is such a difficult one for navigation, it is used for transport purposes by the Belgians between Niangara and Angu, from which place connection with the Congo is made by a four days' trek to the Likati river.

The arrangement of the posts on the Welle is very perfect ; the two best examples are Niangara and Bambili, especially the latter, which is prettily situated on the right bank on



high ground overlooking the river ; just above it is the junction of the Bomakandi which is 100 yards wide, with fine forest trees on both banks.

Our journey up the Welle was very slow, for navigation was most difficult and many delays were caused by our having to mend the numerous holes in the boats. Much time was also spent on expeditions into the bush and forest for collecting purposes, and then days, getting more and more frequent, were lost when one or other of us had to give in to attacks of fever. Our stores had now come to an end, and we had to fall back on the poor substitute of native food which we bought with the meat we killed. Gosling who for two years had resisted fever with an iron constitution was beginning to suffer from severe attacks, but he was always very loth to confess to being ill.

On March 15 we stayed at a small village called Kassala, twenty miles above Bima, in order that my boat which was in a very leaky condition could be taken out of the water for the stoppings to be renewed.

Towards evening when Gosling returned from hunting, his distressed appearance showed that he was in a state of high fever. I begged him to stay and rest for a day, but as usual, he would not hear of it ; next morning I tried the plan of getting up early and going out collecting before he should wake in the hope that finding me gone he would remain in bed. But, unfortunately, my scheme failed ; just as I was leaving the hut he awoke and got up, so we left to continue the journey. When we made our usual halt at eleven o'clock he was looking wretchedly ill and refused to eat. Just before starting again I was a little way off in the

bush when I heard him cry out to me, almost painfully. On reaching him he said, "I have got blackwater." Alas! it was only too true; there is no mistaking the symptoms. The start was made in depressing silence, for both knew that his case would be most serious, coming as it did after the arduous work of the last two years when fever and poor living had tried his constitution. Fortunately we had not far to go; another ten minutes brought us to the little village of Basinga, or Pompari as it was formerly known. It was a squalid place, and only a small hut could be found. Our camp beds had long ago given way, but I was lucky in finding some dry grass to make his bed soft. In our box of medical comforts there was one tin of Benger's Food left and our last four pint-bottles of champagne which we had saved carefully since leaving Nigeria. I firmly believe that they saved Gosling's life; as I supported him and watched him take the cup in both hands and eagerly drink it up I could see his strength revive in him, and I felt that these little bottles which had come safely through the risks of 4000 miles held the most precious thing in the whole world. The attack was an obstinate one, lasting five days, or just double the usual time. I did not leave his side day or night till the change came on the 23rd. For treatment I could do nothing but administer a strong dose of calomel, keep up a constant application of the hot-water bottle to the region of the liver, and give plenty of tea to drink.

This terrible disease which proves fatal in so many cases is not painful, except for the vomiting in the early stages, which, of course, is very distressing. After that, extreme lassitude sets in and the patient grows weaker and weaker



RIVER WELLE BELOW BAMBILI



till the crisis comes when he either takes a sudden turn for the better or death intervenes. From my experience I am inclined to think that blackwater is not a specific disease, but rather a condition resulting from the accumulated poison of repeated attacks of malaria.

Gosling was already convalescent when Doctor Vedy whom I had sent for arrived from Bambili. The doctor made an examination of his blood and found him very anæmic; he advised a rest of five days, and after that not more than two or three hours' travelling in a day, to be done in the cool of the morning.

By April 1 Gosling felt well enough to go on.

Before reaching Bambili, in a beautiful part of the river where the whole water is lashed into a white foam by the rocks and boulders, and the scenery is wild with wooded banks and islands of stately cocoa-nut palms, Gosling, who was ahead of me, saw the pretty sight of a party of five elephants crossing the river; he got quite close to them, for they could only move very slowly as they picked their way carefully among the rocks.

A week later we arrived at Bambili. In the meantime Gosling had recovered wonderfully, but he was still too weak to go out hunting, and this worried him very much. While he remained at Bambili I left with José and made a journey of a few hours up the Bomakandi river by which I gained the Ababua country. Here I stayed in a small village to make the last of my forest collections. The Ababua are a fine race inhabiting the forest country between the Likati, Rubi, and Bomakandi rivers. They are intelligent, proud of bearing, and exceptionally well-

bred looking. Living as they do in the forest the men are good hunters ; they are also warlike, fighting with spears which they do not throw, but use at close quarters with their enemy so that they may not lose their weapons. At one time they repelled the powerful Azandi who were endeavouring to spread southwards, and they have been inimical to the rule of the white man. As they are a forest people knives are much prized by them, and a man who wants to marry must give forty for one wife and a hundred if he wish to have two.

The young boys are circumcised and for the period wear a peculiar loin-cloth consisting of a fringe of grass ; this is the only time I have seen the custom practised among the Congo tribes ; probably in this case it is due to Arab influence.

I returned to Bambili on the 18th and found Gosling looking very much better. Altogether our stay had been profitable for I had added nearly fifty good birds and several rare duikers to my forest collection.

Our next objective was Amadi, a five days' journey from Bambili. The fever that had accumulated in our systems during our long stay in the forest still affected us, and at Bodo, about twelve miles from Amadi, we both collapsed ; but Gosling, owing to his recent illness, was by far the worse, suffering from vomiting as well. As soon as I was able I came to his assistance and careful nursing just warded off another attack of blackwater.

During his illness the "boy" who looked after his antelope, "Pasi," allowed it to wander away into the bush, and, though we spent the whole of the next day scouring the country we could not find it.

In two days Gosling had recovered, but he looked fearfully worn, and was very depressed at the loss of his little pet. Afterwards at Amadi, however, he was much cheered by the glad surprise of the truant Pasi's reappearance; it was brought in by the chief of Bodo who had caught it after we left.

We next broke our journey at the Angba hill which abuts on the right bank. It is about 120 ft. high and contains much iron; the surface is covered with grass and scrubby trees. This is the country of the Madi tribe, and a few hours' journey from the hill brought me to a large village where I stayed a few days to collect and get more wax, or "dunko," as the Hausas called it, for mending the boats.

It was an interesting place, and I got on friendly terms with the chief, who gave me a good square-built mud house to live in. There were a number of these as well as the round huts surrounding a large space crowned by some handsome coconut palms. From the branches hung a great many nests of weaver birds whose gay plumage of yellow and black enlivened the scene. This is the village square where the great chief sits at evening time surrounded by his headmen, and here he holds talk with his people, hearing all that they have done or seen during the day, while his special spy comes and reports to him what the "Masungu," or white man at Amadi, is doing, every detail of whose life is chronicled faithfully before him from day to day. Towards sunset a slave boy comes to him with a jar of palm wine fresh drawn from the trees, and when the great chief raises it to his lips a roll sounds on the large wooden village drum, and as the

notes die away a great cry rises and spreads from one compound to another :

“ The king drinks, the king drinks.”

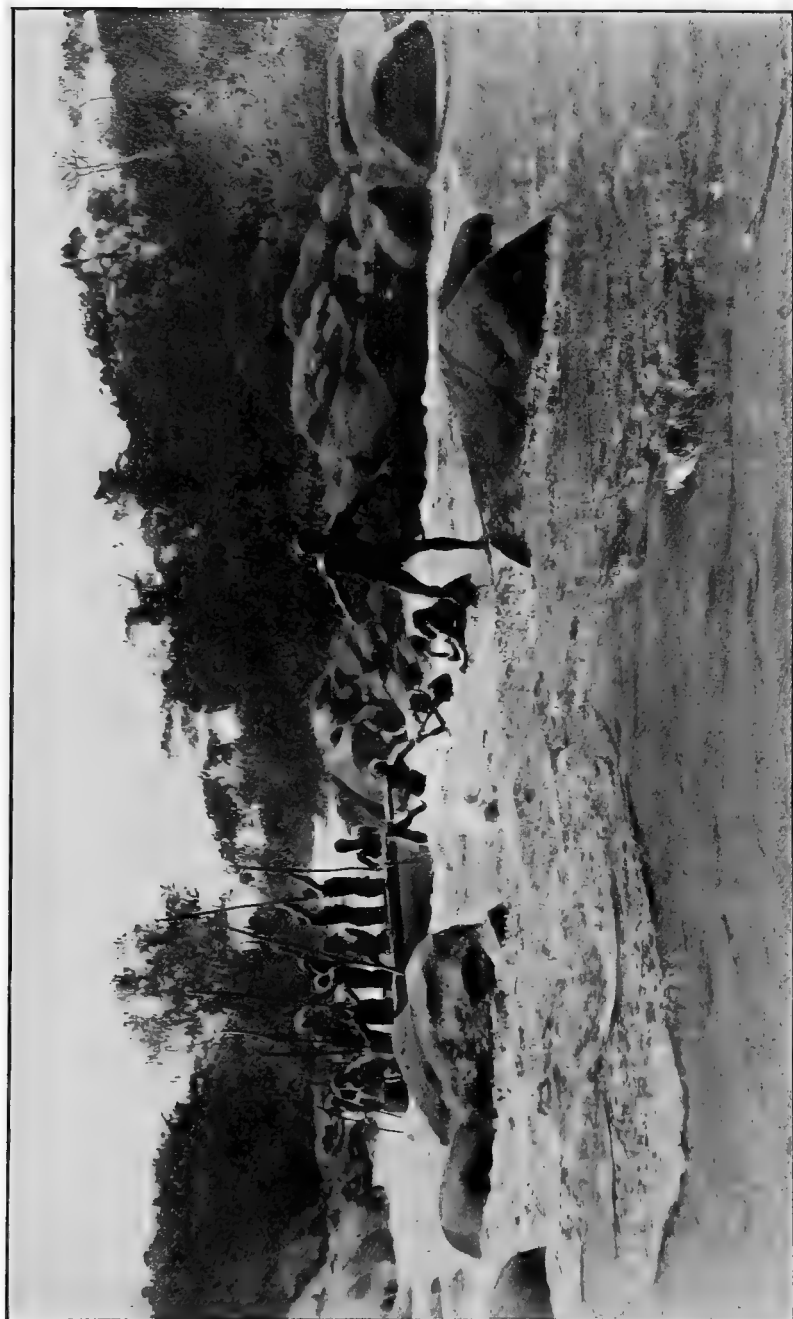
The drum used by these forest people is made of a log of wood, 2 ft. long by  $1\frac{1}{2}$  ft. deep, very skilfully hollowed out through a narrow slit, a few inches long. It rests on four legs and sometimes has handles at each end. The sound of it is very beautiful echoing through the forest at night.

The Madi inhabit the country between Amadi and Surungu, and are to be found chiefly on the right bank, extending into the interior as far as the country of the Azandi. Following the custom that prevails with most of the tribes of the Welle region, they paint patterns all over their bodies with the black juice of the forest nut. The men and boys are inseparable from a little musical instrument which they may be heard twanging all day long in the village. It is oval and belly-shaped, and there are four pieces of metal attached at one end over a sounding hole on the face and turned up at the other so that they can be twanged by the thumbs of the player as he holds the instrument in his two palms. It sounds very much like a Jew's-harp.

The Madi compress the heads of their female children by binding them with string as close as the splicing on a cricket bat, so that the foreheads are made to slope right back—an effective precautionary measure for dealing with woman's suffrage I should think !

The possession of boats of our own gave us a great advantage when we had a mind to explore the byways of the river, and on our arrival at Surungu, we set out to make the passage of the Guruba, a pretty little river which flows into the Welle





PASSING THE COROMBO RAPIDS



about three miles below the post. It is about thirty yards wide at its mouth. Along its banks, the trees, which at this time were all in the fresh green of Spring, stretch gnarled stems and boughs across the water, in places meeting overhead; and where the banks are steep the sides are clothed in a wealth of ferns. Its course is very serpentine, and once, after taking a quarter of an hour to round a loop, we found ourselves only a few yards from the point where we had commenced to diverge.

Another large loop is cut through by a remarkable canal. It is forty yards long and must have cost a great deal of labour. Our Bakango guide told us that it was made a very long time ago, and I believe it is the work of people who no longer exist in the land. The present inhabitants make no use of the river which, with the exception of two small villages near the mouth, is quite deserted. But on a gently rising slope on the right bank there is evidence that a large village existed some long time ago.

We spent ten days in the ascent of the river and succeeded in getting a distance of thirty miles; towards the end the passage was very slow, for the stream had narrowed down to ten yards, and there were many trees fallen across it, some of which we cut through while we pulled the boats over others.

Our last night on the River Guruba was marked by a strange event. Jagoba fell into a fit caused by his having been sharply spoken to. He was always very sensitive and had had a similar attack, which I did not witness, a year before when Agoma happened to play on his banjo an air that recalled to Jagoba a master whom he had served in days gone

by. I will describe the fit as I saw it, but in terms that his fellow Hausas would use among whom these seizures are not uncommon.

Suddenly the spirit of Jagoba departed from his body which was taken possession of by another who spoke fluent Fulani, a language of which Jagoba did not know a word. The Fulani was a drover of cattle who whistled and called imaginary cows to him by name and then proceeded to milk them with absolute faithfulness of gesture, the while he made the exact sound of milk falling into a pot. When the Fulani departed, the spirit of a lion took possession, grunting and roaring and fighting at bay; then followed a snake that hissed and spat and writhed along the ground. After the fit had lasted about twenty minutes Jagoba sneezed three times and came to himself.

It was evidently on the strength of his exhibition in the former attack that he had been chosen by the "boys" to act the animals in their Christmas play, but his performance then, though very good, was not to be compared with his impersonations while in the fit, which could not have been surpassed by the finest actor; indeed no gesture or trick recurred that betrayed the fact that Jagoba the actor was one and the same with Jagoba of the fit.\*

On our return to Surungu a tragic event befell in the untimely death of poor little "Mary." While John her keeper was washing clothes over the side of one of the boats,

\* The Hausas told me of the case of a woman, on whom the fit fell in the night, compelling her to go round the huts of the village collecting the neighbour's chattels, which she would bring back to her own hut. She had done this many times before she was discovered, nor was she ever conscious on waking of having taken the things.

“ Mary ” climbed up his leg to reach the gunwale ; the next moment she lost her balance and fell overboard and was carried away by the swift current. The picture of the poor, trustful little baby snatched away by the greedy water to be dashed to death upon the rocks of a cruel rapid, haunted our minds for many days.

She was just on four months old when she died ; she had got her front teeth and three of the back, but was still being fed by hand with mashed-up plantains. She

was fat and very thriving, and could sit up and run about.

So “ Mistress Anne ” was now left without a companion, and how she used to hate it ! If Quasso put her on the ground and pretended to desert her she would lie on her back and throw herself into such a screaming paroxysm of rage that she almost choked. She had many amusing little ways ; when she got a jigger in her foot or hand she used to go and show it in the most matter-of-fact way to Quasso to have it taken out ; and wherever she went she always carried about



JAGOBA

with her a little piece of red cloth which she tucked up and hugged to herself as if it had been a doll. She is now being very kindly entertained by the Zoological Society in London.

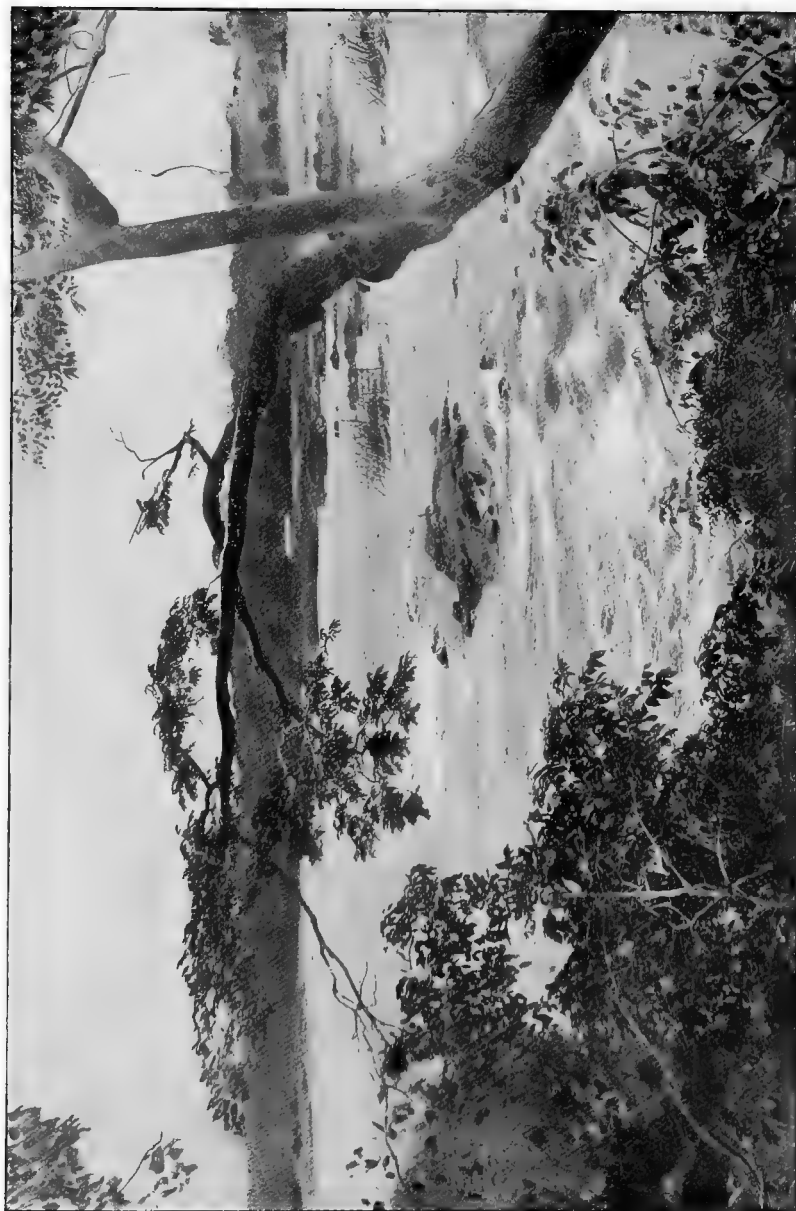
On June 7 we reached Niangara where we received a very hospitable welcome from Commandant Sarolea who two days later arranged for us a trip into the country on horse-back to see the large town of Okondo, the capital of the Bungba country, some three hours' distant from Niangara.

Five miles out we crossed the Gudda, a pretty little river about the same size as the Garuba, and flowing into the Welle four miles below Niangara.

The Bungba is the largest section of the Mangbettu race, and Okondo is the biggest town I have seen in the Welle region. The huts are round and well-built, and the walls of many are decorated with patterns in black and white; they encircle a space which must be quite 300 yards across. The Bungba are a tall, muscular race; their rather broad, distended nostrils are a peculiar characteristic, and the men are hairy. The heads of the female children are compressed with string like those of the Madi.

The Mangbettu make a peculiar sweetmeat called "Bedongo" from the young plantain, which goes through a careful process of drying. It is first put on a rack over a fire and allowed to sweat gently; it is then taken out and put in the sun for a few hours, after which it is again subjected to the sweating process, and so on, turn about, for a period of five days. It shrinks considerably in the preparation and when finished looks both in colour and shape like a fried sausage; it has a sweet and delicate flavour.

A short distance from the town the king's head wives,



THE CLASSI RAPIDS





the queen and her sister, came out to meet us. Their toilets were striking ; the queen was attired in a loose white bathing-dress, trimmed with red, with wide skirts above the knees, her legs were encased in stockings, and a brand new pair of leather boots which were much too long for her completed her costume. When we arrived in the town the ladies retired to reappear soon after in native dress. Both were big and very black of skin. The queen wore a massive girdle made of large sparklet bullets round her waist and a collarette of rifle bullets. Her hair was done high up on the head like a deep saucer, the usual Mangbettu fashion, out of which stuck on both sides monkey-bones, which I was told play the part of Cupid's darts in their love-affairs and are sent to the happy man whom their owner would smile upon.

Presently the queen mother, an elderly but well-preserved lady, joined our party ; she was the wife of Niangara, a former chief whose village lay close to the left bank of the Guddu. They all sat down on stools and displayed admirable self-possession and charming natural manners as they helped themselves to the beer which they had brought us, taking between the sips whiffs from a 3-ft. pipe of green palm stick which was handed to them by a girl attendant. We both gave them bracelets of coloured stones, with which they were mightily pleased, and the younger sister at once got up and gave us each a kiss on the forehead. Afterwards we took a walk round the town where we found the inmates of many of the huts grouped outside and busy painting themselves and doing up their hair as if for some special occasion. Then we made our way to the space in the centre where stood a large open shed. Here the natives were wont to indulge

in dancing. Already the people were flocking in and the festivities had begun. On our arrival in the shed several of the best dancers came forward and danced before us ; they were evidently popular favourites for the crowd clapped them incessantly.

Soon a cry arose that Okondo, the king himself would dance. This was a great and rare event and evidently to be done in our honour. In a moment the shed was cleared, and soon after, 300 black-skinned girls of splendid form trooped silently in and encircling the large dancing space sat down on the little round stools they carried with them. Then fell a pause of hushed expectancy just like that which might precede the entry of a great actor upon the stage. Then a loud crash of music broke forth from the band ; drums rolled, cymbals clashed and rough iron triangles clanged to herald the approach of the king, who the next moment in all his war paint, paced into the circle with a swinging, rhythmic step. A great cry greeted him, and then all the women with swaying heads and swinging arms sang to the music as he danced round the ring.

He was dressed in a large loin-cloth of woven bark, the pleated ends of which reached almost to his chest, a stout leathern belt encircled his waist, and a thick sporran of lemur skins hung down in front, while bunches of long monkey tails covered his loins. On his head he wore a grass-woven hat without brim, adorned with rosettes made of the feathers of guinea-fowls, and on his feet tinkled heavy anklets of bells. As he danced, his feet scraped and struck the ground with short beats accompanied by gestures of the body. Sometimes he would pause for breath, strutting in

time with the music over to a group of girls to address them caressingly, just as a "star" walks down the line of the chorus



THE KING OF OKONDO

between the figures of a dance ; and then he would spin round the ring again to the music and the clapping. At the end of each turn a young and graceful girl fanned him with a fine-woven mat, while one of his slaves approached and wiped away his sweat, sprinkling his face with scent. All the women in turn were engaged by him, and finally he came

to the queen, and danced before her. Then the music and the singing grew loud and louder, and fast and faster flew his feet ; the sporran jumped and shook, and the monkeys' tails whirled round him. On and on he danced tireless till the light began to fade and silhouette the lines of swaying girls who still wagged their heads like china mandarins. At last the music and the dancing died upon the dusk ; then girls came and laid a parrot and a bow with three bunches of arrows at my feet as an offering from the king.

## CHAPTER XXXI

### NIANGARA

THE next morning (June 11) we set out to return to Niangara, taking with us many presents of fowls and eggs and *bedongo* from the king.

We arrived in Niangara at noon and lunched with Commandant Sarolea, which made an agreeable finish to a delightful trip.

The return ride had been very hot. I noticed that towards the end Gosling seemed to feel it very much. Always plucky, however, he went through luncheon in good spirits and talked brightly, saying how very much he had enjoyed the trip and how greatly struck he had been by the native dance.

After luncheon we returned to our quarters, and then with appalling suddenness the symptoms of blackwater reappeared. He at once went to bed and I called Doctor Cammermeyer, the medical officer of the station. The doctor pronounced the case very serious, coming as it did hardly three months after the first attack. He was loath to tell Gosling the gravity of his condition, but his merciful intentions were useless; the poor fellow knew only too well for himself, and after the doctor had left, said: "What is the good of him beating about the bush like this—why can't he tell me straight out I have blackwater?" Gosling slept

most of the afternoon and did not pass such a very bad night, sleeping off and on. Dr. Cammermeyer was able to give him some champagne from his medicine store ; the last of our own supply had been finished in his first illness ; indeed, we had absolutely no comforts left, so that we can never fail to be thankful for the wonderful providence that brought him in his last hour to a haven where there were kind friends and comfort to soften the bitterness of the end. The next day the symptoms remained as persistent as ever. Having watched by him in his first attack I could not fail to see the marked change in him now ; he was very weak and seemed as if he no longer had the wish to fight. He sank rapidly and hardly ever spoke. At that hour I do not think he acknowledged defeat, but weakness had assailed him so suddenly that he had not the power to realise his state, and so he did not suffer.

The next morning the doctor could give no hope, and at about three o'clock in the afternoon a decided change for the worse set in, after which he was seldom conscious again.

It was towards midnight and I had turned a moment from his side, when, with a great effort, he rose from the bed and before I could get to him had reached the other end of the little room. It seemed as if it was then that his spirit had received its call, and the poor, weak body had struggled up in the endeavour to obey and follow. With the help of his boy, Quabena, who sat watching always at the door like a faithful dog, I lifted him on to the bed again, but the strain of his effort had been too much for him ; his breath quickened, and at half-past eleven he died suddenly and peacefully. Turning to Quabena, who was still crouching in the doorway,

I said: "*Baturi ya mutu*" ("The white man is dead"), and the silence was only broken by the sobs of the little boy.

The news of his death was heard in sorrow by all, and deeply moved Commandant Sarolea and Dr. Cammermeyer who had done all in his power to save his patient, but the case was hopeless from the first.

Work was stopped for the day and in the afternoon the body was borne with full military honours to the grave in the resting-place under the shade of palm-trees, where twelve other white men sleep.

The escort, numbering eighty men, was drawn up in line in front of the house, and as the coffin was carried out a volley was fired. The band of bugles and drums, playing a slow march, preceded the body to the grave. On each flank came the escort in single file. Then followed Commandant Sarolea with myself, then the other officers of the station, and the rear was brought up by the *personnel* of the Expedition. As the coffin was lowered another volley was fired, and each white man in turn dropped a spadeful of earth into the grave. Turning to me the commandant expressed his sorrow in a few eloquent words; then the escort marched away and the band played lively music.

I had a simple headstone of whitened bricks, about 3 ft. high, placed over the grave for the wooden cross to rest in, and a low brick wall built round, and within I planted some bright flowers from the garden of the Commandant. The inscription on the cross was burnt in so that the weather will not efface it. I think the grave looks brighter than the heavy sarcophagi of bricks that mark the other graves in the cemetery.

Tragic is the only word that can be applied to the circum-

stances of Gosling's death. For nearly two and a half years he had borne the burden and heat of the day, going through the hardships of that long time with a light heart and scarcely touched by sickness or fever; and then, when the Expedition was within but six months of its goal, he was stricken down and robbed of his share of the success—but not of his share of the fame;—that imperishably belongs to the brave dead.

It would have been impossible to find a man better equipped than Gosling for the work he took up. To his fine qualities as a soldier and sportsman were added a constitution of iron and untiring energy. Always an early riser he would be away on the trek often before dawn, and never missed an opportunity twice a day of making long hunting excursions into the bush. His powers of walking were extraordinary and, though a fast walker myself, I found it sometimes difficult to keep up with him. When mounting the rapids on the Welle, he would often take a pole himself to encourage the men.

He possessed the instincts of a good naturalist, and in this his characteristic regard for detail served him well, for whatever might be the animal obtained, from an elephant down to a mouse, he always took the measurements and made a careful description. The same thoroughness was shown by him in the little dictionaries he made of the Sungo and Bangala languages, and the admirable diary which he always wrote up, however tired he came in from the long day's trek.

He was a good shot, and true sportsman that he was nothing annoyed him more than to lose a wounded animal, and he would take extraordinary pains to follow up its



tracks. Whenever he killed large game, his first care was to send word into the neighbouring villages so that



CAPTAIN G. B. GOSLING'S GRAVE

none of the meat might be wasted. His game record is wonderful: giraffe, hartebeest, duikers and small forest antelopes, oribi, waterbuck, kob, reedbuck, several species of gazelle, roan antelope, lesser bushbuck, buffalo, hippopotamus, rhinoceros, elephant, lion, pig, wild dog, chimpanzees and several kinds of monkeys, all were obtained by him. And I must not omit to mention the unique collection of Lake Chad fish that he made. But, whatever the branch of science he might be engaged in, he would never pursue it to the detriment of others, for he

realised that the success of the Expedition would depend on the work as a whole, and so it was that he would often unselfishly make the best of it when we came to a place that was good for birds, while it gave no opportunity for his game collecting.

It was undoubtedly in the pursuit of the okapi, upon the capture of which he had set his heart, that he got his death. The long days and nights in the dripping, fever-laden forest were more than even his fine constitution could stand; and then he was so unused to illness that he set himself to fight on the first signs of fever when other men less strong would have yielded and so escaped. So that it might only too truly be said, his weakness lay in his strength.

It will always be a satisfaction for me to remember that not long before he died, when we were coming down the Guruba river after a pleasant day, he said suddenly in an enthusiastic tone: "I shall never regret this Expedition." The remark impressed me at the time, for Gosling was a man of few words.

Deep in his strong nature there was a charming tenderness which showed in his remarkable love of animals, as the reader will have discovered for himself in the accounts of his pets and his solicitude for them. But by a strange fatality all his pets came to an unhappy end, and only the day after I had left Niangara "Pasi," his little antelope, fell very sick, losing the power of his legs. I at once sent Jagoba and another man back with him to Niangara, but all Doctor Cammermeyer's efforts to save him were fruitless and he died the next day.

When all has been said of Gosling the explorer and

hunter, there still remains to be told his record as a soldier and athlete, and for this I cannot do better than quote the nice appreciation that appeared in the Rifle Brigade Chronicle for 1906.

### CAPTAIN G. B. GOSLING

“George Bennett Gosling was the fourth son of the late Robert Gosling, Esquire, of Hassobury, Essex, by his marriage with Eleanor Spencer, daughter of the late Spencer Smith, Esquire, and was born August 26, 1872. He was educated at Eton and the Royal Military College, Sandhurst.

“Entering Mr. Radcliffe’s house at Eton in January 1886, he soon showed that aptitude for games of all kinds that has made his family—seven brothers in all—rank in the annals of Eton with those of Studd, Lyttelton and Lubbock. In the Cricket XI 1889 and 1890, the latter year captain, he kept wicket for the school; in the same year he was in the Football XI, being Keeper-of-the-Field in 1890, in which year his House won the Football Cup. He was a remarkably fine football player. It will also be of interest to old Etonians to remind them that he was President of ‘Pop.’ He passed into Sandhurst in December 1890. During his leave in the summer of 1891, he played cricket twice for Essex. He received his first commission in the Rifle Brigade, March 12, 1892, being posted to 3rd Battalion, and joining it at Jullundur in the Punjab. He became Lieutenant April 2, 1894.

“Gosling first saw active service in the North West Frontier Campaign of 1897–1898 with the Tochi Field Force. Having

charge of the regimental transport, he was one of the six officers who never went sick throughout that trying campaign, when so many of all ranks fell victims to enteric fever. He received the Medal and Clasp. Ben Gosling—he was always known as ‘Ben’ except in the regiment, where he was invariably called ‘Goose’—will be chiefly remembered in the Army as a brilliant polo player of the very first class, and in the Rifle Brigade he will ever be associated with the great triumph of the 3rd Battalion team, which won in 1900 both the Indian Infantry and Inter-Regimental Tournaments; the team comprising E. W. Bell (No. 1), G. B. Gosling (No. 2), George Morris (No. 3), and Percy Creed (Back). Returning to England in 1899, he played in the winning team of the County Cup at Hurlingham—Stansted—while in 1903 he was the mainstay of the 1st Battalion team which played that sensational game against the 17th Lancers (the ultimate winners) in the semi-final of the Inter-Regimental Tournament, the score being seven goals to six.

“A fine hitter and always on the gallop, his opponents might be certain of a fast game, and there is little doubt that he was one of the best No. 2s in England, and in the opinion of one well-known critic, the best.

“He became Captain, December 10, 1898, and on his return from India was with the 4th Battalion in Dublin, until he went out to South Africa with the Mounted Infantry Company of that Battalion in March 1901. They formed part of ‘13th M.I.,’ and were constantly engaged. At Zand River Poort in the Transvaal on May 21, Gosling received a severe wound in the leg, while going to the assistance of

Frank Nugent, who had been badly shot and looked like being captured with his small body of men. The wound gave him a good deal of trouble, though he appeared to make light of it. He returned invalided in the summer of 1901 and received the Queen's Medal with clasps for 'Cape Colony,' 'Orange River Colony,' 'Transvaal' and '1901.' 'Jimmy,' his poodle, and a great favourite with every one, went through the campaign with his master and used to wear medals with the correct clasps on his collar. . . .

"Gosling was not quite thirty-four years old when he died.

"The sad news reached home in the middle of July 1906, and on the 24th of that month the Church of Farnham, in the Park at Hassobury, was the scene of a simple memorial service, and it was easy to see how much he was beloved by all his brother's tenantry and neighbours of all classes. His servant Rifleman C. Dymock was present and a brother officer, who has endeavoured in these few lines to do justice to the memory of one who combined at once the finest qualities of a soldier and a sportsman. The son of a Master of Hounds, Mr. Robert Gosling being for many years Master of the Puckeridge, Ben Gosling was a bold and resolute horseman, and was devoted to fox-hunting, and in his will left a bequest to the Hunt Servants' Benefit Society, as well as to the Rifleman's Aid.

"The portrait we give \* was taken just before he started for Africa. The likeness we can look at, but regiment and friends alike will miss the genial smile of one of the best and bravest of fellows that ever lived."

MAURICE WHITE.

\* See frontispiece to this volume.

## CHAPTER XXXII

### NATURAL HISTORY

It was not till the Expedition arrived at Ibi on the Benue that the systematic work of big game collecting was commenced, and then Gosling soon found a fine field for his labours.

During the tornado season in April which heralds the approach of the rains the country around Ibi and to the north of the river was literally teeming with game, for with the first fall of the rains, the succulent young grass was springing up where the dead grass had been burnt by the natives. Large herds of kob with the young of the year frequented the open valleys and places where the pools were beginning to fill up afresh. In the same localities there were great numbers of hartebeest, the West African species and the Senegal, of which the former were the more numerous, and in the neighbourhood of Serikin Kudu, where I shot my lion, it was a common sight to see sixty or seventy of them in a herd. There was also a fair number of reedbuck, and in the more enclosed portions of the country roan antelope and lesser bushbuck were met with. Waterbuck, singly and in pairs, were always to be found in the covers along the rivers and streams where they made their tracks down to the water's edge. Hardly a day passed on our journeys along the rivers when we did not see one or two of them, and

consequently we depended on them more than any other animals to supply us with meat. Up the Shari as we pitched



HARTEBEEST BY LAKE CHAD

camp on some sandbank it was seldom that we did not find a kob or waterbuck waiting by to furnish us with our evening meal.

When we had left the green woods and valleys and emerged on to the sandy mimosa-covered country of the Yo river and Chad region that gives way near the Lake itself to stretches overgrown in places with the maio bush, we met

with three species of gazelle, the dorcas, red-fronted, and dama. These, being desert creatures, were to be seen on the open plain during the heat of the day. Not so the hartebeest that only wended their way morning and evening to the Lake from the woods. Sometimes there were solitary kob that looked as if they had strayed from their accustomed haunts in the green glades.

Gosling made a good record during his stay at Fort Lamy ; his bag included giraffe, duiker, reedbuck, roan antelope, lesser bushbuck, Lake Chad buffalo, rhino, and wild dog. Indeed, the whole of the Shari region is a paradise for the hunter, especially in the dry season from October to May. In the rains, however, most of the game desert the river and scatter over a wide area of country, frequenting the smaller rivers and the edges of extensive marshes.

On several occasions in this region we came across wild dogs (*Lycaon*), and the one which Gosling shot near Fort Lamy proved to be a new species. At the time it was shot a party of three of them were dining off a dead goat. They are interesting animals, but have a rather "low-class" appearance ; the skin is a mixture of yellow, black, white and grey, with bushy tail. The natives hold them in great awe, and there are many tales told about them ; it is said they attack men and that all the animals of the bush go in fear of them.

In the neighbourhood of Fort Lamy there are many places in the thick thorn woods where there are streams, the sandy beds of which even in the dry season hold pools of water. These are favourite haunts of buffalo, which dislike having to come down to the more open river. Farther away in



the open there are plains that during the rains become swamps, but in the dry season are covered with long grass. Here, when the natives have burnt the grass off, the buffaloes



GOSLING'S RHINOCEROS

dearly love to come in the early morning and feed upon the young shoots that spring up among the blackened stubs; then when the sun gets up they saunter slowly back to spend the rest of the day in the shady seclusion of the thorn.

In this country, too, there is plenty of giraffe, roan antelope and pig. It was a fine sight to move a troop of giraffe, perhaps forty or fifty in number, which, at the sound of our approach, would gaze at us as we stood motionless and then with a rattle of hoofs on the hard ground canter off in a cloud of dust to stop again a little farther off

and crane forward their necks to sniff the approaching danger. The next moment they would turn about and open out in a long extended line as they sped away across the wide plain.

Rhino are also plentiful along the Shari. Gosling thus describes an experience he had with one of these animals : "Sali, my gun-boy, who was out a short distance from camp, came running in saying, 'Elephant !' I was sitting learning Arabic from Mustapha. Before I could put my rifles together there was a commotion among the donkeys thirty yards away, and some angry snorts. A rhino then appeared about twenty yards off and gazed at us for a moment and then departed. A good many of the 'boys' were instantly up trees. I quickly pursued and shot him as he was crossing a backwater which was about 3 ft. deep. Sticking in his rump I found the barb of an arrow that had been received from above, with a weight attached. The natives place them above elephant paths. This must have been in for a good many days and had failed to kill him. Under the circumstances he might easily have charged the camp, rhino having bad reputations for temper. . . . Two Banda hunters came in with a 'dash' of honey and to partake of the feast of flesh. By the afternoon, when the King of Odio arrived with a supply of 'geri,' there was absolutely nothing left. The scene now at night with four camp-fires burning is quite nice. The cry of leopard or baboon is occasionally to be heard. This morning some one fired the bush close by, and as the fire passed near us the noise resembled the rattle of musketry. Great chaff is still going on as to who ran away this morning."

At the time of our passage up the Ubangui, the long grass in the outer country made hunting very difficult, and we had to confine our attention chiefly to the large wooded islands in the river, which are inhabited by elephant, buffalo, and the West African bushbuck. On one of these islands Gosling obtained three buffaloes which by their measurements proved to be the Lake Chad species.

The West African Bushbuck, like the Situtunga, inhabits reedy swamps, frequently (according to the natives) standing in the water up to its eyes. On the Ubangui it is known as "m'bruya," and is not killed by the natives, as it is said to bring the slayer all sorts of misfortunes. Consequently we found it very difficult to procure any accurate information as to its whereabouts.

In the forest country about Banzyville the natives trap the antelope in pits. A rough barrier of branches is made at right angles to a forest stream; in this a number of gaps are left, and opposite to each is dug a pit 10 ft. deep or so, in the bottom of which sharp stakes are driven; the surface is then concealed with a light covering of twigs and leaves.

It was at Bambili that we first obtained some of the rarest forest animals. Several small antelopes were brought to us by the Ababuas who catch them in nets; one of a rich red-brown colour was especially beautiful and proved to be new to science. It is named after my brother, *Cephalophus claudi*.

It was in the Ababua country also that we found the Bongo antelope, and the Yellow-backed duiker which is the largest member of its genus and easily distinguished from the others by its almost uniform blackish colour and yellow streak

on the rump. These animals, especially the former, are quite as elusive as the okapi, and frequent the same haunts. Though we worked hard to get them our efforts were fruitless.

As we left the forest and came into more open country we met with the waterbuck and kob again, and near Angba in place of the latter we found an allied species, the Uganda kob. In the open grass country around Niangara Gosling shot a pair of beautiful little oribi. These were the last animals he obtained before he died, and as the species is new it has been named after him. It is an interesting discovery, for it forms a link between the West African oribi and the Abyssinian species.

Along the Kibali the Uganda kob, reedbuck, lesser bushbuck, pig, and elephant were at different times obtained and observed by me in my ascent of the river.

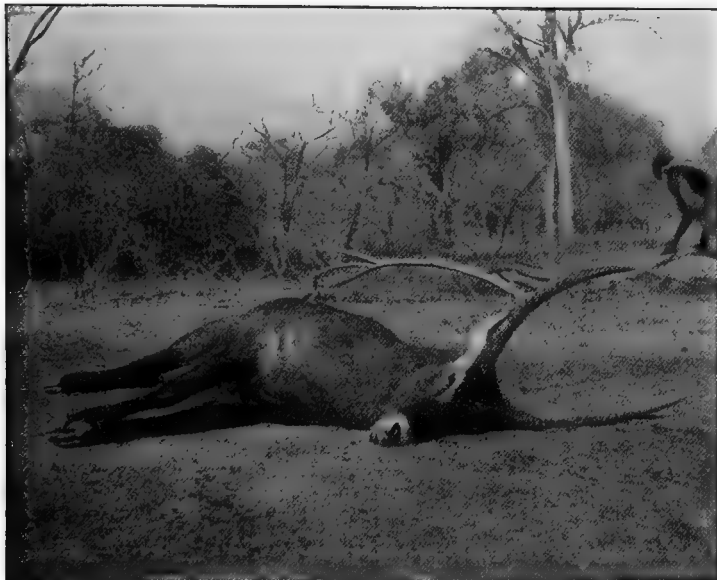
The scarcity of game in the Yei region was remarkable. There were many old elephant-paths, but only once did I see elephants on the banks. I saw a few Abyssinian buffalo on some of the large wooded islands, and on more than one occasion lions disturbed our peace at night.

To speak of the elephant I must take the reader back for a short while to Nigeria.

The distribution of the elephant, "giwa" as it is known by the Hausas and "kamagunn" by the Kanuri, is confined in Northern Nigeria almost entirely to the south-west shore of Lake Chad, the River Benue practically forming a northern limit, while they are still plentiful throughout the Munchi country, the Kameruns and Adamawa. During the dry season, between November and May when water in the interior has dried up, elephants gain the Chad shore from

Adamawa and the country south of the Benue through German Bornu that lies between the Shari and Benue.

In April 1905 when I was carrying our boat-sections from



A. WATERBUCK

Kaddai to the Kowa-Baga there<sup>1</sup> were many elephants frequenting the large belts by the Lake.

In the Shari region, after leaving Fort Lamy, elephants are to be found in the Baghirmi country; but they are continually shifting their quarters as they are much harried by the natives, who hunt them on horseback with poisoned spears which leave their heads buried in the animal, whose tracks are then followed—sometimes for two days—to the place where it eventually succumbs to the poison.

In the country of the Bamingi elephants are plentiful and continue so throughout the whole of the Shari-Ubangui

region. In these parts the natives, the Bandas chiefly, have a barbarously cruel method of killing them.

When a herd is located in the dry grass, all the villages turn out with guns and spears and fire the grass round the herd. The poor beasts make frantic attempts to break through the ring of fire, and are to be seen rushing madly to and fro, in their agony rooting up trees and throwing grass and earth over their scorched backs.

Near Kemmo Gosling met with several herds where the numerous "marigots," or forest streams, offer attractive localities. Here they come to bathe and wallow in the mud, and dust themselves with the red sand which they dig out from the banks with their tusks.

Along the Ubangui as far as Yakoma the elephant is not common owing to the country being so thickly populated, but they are sometimes found on wooded islands like Luma, and again become plentiful in the forest country south-west of Banzyville. In the Welle region the best ground lies to the north of the river between the Werre-Bili and Guruba rivers. In the true forest south of the Welle the animal is not common.

Gosling describes how when hunting the okapi near Angu he waited listening to an elephant that was breaking young trees and branches in the forest close by. Presently his Mobatti hunter, who had gone forward to look for the animal, gave a squeal and came back with only the shaft of his poisoned spear which he had been unable to resist burying in the elephant. Gosling goes on to say that he had to reprove the man, as he did not want the forest disturbed by the whole village coming after the meat.

The usual method of the Mobatti hunters is to attack the elephants with spears from their canoes as the animals cross the river.

For some years past the Belgians have been training young elephants, which are caught in the bush by native hunters, for transport work in the Congo ; but as an elephant cannot carry his full load till he is seven years old the business is a slow one. Commandant La Plume, who is in charge of the young elephants, has his headquarters at Api on the Werre-Bili, and at the time of our arrival at Bambili in April 1906 the number amounted to twenty-eight. His method of capturing them is to shoot the old male, and then as the cow goes off with her young, a native jumps on to the back of a baby elephant, separating it from the cow and driving it off into the bush.

The banks of the Kibali from Dungu, as far as the beginning of the hilly country to the east of N'soro, is a veritable home of the elephant, and the long grass is intersected by innumerable tracks.

The close season in the Congo is from May 15 to October 15, and east of the 28th parallel no hunting whatever is permitted throughout the year.

About June ivory-traders, who are chiefly Greeks and Indians, begin to come into the Congo, bringing with them mules and donkeys with which to buy ivory from the chiefs of the interior. For a mule they get eight to ten fair-sized tusks. Within the last few years the State has placed several restrictions upon the trader ; for instance, there is the stamp regulation by which he is obliged to give up one of every pair of tusks, while the other must receive the stamp

of the district where it has been collected. And in the close season no trading whatever is allowed in ivory.

Owing to these heavy restrictions a good deal of tusk-running is now being done. The chiefs, of course, are in sympathy with the trader and assist him. A common ruse employed to get unstamped tusks out of the country is to divide the column of carriers into two portions, and while the one carrying the stamped tusks goes through the post and is in the usual course examined by the official in charge, the other column follows a by-path through the bush, only known to the natives, and joins the main column again beyond the post. As all the tusks are wrapped round with plantain leaves detection on the road is difficult. In this way large numbers of tusks have found their way across the Nile into British territory without paying duty.

An honest trader, however, in spite of the restrictions can still drive a very fair trade. For instance, an imitation skin-rug, a popular thing with the chiefs and costing about fifteen shillings on the coast, will often buy a tusk which will fetch in Europe from fifty to sixty pounds.

In the Congo State the licence for shooting elephant and trading in ivory is 150 francs, and fifty francs besides for carrying a gun.

Space does not permit me to describe the large number of smaller mammals that the Expedition obtained, ranging from chimpanzees to shrews. The majority of these were found in the forests, but the denseness of the growth made observation of their habits very difficult. So I will leave these regions and go to the hills to say a few words about the little Rock Dassie (*Procavia*), an interesting animal much



resembling a guinea-pig but belonging to a very distinct group and having no near allies. It lives entirely among the rocks and is very locally distributed. This is shown by the fact that we obtained at different times no less than three different species.

It was on a hill called Kodja, which lies directly behind the Gaima Range, that I first had an opportunity of observing the dassie closely. The hill is an eruption of stones, about 300 ft. high, the grey, bare aspect of which is occasionally relieved by grass and the dark green splotches of trees springing in the hollows. At the foot of the hill there is a small Momvu village, and some of the huts perch on the ledges of rock above.

By the time I reached the hill the sun was high, but I made the ascent and was rewarded for my pains with a sight of the dassies.

The climb up the hill was interesting; the Momvu boy, whom I took with me as guide, knew intimately the ways that were sometimes narrow and difficult. We wriggled our way by narrow ledges past gigantic boulders, and dipped into dark caverns, through which we crawled, groping our way to gain the exit at the other end by a hole sometimes only just large enough to squeeze through. Then the path would wind through thick undergrowth in a hollow, and occasionally we came upon a few frail huts of mud and green corn-plots on a shelf of rock.

The top of the hill is almost flat in places and covered with short grass between the iron-stone slabs and enormous grey boulders. The dassies, which were the chief denizens of the hill-top, were to be seen in little family parties,

squatting or lying at full length on the tops of the big boulders, basking in the sun. On the sound of my footsteps they all sat up alert, eyeing me intently and uttering at intervals their peculiar cry, several high-pitched whines, ending in little barks ; and then, having satisfied themselves that danger was imminent, they dropped one by one into their holes in the rocks. It is a weird sound on a moonlight night to hear the dassies calling to one another over long distances from their high points of vantage.

I made up my mind not to attempt to secure specimens that day as I had only my "12-bore" with me ; and careful stalking was necessary to get within range effective enough to stop the animals wriggling out of reach in the clefts and holes. So I returned the next day and was lucky enough to secure a fine pair which makes a new species that I have named after José, *Procapia lopesi*.

The birds of this hill, which I found were also difficult to approach, belonged to a local distribution. The most common, perhaps, was a bulbul (*Pycnonotus*), and then there were two species of plantain-eaters which found a living on the fruit of a thick-leaved tree which grows on the hill ; the one a *Turacus*, the other a *Schizhornis*. With them scores of the fruit pigeon (*Vinago waalia*) were to be seen. Besides these, there were pairs of the white-shouldered rock-thrush (*Cossypha claudi*), the bird I first found on the Togbau hills. And there was a graceful little brown rock-martin (*Cotile rufigula*), hardly distinguishable from the rock itself as it patrolled up and down these steep fortresses.

I was glad to find here also my new species of rock-nightjar (*Caprimulgus claudi*), for I had not met with it since Kaga

Djirri, a far cry; and so I felt there was every chance of extending its distribution to the east in the days to come.

Frequenting the tall trees that are scattered on the hill-top there was a pair of red-winged starlings (*Onycognathus hautlaubi*), rare birds which are confined to the hills. Their flight is remarkable as they go from tree to tree, buoyantly dipping up and down like vessels riding on a rough sea. In the valleys where there are streams I heard again the red thrush singing, and lower down in the forests of tall cane-grass I discovered the presence of a rare reed-warbler (*Calamocichla alfredi*).

The foregoing distribution of birds may be regarded as typical of the hills that lie in the country between the Kibali and the Nile.

The hilly and enclosed country of the Kibali region possesses a somewhat distinct fauna. It is no longer the same as the West African distribution; the hill ranges of the Nile, the Ruwenzori mountains on the coast, and the forest region on the south separate it from that of East and Central Africa. Of course, in the valleys where there are streams and tropical growth, members of the *Timeliidæ*, or chat-thrushes, and of the *Pycnonotidæ*, or bulbuls, both so familiar in the forests of West Africa, are still met with.

The neighbourhood of the little village of Gudima in the heart of the Kibali country was an ideal spot, and several species which I obtained there were new to my collection. From the little river Arebi the ground rises considerably towards the east and my road passed over wooded hills, where dwelt the Gudima people among their farms. Much ground had been cleared, and the slopes of the hills were

chequered with the warm, brown patches of freshly tilled soil bordered by woodland that stretched away over the brow of the hills. In this locality I found an abundance of bird life in the early mornings. It is just the place to tempt the birds that love a borderland existence between the cultivated and the wild. There are close and open places both for the shy and the bold. In the valleys below, and adjoining the farms, are streams sheltered by thick trees, and small clumps with undergrowth amid the cultivation afford a refuge to the birds when they are disturbed while feeding.

Here are some stray notes that attempt to give a picture of the bird life about a farm where I stayed :

Two communities of weavers (*Melanopteryx nigerrima*) and (*Hyphantornis cucullatus*) have woven their pendent nests to the slender branches of the mimosas close to a group of huts.

To-day, songs of thanksgiving for the warmth and sunlight after the dreary day of yesterday are being sung by the birds, and everywhere on the farms twitters, chirps, and calls rise from a thousand feathered throats.

The weavers' dwellings are full of bustle, and although the two families find themselves such near-neighbours, there is no quarrelling. Perhaps they know that it would take too much time and trouble to rob each other of the closely woven fibre ; nor is there cause for jealousies since their feeding-grounds lie differently. The black weaver passes over the farm lands and seeks the belts of wood where he searches for his favourite slugs and caterpillars, sometimes all alone far from his home in the mimosas. Not so the yellow weaver, who is the "sparrow" of the native farm,

beyond the boundaries of which he seldom goes, finding an ample living in picking and stealing the grain, and seldom turning his fancy to the soft-bill fare of the black weaver.

Another tenant whose livelihood depends on the farms and clearings is the bush-fowl, or francolin. But he has an annoying habit of hiding himself away in the impenetrable fish-cane that walls in the farm on nearly every side, and from which he emerges only in the early morning and evening when the land lies quiet. Before daylight comes the francolin may be heard uttering his call, a loud "kik-kik-kurru" repeated several times; and then, as if he felt he had performed his office in heralding the dawn, he becomes suddenly silent.

There is also a reed-warbler (*Calamocichla alfredi*) inhabiting the fish-cane, and equally difficult to catch a glimpse of. It is locally distributed and generally found going in pairs. When disturbed this bird gives forth a few liquid notes, "churr—churr—chirrup, chirrup," that is all, and strain your eyes as you may you will seldom "spot" him; but he is there all the same, for ever climbing as he threads a way through the thick cane. Only a rustle, perhaps, as he brushes past a dry leaf tells you that he is passing. Before the dew has left the corn-blades he sings his fitful little song, or on a day of rolling clouds, when the sun goes in and out, the sudden warm flood of sunlight through the depth of his retreat will draw from him a few notes of approval.

Away in the corner of the fresh-cleared ground that runs into the woodland, you may be lucky and surprise the elegant little chat-thrush (*Erythropygia*), conspicuous with its black-and-white check markings on wings and tail as it

flits away to take refuge in some cut branches. Presently it emerges at the other end and hops on to a high twig, from which point of vantage it takes observations, cocking tail up and down the while. It is by no means a common bird, and the nearness of native plantations seem essential to its existence.

The native is not a tidy farmer ; appearances are nothing to him, and he leaves the tree-stumps in the ground some 3 ft. high. These are made use of by the perching birds, such as small, dark-plumaged fly-catchers (*Muscicapa*) which are of very local distribution, keeping to themselves, a pair here and a pair there, and generally on the sunnyside of the plantations.

Their close relatives, the *Alseonaxes*, haunt more the small rivers, where there are good trees and snags in the stream that make attractive perches.

And then there are always woodpeckers to be seen running up and down, drilling holes in the stark limbs of the tall forest trees that have been killed by the bush fires. Here also glossy starlings (*Lamprocolius*) alight to break their journey to some distant farm, and though you may not see them leave the tree, you can always trace the course they take by the very loud, almost musical "swish-swish" of their wings that are remarkably heavy for the size of the bird.

Small doves (*Turtur*) that hardly differ from the brown of the lately tilled soil get up almost at one's feet with a loud clap of wings, causing a pair of wattled-eyed fly-catchers (*Diaphorophya*) to utter croaks of warning to a party of small birds that they are piloting through the thicket. And

a pigmy woodpecker or two (*Dendropicus*), a wood-warbler (*Camaroptera*), and a small brown forest-thrush (*Turdinus*) all are to be seen, while in the upper branches of the trees a paradise fly-catcher in full breeding plumage plays, flying and dropping light as a piece of paper from perch to perch, and uttering at times a squeaky “tizz” to his mate the while both search diligently for food.

In the hours of heat that have succeeded the cool morning the plantations are all but deserted, for the birds have sought refuge in the forest belts, all save a barbet (*Barbatula*), a bird no bigger than a wren, that emits at intervals a “cup, cup” cry from the top of a small tree in the full glare of the sun.

And so the days pass with little change, the same old friends among the birds are to be seen from day to day in the same favourite places. Each day the blades of corn expand and grow a little taller, till a day comes when they are laid low. Then men re-till and clean the brown soil, taking the opportunity, perhaps, to add another plot to their farm. This is a feast-day in the calendar of the birds.

In these notes I have endeavoured to give the reader an idea of the bird-life that is met with in a region of woodland and hill. I have spoken in a former chapter of the birds of the bush and plain; and now there remain the forest birds to be touched upon.

The true forest is not so rich in bird-life as the bush country. This would partly be accounted for by the restrictions which the forest gives to flight. So the birds which have power of wing are not represented, and we find that the birds of the forest are those which do not travel far,

but confine their flight to small areas. This is even the case with the birds that are found in the open spaces ; for example, fly-catchers, sun-birds and weavers, all of which use their wings for little more than hovering round a tree, or up and down from the tree to the ground : while the deep forest is frequented by birds of the *Pycnonotidæ* and *Timeliidæ* groups, such as chat- and bush-thrushes, which might almost be said to walk their way through the undergrowth, living for the most part on ants and other insects to be found in the fallen leaf.

The monotony of the twilight in the dead level of their under-world existence seems to find expression in their voices which are confined to cries and call-notes repeated continuously in unvarying tones.

The surroundings also affect their plumage which tends to assume a darker colouring. To take a few examples : the beautiful red-thrush (*Cossypha*) that frequents the woods of the bush country is represented in the forest by a more sombre-coloured bird (*Neocossyphus*) ; and the large families of gay-coloured weavers (*Hyphantornis* and *Pyromelana*) by a very dark group (*Malimbus*), the general colouring of which is black.

The bright-plumaged shrikes (*Laniarius*) by a black species (*leucorhynchus*) and another (*Nicator chloris*). And the brilliant sun-birds by a dull-coloured group (*Anthrothreptes*).

These remarks only apply to the birds that live entirely in the gloom of the forest, for there are others which frequent the open spots and the tops of the tall trees—like parrots, black-winged orioles (*Oriolus nigripennis*), trogons (*Heterotrogon*), and the glossy starlings (*Lamprocolius*) that can, for





THE MAKASSA RAPIDS



beauty of plumage, hold their own against any bird of the bush country.

I could wish that this account, in which I have endeavoured to give the general reader some idea of the natural history of the countries through which the Expedition passed, was more complete ; but the subject is too vast to deal with adequately in so short a space.

In conclusion I give Mr. Boulenger's interesting notes on the fish of Lake Chad, which were collected by Gosling:—

“ Until this collection reached the British Museum nothing at all was known of the fishes of the Chad basin. The very remarkable agreement which was known to exist between the fish-faunas of the Nile and the Niger and Senegal—so many species occurring simultaneously in these rivers—pointed to the fact that their separation must be very recent from a geological point of view, and that a communication by a great central lake or a series of lakes, of which the Chad is a remnant, must have existed at no remote period.

“ This view has been amply confirmed by my examination of the Chad fish as they were found to belong, with one or two exceptions, to species common to the Nile or Niger, thus realising in a most striking manner my anticipations, as expressed by me when dealing with the very difficult fish-fauna of the Congo.

“ Among the most striking forms found in the Chad and the Shari are several representatives of the Mormyrs, curious fishes confined to tropical Africa and the Nile, all of which are possessed of weak electric powers, the electric apparatus being situated on each side of the tail. These fish are well known to Egyptologists, the long-snouted *Oxyrhynchus* and

others being often depicted on the monuments and in hieroglyphics. The *Gymnarchus*, also represented in the Gosling collection, is a large eel-shaped mormyr, growing to 5 or 6 ft., whose curious nesting-habits were first observed a few years ago in the Gambia by the late Mr. J. S. Budgett. The fish makes large floating nests in the dense grasses of the swamps in which it lives, and the male keeps guard on the nest, being at this time extremely fierce and much dreaded by the natives, who seek the eggs for food.

“There are several kinds of cat-fishes (*Siluridæ*), one of the most noteworthy being the Harmut (*Clarias*), which is provided with an accessory respiratory organ above the gills, by means of which it is able to breathe atmospheric air during the periods of drought. The Harmut may live for weeks in burrows in dried-up marshes, leaving its retreat at night in search of food, crawling about like a snake.

“The great Perch of the Nile (*Lates niloticus*), which grows to a length of 7 ft., is also represented in Lake Chad. It was worshipped by the ancient Egyptians, and numberless mummies of the fish have been found at Esneh, the Latopolis of the Greeks.

“The Bolti (*Tilapia nilotica*) is a small perch-like fish, also frequently depicted by the ancient Egyptians, highly remarkable for its nursing habits. The male makes a sort of nest to which he conveys the female; as soon as the eggs are laid the mother takes them up in her mouth and pharynx, and keeps them until the tiny fry are strong enough to swim about. This they do in shoals escorted by the parents, who courageously defend them from all enemies, and they have been observed to return for shelter in the maternal mouth.

A most interesting example of parental solicitude among the lower animals.

“Another example of the curious fishes of the Chad basin is the puffer or globe fish (*Tetrodon faka*), which when taken out of the water inflates itself like a ball, at the same time erecting the prickles with which its otherwise naked skin is beset. It then resembles a balloon, and as such is used as a plaything by the native children in Egypt.”

## CHAPTER XXXIII

### EXPLORATION OF THE KIBALI

It was with a heavy heart that I left Niangara on June 15, for henceforward I was to take my way alone. The only thought that was in my mind at that time was how it was all going to end. Fate with terrible suddenness had once more demanded a heavy toll, and for that very reason I was more than ever determined to complete the work we had set ourselves and reach the Nile by the least-known route.

Between Niangara and Dungu the Welle is seldom used by the Belgians for navigation, and communication is kept up by a good road that runs along the left bank.

About fifteen miles from Niangara we reached a small Mangbettu village at the foot of the Dima Rapids, where we stopped for the night. The river which has a width of 180 yards up to this point could not have been better. All the next day was occupied in unloading the boats and getting them up the rapids. After this there are stretches of water separated by small rapids. A journey of forty miles brought us to the Angba Rapids which are if anything worse than the Dima ; the bad water stretches for three-quarters of a mile, and it took us one and a half hours to haul the boats up.

After leaving Angba and before reaching Dungu, I made one more camp close to the hill Peramba which is about three-quarters of a mile in length and lies at right



“ AT DUNGU ”





angles to the right bank. It is shaped like the back of a whale, and the whole is a black mass of volcanic stone, sparsely covered with short grass, and clumps of bush-trees nestle at its base. It must be about 150 ft. high and looks very imposing standing all alone in a flat expanse of grass and bush. I climbed to the top; nothing was there to greet me on the almost bare summit save a few dog-faced baboons which stood out clear-cut upon the skyline of the rock. Ahead to the eastward the grass roofs of Dungu could just be discerned.

On June 25 I reached Dungu where I was met by Commandant Sannaes, a Norwegian. Tall and gaunt-looking, with aquiline features and heavy military moustache, he has all the appearance of a man who has worn himself out in a tropical climate; he looked very ill and he afterwards told me that he had for the last two years been suffering from chronic enteric. But ill as he was he spared no pains to make me comfortable and showed me much hospitality.

Before I left he took the photograph of me which is here reproduced.

The houses in Dungu are well-built, but the whole station is too cramped. It stands at the junction of the Dungu and Kibali rivers and is protected at the back by a rampart and deep ditch. Beyond this are the barracks for the soldiers who number at full strength 400 men.

At the time of my stay much rubber was being planted, but the soil is poor and does not favour these trees. The largest amount of rubber collected in any one month is about 400 kilos; most of it comes from the country of Bokoyo, a big Azandi chief who has a very large tract to the south

stretching as far as the Bomokandi river. He can supply as many as 2000 carriers.

A few days later I left to ascend the Kibali, which has never before been navigated. The mouth of the river is divided into two by an island, above which there is a rapid with a strong volume of water, formed by rocks and little islands. After that there is a fine navigable reach all the way to the Makassa Rapids. After thirty miles the river takes a remarkable bend to the north, forming a loop, and the hitherto flat bush country becomes broken on the south bank by a semicircular group of igneous hills and kopjes, the chief of which is Mount Arama, about 500 ft. in height, with a bare cap shaped like a pepper-castor and bearing a striking resemblance to the Wasé Rock in Northern Nigeria. From thence as one ascends the river, now eighty to a hundred yards in width, towards Vankerckhovenville, the country directly to the south and east is undulating, accentuated by ranges of wooded hills running from west to east, and in places cavernous and rugged. One of these, the Gaima range, runs parallel to and within two miles of the left bank; it is about 400 ft. high, clothed to its crest line with grass and stunted trees, and the country beyond is broken by a group of rocky hills. In these hills there are seams of magnetic iron-ore, and I observed that there were many trees on the watershed that had been struck by lightning. The Momvus, who are the inhabitants, told me that when there were blacksmiths' villages on their tops many people every year were killed by lightning. At the foot of this range a hut during a terrific storm was set on fire and two of my "boys" were knocked down and stunned, and a few days later

another storm broke from the south-east with hailstones as big as beans.

Between Dungu and Vankerckhovenville there are many rapids and the navigation of the river was performed under very great difficulties. Our rate of going was often only one mile an hour, paddling the whole time against a strong current with an average depth of 10 ft., and there were days when we made only two and a half miles.

Before reaching the Arama hills the formidable Makassa and Bari Rapids had to be overcome. The former, which are 400 yards in length, consist of reefs of rock where the water pours down at a gradient of one in two. In the middle there is a large island dividing the rapids; the left bank is the better to pass by. Immediately below the reefs the current is very strong, rushing and bounding over hidden rocks and breaking with waves like a choppy sea. One of the boats had a narrow escape of being sunk; the bow was twice below the level of the stream and the water poured in.

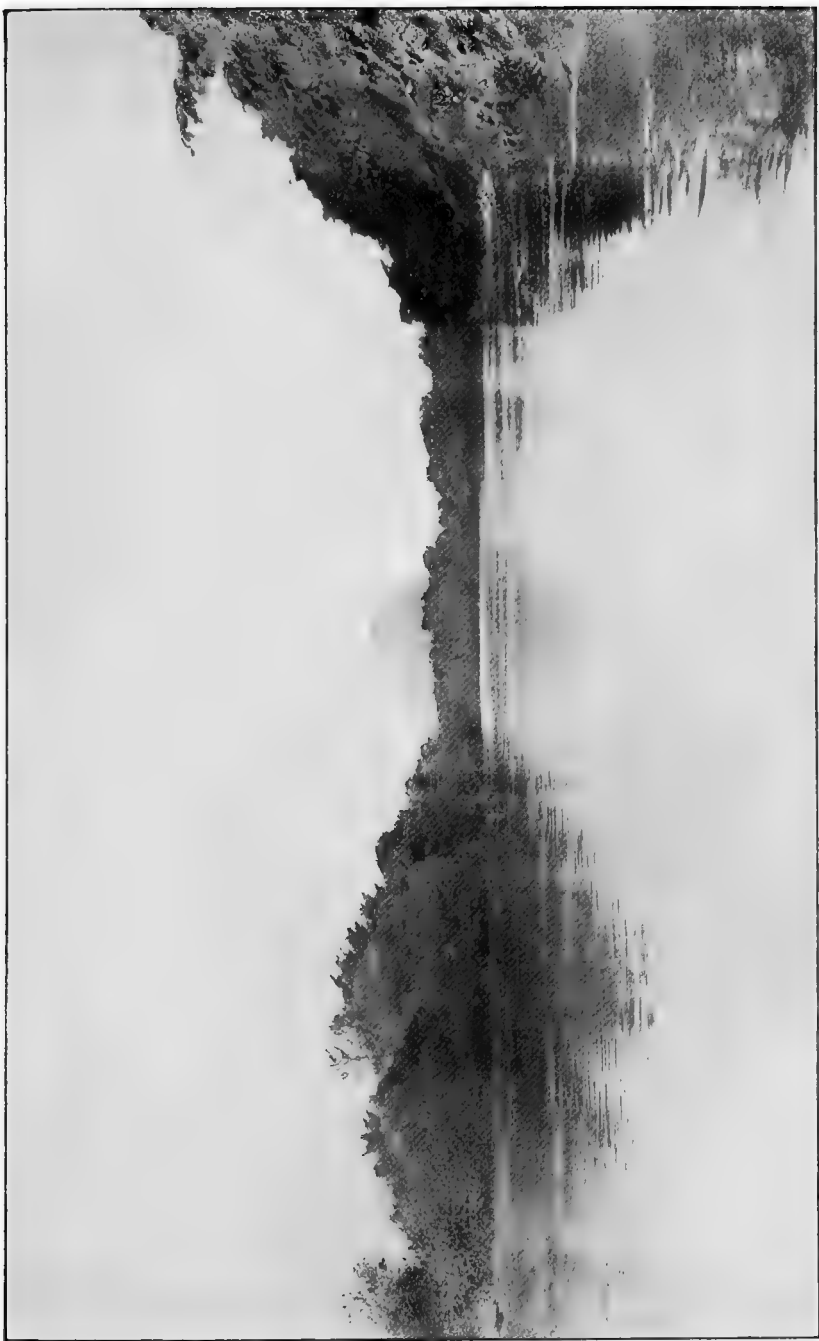
As might be expected in the vicinity of the Arama hills, the river again becomes bad and is much cut up by small rapids with strong currents; after that there is a navigable distance of six miles through an open country as far as the dangerous rapids of Mangadda, Tzara and Biti, caused by the proximity of iron-stone hills on the left bank which are practically a continuation of the Arama hills and form the outside edge of the mountainous country to the south.

Beyond the Biti Rapids there is a fine reach for fourteen miles, with a current of one and a quarter miles an hour and a width of sixty to eighty yards as far as the Andamanza and Kobi Rapids in the vicinity of the Gaima range, and the

river then does not improve till this range, which is four miles in length, has been passed; after that ten miles of good water brings one into Vankerckhovenville.

The Andamanza Rapids which are just above N'doromo stretch for a distance of two miles and present a scene of wild grandeur. The river swells out to a width of 400 yards and is broken up by small rocky islands covered with tropical growth. Through the narrow waterways the river foams and bounds over hidden rocks and others half submerged, while beautiful cascades falling over reefs between the islands pour their waters into the main channel where a series of chutes in successive terraces present a grave danger. The gradient of these chutes is so steep that the sterns of the boats in ascending were under water.

Here we had a narrow escape of being smashed up, for the men, owing to the strong current, could no longer hold on to the chain attached to the bow and the boat was carried back at a terrific speed on to the chute behind. The polers cried and yelled at the fate which was impending, while the poles cracked and broke like matches. Then a wonderful piece of luck happened; just as the stern of the boat hung over the great chute behind, the chain was held fast between two sunken rocks. But that was not the end of our suspense, and we spent an uncomfortable half-hour not daring to move lest the chain should give way, and fearing every moment that a stopping might loosen. I shouted above the roar of the water to Umuru on the bank to go and get help from a neighbouring village. It seemed a lifetime before he returned but he had got the men. Then Audelai succeeded in climbing



MOUNT ARAMA FROM THE KIBALI



from the boat on to a rock and getting hold of the chain of the other boat, which he just managed to throw within my reach.

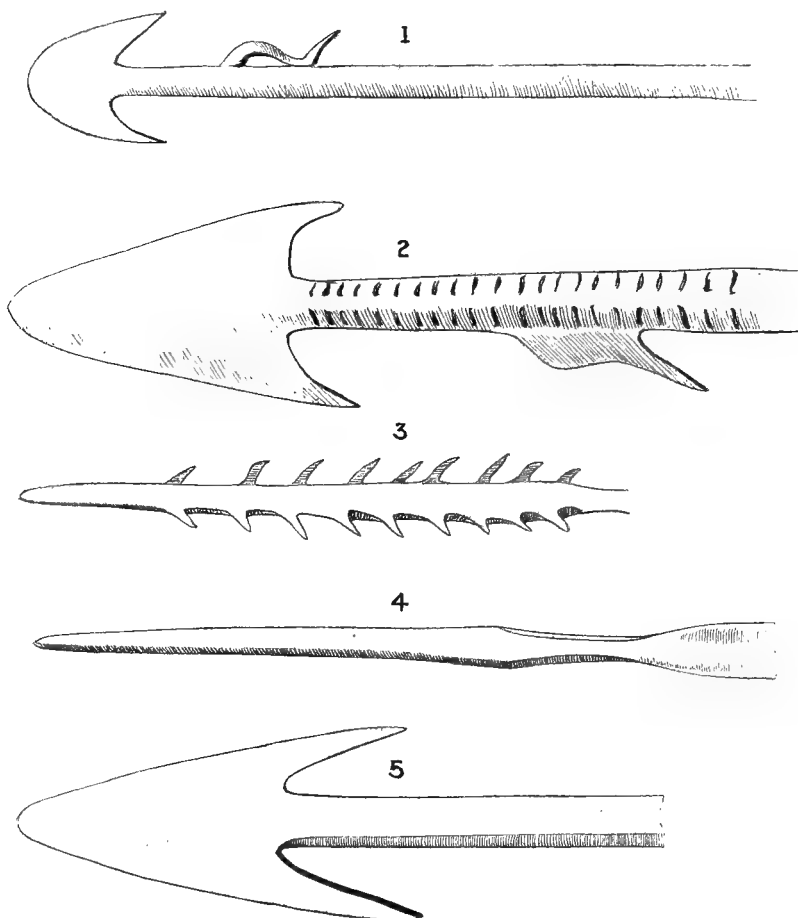
At length with the efforts of a dozen men, who stood on the rocks above the rapid, the boat was hauled into the calm water.

We had, however, to abandon the sunken chain, for no one could have lived in the water under which it was imbedded.

The banks of the Kibali are sparsely populated. As far as the Gaima range there are scattered Azandi and Bakango villages, and then the still-unconquered tribes of the Momvus and Mombuttus are to be found in the hills beyond the left bank and to the east along the left bank of the River Ira. Owing to the mountainous nature of their country, these tribes have up till now defied the white man, and whenever an expedition is sent out against them they bolt like rabbits into the caves of the hills. Like all the hill-tribes of Africa they are much less civilised than their neighbours of the plains.

The physique of the Mombuttus is strong; they have broad faces with high cheek-bones, blunt and splayed noses and thick lips, and they show considerable development in the cranium, both in the forehead and back. Their upper teeth are filed. They build their frail huts of mud on the great slabs of rock, frequently using the caverns themselves as dwelling-places in time of war, and wherever there is enough earth they grow their maize among the rocks. They use arrows poisoned by the juice of a plant called Urri, which has leaves much like those of a pine-apple and grows on the hills. To make the poison the plant is boiled and then

exposed to the sun, after which it is ready for use, the poison being smeared on the arrow-head with the finger.



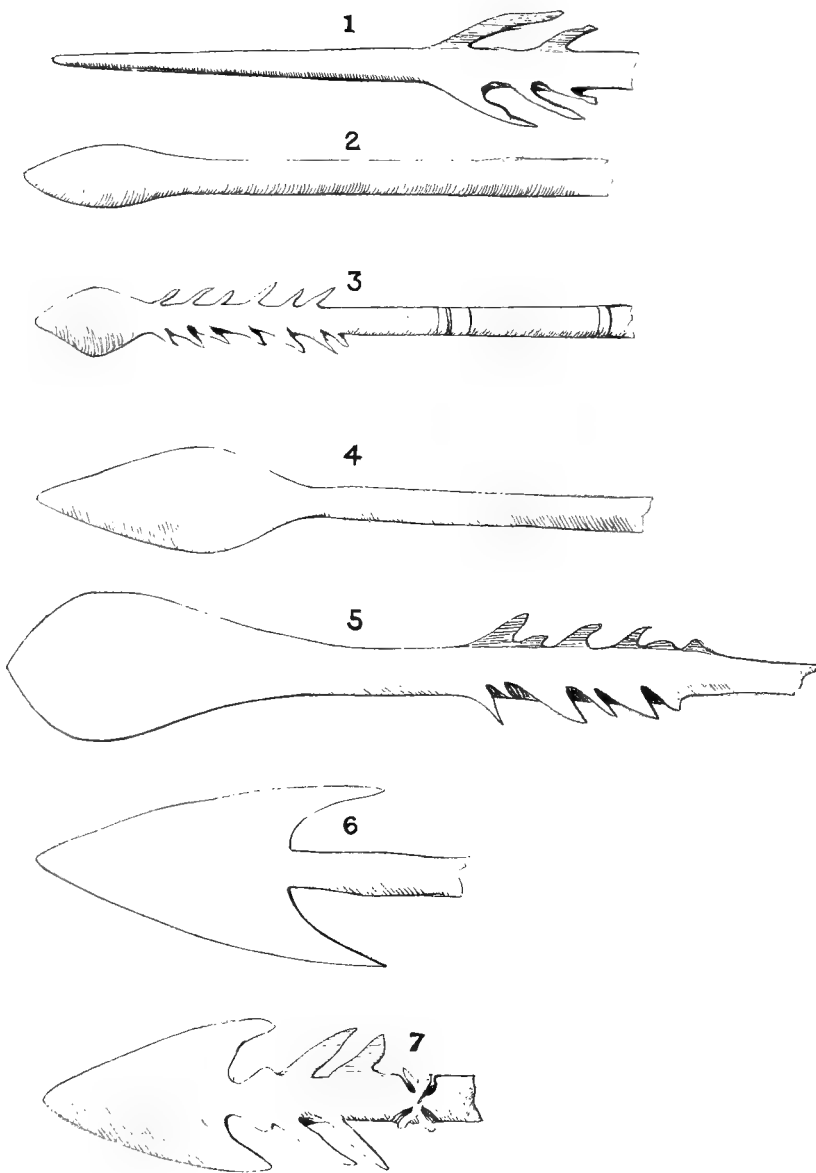
ARROW-HEADS OF THE CONGO TRIBES

1, 2, 3 and 4. Bari.

5. Logo.

In the arrows used by the Mangbettus, Mombuttus, Momvus, Bari and Logos, there is considerable difference in the workmanship and style. The native can always tell by





# ARROW-HEADS OF THE CONGO TRIBES

1. Logo

2 & 3. Momvu

4 & 5. Mombuttu

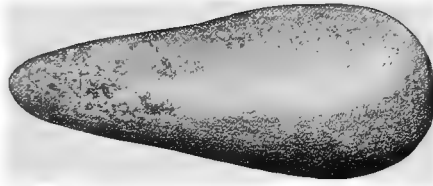
6 & 7. Mangbettu



looking at an arrow to what tribe it belongs. The arrows of the Mangbettus show the most careful workmanship. They are winged with the fur of the bush cat, and sometimes



(Cutting edge)



ANCIENT STONE IMPLEMENT

(Full size, 5 × 2 inches)

with stiff leaves. The length of the arrows is about 18 to 20 in., but the Logos and Bari make stronger and heavier ones of 30 in. for big game-hunting.

In these hills I was fortunate enough to obtain from the natives two ancient stone-implements. These stones, which are beautifully made and polished, have a rounded cutting-edge and two regular convex faces, and in length are from 2 to 8 in. They bear little or no resemblance to any of the chipped stones that have been found in the Lower Congo. They are made of magnetic iron-ore which is found in parts of the district south of the Welle. It is also met with on the top of Mount Gaima which is ten miles west of Vankerckhoven-ville, and in the neighbourhood of Wadelai. The magnetite

occurs as a hard, finely foliated rock, and a fracture shows a metallic lustre which when brought into contact with moisture produces a blackish tint. All the polished stone-implements that have been found have a characteristic shape, subject to hardly any variation. The districts where they have occurred are bounded on the north by the Welle and Dungu, on the west by the frontier of the Ubanguï district, while in the east they have been discovered in the Nile Valley in the neighbourhood of Dufie and Wadelai, and also in the basin of the upper Ituri. It is remarkable that no other kinds of stone-implements have been found, such as arrow-tips or knives, and that no tool has been discovered with which these stones might have been made. The districts to which I have alluded, where the stones have been found, are inhabited by a great number of tribes, not one of whom has kept any tradition of a time when the use of iron was unknown to them, and they are ignorant of the origin of the stones, believing them to be bolts of lightning which strike trees and kill men. The Azandi call them "*Mangua N'gamba*" or "axes of the lightning," and the Mangbettu "*Negbara Gombe*" which means the same thing. They say that these axes may often be discovered by turning up the soil immediately a tree has been struck; a little later it would be no good, because the stone would have gone back to the clouds in order to strike again! Many natives attribute a mysterious power to them, believing that their discovery announces a friend's approaching death, and the Mangbettu cherish them as charms, every morning throwing upon them the water with which they rinse their mouths in order, as they say, to avert trouble.

When we come to see how perfected the iron-work of the Mangbettus has become, it is easy to believe that the ancestors of this race were the makers of these polished stones which in their shaping show extreme skill, worthy of a people who at the present day can make the sickle-shaped Mangbettu knife, ornamented with perforations and reliefs, which is the most perfect implement that has yet been produced by the Congo natives; or their beautiful arrow-points which are wrought with rare delicacy. On the other hand, the stones found in the lower Congo, which is inhabited by less intelligent tribes, are chipped and show little skill in their making. The dwarfs, or Tiki-Tiki, scattered along the boundaries of the Upper Ituri are said by the natives to use stone knives. They lead a wandering life, and their only industry is hunting, the spoil from which they exchange with the Mangbettus or Momvus for cultivated fruits, weapons or the cloth woven out of bark. They do not build villages but live in hollow trees or under the shelter of rocks; they are therefore ignorant of the industries which necessitate a permanent abode, such as iron-working, so in all probability their stone weapons came originally from one or more of the tribes of the Mangbettu race.

The use to which these stones were put is open to conjecture. Their small size and weight preclude the theory that they were used as axes for hard substances, and it is much more probable that they were made for pounding up food such as manioc, the stone being held in the clenched hand. Their edges in many cases are worn and chipped, which points to this kind of usage. Another equally probable theory is that they were used for fighting, for they are

beautifully weighted and when hurled could make very nasty wounds.

On July 21 I arrived at Vankerckhovenville, a small post with one white officer. Its native name is N'soro, which I will call it by in future out of consideration for my reader. Ten years ago it was the headquarters for the Makraka country, or the Garuba-Dungu District as it is now called. The station is situated on a broad promontory, surrounded by the river on all except the south side, where it is shut in by a semicircular range of low, grass hills known as Yuggu.

How far off in the Ubangui days, or even in those on the Welle, had N'soro seemed ! But now it was an accomplished fact, and the moment had come to pause a little before carrying out the last trek to the Nile. There were two routes open to me to choose from ; these were the rivers N'soro and Ira, which are the upper reaches of the Kibali.

Till now the Ira or Bakwa had been considered the main stream of the Kibali, but this is incorrect, for the N'soro or Obi has the greater volume of water and at the junction is some 200 yards wide.

Both these rivers flow through the hostile countries of the Mombuttus, Momvus, and Logos, so my outlook for obtaining supplies and help from the natives was not very bright. Eventually I decided to try the ascent of the Ira, and for the next few days we were busy making preparations. By now the boats were in a very leaky condition, and one had no less than twenty holes in her, some large enough to put a fist into. She was in a hopelessly battered state, so I left her at N'soro and devoted a couple of days to repairing the other with fresh wooden wedges and stoppings of

wax, some of which weighed no less than ten pounds; but substantial as they were, they never lasted more than two days and sometimes not even that, having to be renewed at the end of each day's journey. There was always a certain amount of leakage going on, and I shall never forget the anxiety with which I used to watch the water creeping inch by inch above the floor-boards. Quasso sat in the stern always bailing, and the only thing he had to bail with was my large tin teapot.

I found the Ira navigable for twelve miles, with an average width of fifty yards. Its shores are uninhabited and it flows through an open country of grass and bush, and the banks in places have a scanty lining of trees. About six miles from the post it makes a remarkable loop to the west, following a chain of volcanic hills called Rangu-Rangu, which are some 600 ft. in height and run parallel to the right bank. They are inhabited by the Logos, or Bauus as they are now more often called. They were given the latter name by the Belgian soldiers, mimicking the noise they made as they ran before the strangers, which was like the howling of dogs. The natives have now adopted it themselves, and if one is asked the name of his tribe, he always replies "Bauu." Often on our way we came upon numbers of elephants which, "so unaccustomed to man," allowed us to approach quite close, and it was a pretty sight to see them playing on the banks and bathing in the water.

Beyond the Rangu Hills, the river takes a sudden turn to the south, and the country on both sides becomes very open, with nothing but long grass intersected by numberless elephant-paths. In places the banks are quite flat with low,

grass-covered dunes on each side, which give the river the appearance of an estuary. Then, a little farther on, it narrows down to twenty yards and becomes quite unnavigable, being full of rocks and rapids and presenting the appearance of a Scotch burn. We struggled on for several days, and once got very nearly smashed up through the boat being carried back with great force broadside on to some rocks. At this point I called a halt and pitched camp just below another big rapid. I was feeling anything but cheerful with rapids behind me cutting off retreat and more in front to stay my advance. To make matters worse my guide, a miserable fellow, decamped, and we had only four days' supply of food left, with no chance of getting game, for the grass was too long. It was a serious situation that had to be faced. The first thing to do was to reconnoitre and find out if the river ahead was navigable, and if villages existed where we could get supplies. However, the hostile Mombuttus, who inhabit the south bank beyond the small Arebi river, had heard of our approach and we found their villages deserted, so the chance of obtaining food and help was a remote one. All appeared hopeless ahead of me; another day's rations had been eaten and nothing seemed to have been done. It now became a question of either shooting the rapids behind or cutting a way through the long grass to find the path to N'soro which I knew must pass within five miles of the left bank. As I was loth to go back after having got the boat so far, I determined to take the latter course, get food for the men and then penetrate on foot to explore the mountainous country lying to the south of the river before returning to N'soro.



The next morning I started to cut a way out by a due west course, giving the direction with my compass to Umuru who led the way, the rest of the men following behind in my tracks and tying knots in the grass at intervals to mark the path for the return. It was hard work, for we had literally to throw our whole weight on to the dense tall grass, the stalks of which were like canes, in order to bear it down. In this way we went on battling till three o'clock, when we had done a distance of two miles at least, but there was no sign of a road and it was necessary to turn back in order to reach camp before dark. That night I was very dejected, but I resolved to have one more try, and when the morning came I sent out José with the "boys" to continue the cutting. Towards mid-day, to my great joy, Lowi returned with the news that José had found the road, and had gone to the nearest village to collect food, so now I had a line of communication in my rear.

Leaving José in charge of the camp, I started on July 28, to trek in an easterly direction. Crossing the little river Arebi, a confluent of the Ira, at a point where it was fifty yards wide I found myself in very hilly country where the native track climbed over rocks and passed through deep quagmires and along the beds of small streams; thence through forests of tall cane-grass, 15 ft. high, a feature that belongs to East Africa and was now met with by me for the first time. I began to realise that it would be impossible to carry the boat-sections through this kind of country.

On the third day, in the country of the Mombuttus, I reached the village of Magombo, a Bangba chief who had been fighting these hill people for some years. His first

village was not far from N'soro, and as he subjugated the country to his front, he pushed his villages farther out till he was now four miles to the south-east of the river Ambia. Sometimes on my road I came across small hamlets where captive Mombuttu women were working in the fields. They are of a low type and wear the pelele in the upper lip, and no covering except bunches of leaves.

When I crossed the Ambia, it was very full and about twenty yards wide ; it must fall into the Ira not many miles above the Arebi river.

I was sorry not to see the Chief of Magombo, but on my arrival he was away in pursuit of his usual occupation of fighting the Mombuttus. Throughout this country he has a great reputation as a fighting man. The chief of a small village on the Ira called Gudima, showed me a little mound close to the river, where Magombo had stood to direct a battle with the Logo. It was marked by an upright post, from the top of which there hung a circle plaited out of cane that gave one the idea of a wreath woven by the delicate fingers of romance ; one pictured the little figure of Magombo (for he is a small man) standing here directing the battle, handling with military instinct the rough fighting material at his command in what was, perhaps, the supreme effort of his life. And what is more, the simple monument stands a witness to the capacity for veneration in the people who had placed it there, a rare quality to find in the nature of the black man.

The village of Magombo is situated on a plateau that must be the highest point in this part of the Congo. From the top there is a glorious view. A mass of rugged hills

rolls away range on range in grand confusion, their steep sides darkened with trees, save where they are scarred by clefts and sharp angles of bare rock. And below in the deep valleys, the courses of innumerable streams are revealed by their coverings of tropical green. From here, where I climbed to a height of 4000 ft., far away to the eastward I saw for the first time the grey blur of the hills of the Nile.

It would have been an utter impossibility with my reduced numbers to traverse a country of this character where there are no roads of any kind (setting aside the hostility of the natives) so I returned to my camp on the Ira, determined to shoot the rapids behind me.

The next morning broke gloriously fine, which made our hearts feel lighter for the task in front of us. I placed José at the rudder, and Umuru and Audelai in the bow, as they were the best watermen. For the first 200 yards we kept to the left bank, and then had to cross to shoot the rapid itself. There was a large volume of water, pounding and surging over the rocks. In a second the boat was sucked into the vortex of the rapid with the water pouring into the bow; for a moment she hung and swerved to the left, but the impetus behind freed her from the rocks, and the next moment we were in smooth water.

When we had got our breath we unloaded and drew the boat out of the water, and found a new hole in one of the bow-sections.

The successful shooting of the rapids, however, had an exhilarating effect and the men were in excellent spirits, so in half an hour the hole was mended, and the boat ready for a fresh start. There was one more rapid to pass, and

then our troubles were over ; we flew down the river at a prodigious rate, in our headlong course taking an elephant in the water by surprise. We got within twenty yards of him, when forward went his ears and the next moment the ponderous beast was plunging and stumbling to the bank ; and then there was a heaving of huge limbs, and with tail erect he disappeared into the long grass.

On August 9 I was back once more at N'soro, where I found all well, including "Mistress Anne," who from a shadow had grown into quite a substantial little person, thanks to the fresh milk of N'soro, where a number of cows are kept. In my absence the "boys" had become addicted to a new form of vice, with which I had to deal. Tobacco was difficult to obtain in the country, and Agoma and Lowi, who were great smokers, took to smoking a noxious weed, a kind of hemp which very soon produces mental collapse similar to drunkenness. It is a slender plant with long narrow leaves which are serrated all the way up, and the scent of the flower is very like that of thyme. The Belgians prohibit its use, punishing it heavily, but the Aberambo who are great offenders grow the plant secretly. In Bangala it is known as "bangi" or "mundengba."

Next day José set out to shoot meat with which to buy "geri" for the men. The difficulty of getting sufficient was always a source of anxiety, for the rifle was all we had to depend on, and the chance of finding game at this time was small, owing to the long-grass. But it was not long before he returned, looking very ill, and soon afterwards he went down with a severe attack of fever of the intermittent form, which lasted three days.

It was at this time I received a letter from Commandant Sarolea at Niangara, gladly accepting my offer to sell him one of the boats for use as a ferry-boat. I found that one boat was now sufficient for my needs, and the *Cassiopeia* was a bit "done up"; she had served me well and her record was a good one, the Niger, Benue, Gongola, Yo, Lake Chad, Shari Bamingi, Gribingi, Nunna, Tomi, Ubangui, Welle, Bomakandi, Goruba and Kibali.

I felt I was now a rich man, for in return, I received a bale of cloth and thirty kilos of salt. But there was one great drawback to the transaction. I had to send José and the "boys" to put the boat together at Niangara, which was a serious undertaking as the sections had to be carried practically across country a distance of ten days.

During José's absence I made a collecting-trip in the direction of my previous journey to Magombo. This was to be my last collection. It was an important country, in character unlike any I had worked in before. I felt that if I should succeed with this and José return safe, I might then turn my face towards the Nile. Every delay now meant danger to a worn-out constitution that had lost the power to resist. One could only live for the day, and if a week went by without fever or pain, it was a thing to marvel at.

I made my headquarters at Gudima, close to the river Ira. It was a good locality for collecting, as there was a nice wood bordering the river. At this time of the year my work was confined to such localities, for the open country was impossible owing to the long grass.

I had not been there very long when I was laid up with a severe attack of dysentery, but after two doses of "Elkossam"

the symptoms entirely disappeared. José had already been cured by it. It is a wonderfully good medicine, which all travellers should see that they take with them.

No sooner had I recovered than another thing befell. While out collecting I was in some long grass watching a bird; I put my left hand down to my side for a moment, when I received a most painful shock as if a red-hot needle had been thrust into my little finger, which was streaming with blood. I sucked it at once and saw clearly the two fang-marks of the snake that had bitten me, which my boy said was a green grass-snake. I must say I spent a few uncomfortable minutes waiting to see what would happen, but no ill-effects followed, for luckily it was not a poisonous snake.

A few days after this, Quasso, who had been most useful of late in helping me skin the birds, complained of feeling ill, saying that his "strong go finish." He had no pain, but his face, legs and feet were much swollen; a dose of calomel and a tonic of quinine was all that I could give him.

By September 13 I had fired my last cartridge, and left for N'soro with a capital collection of thirty-four birds and ten mammals.

On my arrival I found that José had not yet returned from Niangara. A few days later, however, he came in and reported all well. He had had tremendous difficulties in the carrying of the boat-sections, for the road was very bad, in many places under water, while in others he had to cut his way. He brought me a letter from Commandant Sarolea, thanking me for sending José with the boat, which he added was in good condition. This was satisfactory, since I had my doubts as to how it would turn out.

On September 23 I left N'soro for good, saying farewell to the Chef de Poste, Lieutenant Petersen, a charming Dane whose kindness I shall always gratefully remember. My intention was to carry the boat to Faraggi and ascend the Dungu, which the natives say is the same as the Kibbi that rises in the neighbourhood of Mount Schweinfurth.

Two miles to the north of N'soro, the river of that name had to be crossed. It is 120 yards wide at this point and is unnavigable above and below. It flows through the country of the Logos, who, with the exception of two of the big chiefs, have not yet submitted to the white man. They are a big tribe, ruled by a nobility called the Gambi, which corresponds to the Avungara of the Azandi. They are a filthy dirty people, and have some strange fashions; the women plaster their hair with red mud and wear a ring in the upper lip like pigs, and a long bone spike in the under, and the five lower front teeth are taken out.

From the N'soro the whole country is low-lying, with gentle rises covered with short bush. Here and there a tall tree of dark-green foliage stands out in striking contrast with the pale-green of the bush. In places there are extensive swamps covered by tall papyrus with heads like feather-brooms.

When I reached Faraggi I tried to ascend the Dungu, but found it quite impossible owing to the rapids and strong currents. The country through which the river flows is flat and covered with scrubby bush. Here and there a shady tree leans over the river, but for the most part the banks are quite open and lined with borders of grass growing in the water.

I now changed my plans and trekked across country a two days' journey to gain the main road to Yei, a distance of eight days in all from N'soro.

The rise along the Yei road is so gradual that I was greatly surprised when near Aba suddenly to behold the huge panorama of the Congo-Nile watershed. Behind me to the south lay the dark green vastness of the Congo forests, the monotony of which was here and there relieved by winding partings in its surface that told the courses of rivers. On either side and to the north stretched endless plain with occasionally a lonely hill, and far away to the east appeared the sharp peaks of a sierra chain.

On October 13 I arrived at Yei, a fine Belgian post within five days of Redjaf on the Nile. I was met outside the station by Captain Goebel and two other officers who brought me to the Commandant Superieur, Baron de Villiers-Perrin, who received me most kindly, saying: "I congratulate you on your great journey."

Before leaving the Congo I will take the opportunity of saying a few words on the Belgian Administration which my prolonged stay in the country gave me many chances of studying. My observations, of course, only apply to the country through which I passed, which was the Welle region and the Lado Enclave, where the Belgian posts are numerous.

As a traveller it was always my object to get away from the influence of the posts as much as possible, and most of my time was spent in distant villages in the forest, where I went to make collections. After a short time I invariably gained the confidence of the natives, and I had many talks with the chiefs. I will cite one as an example. I asked a



Mobatti chief whether his people liked the coming of the white man to his country, and he replied : " Since the white man has come we have no longer any fear for our women or property. Before his coming, the chief next to me, who is stronger than I am, used to raid my villages continually. No man could travel from one village to another without going in fear of being waylaid and killed ; but now we work for the white man and he is strong for all."

For the protection thus afforded them the Congo Government, like other administrations in Africa, imposes obligations upon the natives. These take the form of each chief supplying to the post of the district a certain amount of labour and produce, the latter varying according to the things his country yields, but it is generally plantains, rubber or palm oil. The work for which his men are employed also varies ; it may be rubber-collecting, or canoe work, or carrying, but in every case the men are paid. Canoe men and carriers get twenty-five centimes a day, the value of which is taken out by the men in cloth from the magazine of the post.

In the Welle region the circulation of the Congo State money is hardly known, and all pay is given in kind. The wonderful system of waterways by lightening the labour of carrying has enabled the Belgians to use trade goods to the utmost advantage. The natives are ignorant of cloth making, and so cloth to them is a valuable article, and for payment goes a much longer way than in many of our own colonies.

The Belgian system of labour organisation is a sound one. A post is seldom if ever more than five days' distant from the

next, which is an advantage for transport purposes, for five days' carrying is the limit that any one man should be called upon to do at a time. The commandant of each station keeps a roster of the chiefs in his district and the amount of labour that each has to supply ; so when a transport is required from his station to the next, a chief is called upon in his turn for the men, who know exactly what is required of them.

It is admirable what a hold the Belgians have over the natives by always ruling them through their chiefs. I have seen as many as 500 men in a post ready for work at a few hours' notice, and I have also seen cases in our West African colonies where an official travelling through the country has had to wait a day or two before a resident could get him twenty-six carriers.

The Belgian native soldiers have their two parades a day in the station when they are not on escort duty, and they are never allowed to go into the villages unless under the charge of a white officer. They are recruited from the tribes of the district, and are generally sent down to Boma for their training. Each man has to serve for seven years, after which he may re-engage if he like. His pay is twenty-five centimes a day. At the end of the month he goes to the store of the post where he is allowed to choose whatever he likes in the way of cloth to the value of his pay. For his food he is given five "mitakos" per week or twenty-five centimes, and he is also housed. For each month of good conduct he receives 1·25 francs towards pension, but this is forfeited should he incur a flogging of twenty-five lashes.

Each soldier is allowed one wife who must do a certain

amount of work in the post, such as sweeping, carrying water, or cutting up rubber. For this work she receives one franc per month, or its equivalent in cloth, &c.

Every Saturday it is a usual sight to see strings of women from the neighbouring villages coming into the post, carrying-bunches of plantains or small baskets of sweet potatoes, to be sold to the soldiers and other permanent hands.

Then when Sunday comes there are often large gatherings of chiefs, all dressed in their best clothes, who have come in to pay their respects and to talk with the Chef de Poste. It is certainly an interesting sight to watch the chiefs and their headmen sitting in front of the Official's house, talking and laughing with the white man to their hearts' content, sometimes, perhaps, airing a little grievance which is soon satisfactorily settled, at others telling him the reason, may be, of some custom existing in their tribe. Then a glass of claret is given to every chief, after which they take their departure.

The Bangala language, which is spoken by all the chiefs, and in many cases by the natives too, has to be spoken by every white man who enters the service of the Congo State. The effect of this has been far-reaching in establishing a better understanding between the native and the European, besides giving to the officials an intimate knowledge of what is going on in the country, and making the oppression of natives at the hands of their chiefs a much more difficult thing than it was formerly. It is, in the first place, to this system of knowing the language that the Belgians owe the strides they have made within the last ten years in opening up the country.

The obstacles that have had to be overcome were very

great. The extraordinary number of tribes in the Congo, many of which are fierce and intractable, like the Bangalas and Ababuas, others of low civilisation like the Momvu and Mombuttu made the first step of civilisation extremely difficult. Soldiers had to be recruited from the West Coast, among them Hausas and natives from Sierra Leone, who not being of the country, committed acts of cruelty and pillage whenever they got the opportunity. Another source of trouble has been the employment in official capacities of men of different nationalities, with the result that there has been friction with at least one other nation.

The system of labour imposed upon the natives can have none but a good effect. It brings them into closer contact with the white man and civilisation, and imbues them with a sense of responsibility. As long as the native is left to himself, so long will he sit outside his hut and occupy his time in staring into vacancy. In the forest regions the soil is so rich, and the chances of loss by plague or storm so few, that little husbandry is required of the native to grow his crops. But since the white man levies so much food from him it means he must increase his plantations, and so the country becomes richer in cultivation year by year. In so fertile a region it naturally follows that living is extremely cheap, and this must be borne in mind when we deal with the question of the payment of the natives. But, in spite of this consideration, it is my opinion that the rates are much too low, and should be readjusted. This applies also to the pay of the white official. On the other hand, in our own and the German West African colonies things have been carried to the other extreme. One shilling a day for a native soldier

and ninepence to a shilling for a carrier are, I consider, ridiculously high.

To sum up the result of my observations on the Administration of the State, having regard to their knowledge of the country, their control of the natives and the condition of the tribes that come under it, the discipline of their soldiers, the finely built stations and excellent transport arrangements, it is my opinion that the opening up of the Congo places the Belgians in the front rank of colonisers.

I cannot pass from the Congo without saying a few words on the "atrocities" question. Were I to consult my own convenience I would rather leave the matter on one side as being one that has nothing to do with the objects of the Expedition, for it is not a pleasant thing to have to stand, as my convictions force me to do, in opposition to many of my fellow countrymen, who, in their crusade against the Congo Free State, I know are actuated by their humane principles. I have read Mr. Morel's book, and as I read I was appalled by the horrors it describes. If such things be true, it is a terrible thing to think of that one could for a moment try to check the avenging hand. When Mr. Morel buckles on his armour and goes for the dragon that is oppressing the weak, it is with a force and fire that would be worthy of the patron saint of Englishmen, and one cannot help admire and feel sorry to find oneself on the side of the dragon. But having seen what I have seen, it would not be right for me to refrain from speaking; besides my silence might be misconstrued.

We had exceptional opportunities for studying the effects of the Belgian rule on the natives. I myself and José

Lopez spent a year in the rubber region, and for the greater part of that time were in out-of-the-way districts, living side by side with the natives; but though we spoke with the chief of every village we came to, we could not hear of a single case of "atrocities"; and Gosling, who spent the last six months of his life under similar conditions, found his experience agree with ours. And this did not merely go to prove the absence of oppression, but also to show that the Congo tribes as a whole are happier since the Belgian occupation. I say "as a whole" advisedly, for I must, in all fairness, admit that there are some tribes that feel the oppression of being made to work, and the military restraint that keeps them from eating up other tribes. But in the eyes of the interested humanitarian this misfortune should be outweighed by the advantages conferred on the more gentle natives who now have peace and prosper.

There is no smoke without fire, and I do not doubt for one moment that in the first days of the colony there were many terrible abuses. These things, alas! happen in the early history of most colonies where black troops are employed. How much more certain is it to have been the case in the Congo Free State where at first the soldiers and labourers were recruited from outside the colony, and the officials were and still are drawn from all nations, and so not imbued with the spirit of patriotism? When it is known that many of the tribes among themselves inflict barbarous punishments of mutilations, of which I personally have seen several instances, it is easy to see how wrong impressions can be formed. And the fact that many photographs of these things find their way to Europe labelled, and rightly so,

“Congo Atrocities,” shows how dangerous it is to accept this sort of evidence.

A case in our own experience may serve to show the reader what animus exists against the Belgians. In spite of the fact that nothing could have exceeded the kindness of Commandant Sarolea and the officers at Niangara in the sad circumstances of poor Gosling's illness and death, a report reached Khartoum that he had died of starvation in Belgian territory, with the natural result that the Anglo-Egyptian Government sent a request to the Commandant Superieur of the Welle District to know if it was true. I was in Faraggi at the time the message came through, being very kindly entertained by the Belgians, although they themselves were suffering from a shortage of food, owing to their supplies having been stopped from Khartoum in consequence of the Bahr-el-Ghazel affair. When the Belgians showed me the message, I blushed for shame.

No, the Congo dragon is dead and it is unseemly to go on gibbeting the carcase.

## CHAPTER XXXIV

### EXPLORATION OF THE RIVER YEI

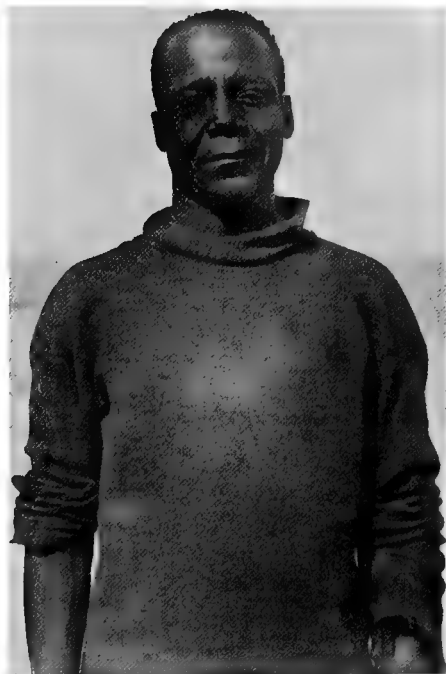
AFTER the easy travelling of the last few days from Faraggi along a well-made road with comfortable huts to sleep in at night, followed by the good fare provided for me at Yei I felt my energy return, and the sight of the little river flowing within 600 yards of the station put into my head the idea of reconnoitring to find out if I could use it as my road to the Nile. The little mountain stream sparkling and tumbling over rocks attracted me strangely, perhaps because my days for the past two and a half years had been spent on rivers, whose life had become a part of my life ; and so it was that the desire rose in me to explore this stream and watch it grow from day to day and pass from change to change until it reached the Nile.

I returned to Yei hardly liking to tell the “ boys ” of my new resolution, for they all thought that their work was now finished. I had put away my collecting-guns and they had hailed this as a favourable omen and were looking forward to an easy five days’ trek to Redjaf on the Nile. How they must have cursed this little river for flowing across my path ! The next day I set out with José to explore it by the bank. At this point the Yei is twenty-five yards wide and some fifty miles from its source in Mount Watti in the neighbourhood of Wadelai. It had never been explored, and



was believed to fall into the Bahr-el-Ghazel at Mesh-el-Rek.

The result of my day's reconnoitring proved that I had



GALADIMA

set myself a difficult task, and the only hopeful incident in the day's quest was finding a navigable reach of two miles. But my thoughts skipped the immediate difficulties and went forward to picture the ultimate broad river flowing through the flat fertile lands of the Bahr-el-Ghazel.

Not wishing to risk on this journey the maps I had done and the precious boxes of collections which were the result

of the last two years' work, I organised a transport under the command of Agoma and John to go the seven days' journey to Gondokoro by way of Redjaf, and there await my arrival on the Nile. The Commandant was most kind in giving me a free transport for this journey.

At this time poor Quasso had become worse ; his stomach, in addition to his face and legs, was now much swollen. At first I thought it must be sleeping sickness, but the chief indication of this disease, namely, the enlargement of all the glands in the body, especially those of the neck, was absent. The doctor of the station who examined him, said the boy was suffering from " Beri-Beri," a disease very much like sleeping sickness, and he kindly offered to take him into the hospital and send him on when better to Gondokoro. I felt very sorry for the boy ; it was pitiful to see him now, for he had always been so brave and bright and had set his heart on reaching the Nile ; but now he was dull and sleepy, dragging himself along with difficulty and having to come back to have any order I gave him repeated the moment after. He felt his plight very much, and said he would die if we left him among strangers. The night before leaving, when I went up to the hospital to say good-bye to him, he asked me how long it would be before he saw me again and if the Nile was very far off ; and when I said, " Only five days," he replied, " I will follow you quick."

On October 15 all was ready for my descent of the Yei. It was high time to make a start, as the last few days had been fine with no rain and consequently the river had fallen a great deal.

The boat was not overburdened with baggage ; the

tents had gone to pieces long ago and the remnants of mine had been made into a bag to hold the precious okapi skin. Camp beds had gone too, and all we had were a uniform box containing odds and ends of clothing, another with a few provisions kindly given me by the Commandant, two large sacks of meal for the "boys"—that would last them about ten days—a bale of cloth and some beads, and the "boys" sleeping-mats, now luckily reduced to their natural size; but there had been times in the palmy days when these mats were extremely bulky with clothes.

We made up the unlucky number of thirteen in the boat, including two guides who professed to know the river. The Commandant came down to see us off, and I think he was impressed with the method of my madness, for the boat looked serviceable and so did the men as they stood up to their poles to salute him. We said "Good-bye" and he wished me good luck, adding that he expected to see me back in five days. The next moment the boat swung round with the current and dropped noiselessly down stream, making a devious passage to avoid the rocks. I shall not forget my sensations as we flew past the banks, expecting every moment to come upon a hidden rock. And we did not have to wait long to realise our fears; we had hardly gone a mile when there was a heavy crash and the water welled up through a loosened stopping into the boat. Just here there were no banks on which to land, and it was touch and go whether we should reach safety before she sank; the next moment, however, a flat reef of rock saved the situation and the boat was hauled up, turned over, and the process of replugging commenced. By this time our guides had had about enough

of it; so had we of them, and we mutually agreed to part.

That night the camp-fires were not so cheerful as those on the road to Yei. We were again off the beaten track, and the "boys" feared the unknown river that lay in front of them. As I sat over my fire, for it was chilly, the light of the others threw out in black relief the figures of the men squatting cross-legged in a circle, and quarrelsome sounds now and again caught my ear; the words, "*Bara*," meaning the Nile, and "*Hainya bachou*" ("Road no good"), told me the gist of their talk. A feeling of irritation came over me that my "boys" were not of my mind and I for a moment began to doubt and to think this would be my last chance of getting back, for on the farther bank there was a path to Yei. But the next moment the vision of a broad river flowing through an open land came back to me and I determined to push on.

I will not weary the reader with all the details of the next few days, but some idea can be formed of the nature of the work and character of the river when I say that I made my fifth camp only eleven and a half miles from Yei. In this part the river is nothing but a succession of rapids in terrace formation, rendered more difficult by the obstructions of small islands, and in places the whole stream is choked up with great tufts of grass. It was laborious progress; sometimes only a mile a day was made, and the boat had to be got past the rapids by the men hanging on to the chain in the water from the stern and letting her down gradually. The rocks knocked and cut the men's feet about a great deal; sometimes trees fallen right across the stream had to be cut

through, at others, when a passage allowed, we took the risk and shot the rapids. This was most exciting work, and I know of no game of chance to equal it. As the boat shot through the water that surged over rocks where an inch one way or the other would have meant destruction, it was a splendid sight to see Umuru standing calm in the bow, motioning with his hand where the deep water lay to José at the rudder. While the rapid lasted the tension on one's nerves was so great that when the boat shot into calm water, the reaction found one trembling from head to foot.

From where I made my fifth camp the river flows through a well-wooded bush country, and the banks are often lined with fine trees among which are tall mimosas.

The next day we made three and a half miles, bringing us to the little Kimbi river which is about ten yards wide at the mouth. In this distance there is a visible improvement in the river; its average width is thirty-five yards and the banks are much higher, 8 to 10 ft., always a sign that the bed is less rocky.

Where the Kimbi empties itself the banks bulge out, forming a deep pool in which hippos plunged and snorted on our approach to make off at once up the small stream. Throughout that night the camp was made restless by two lions and a leopard which at times hung about unpleasantly close to us.

After leaving the Kimbi there are two formidable rapids to pass, consisting of reefs right across the river that form waterfalls 20 ft. high. These were a new aspect of the river. They divide it into reliefs, where the water is generally very good, with a current of not more than one and a half miles, though there are a few parts where the current becomes

stronger owing to small islands of long grass that form narrow channels.

In the afternoon we arrived near a Fudjulu village that was in the course of construction about two miles from the river. Later on the people came down to my camp with food. In their dealings they reminded me of the Banziri on the Ubangui. I paid the chief well in cloth for the "geri" and eggs which he brought, but he was not satisfied. I asked him to sell me some fowls; he produced one and I told him if he brought me another I would give him cloth for the two, for the amount of cloth one would give for a single fowl is too small to be of use to the native. He replied that he would bring another in the morning. As I had nothing to eat for my dinner I asked him to leave me the one, saying I would pay him for the two in the morning; but he would not trust me and insisted on taking the fowl away with him.

That night sleep was impossible, for there was drenching rain which the grass shelters failed to keep out, and the next morning we started tired and bedraggled. Solace, however, came shortly afterwards in a hippo which José secured with a clever shot. On the strength of this we called a halt, and then the sun came out to dry our wet clothes and there was general rejoicing throughout the camp. I made out that we were now twenty miles from Yei.

While the men slashed away at the hippo, I devoted my time to making a path along a straight reach of the river for a measured distance of 100 yards, past which I timed the boat to give me an idea of our rate of going; of course this was useless for bad water, and in the latter case I had to judge the distance by eye.

When this difficult twenty miles is past the river decidedly improves with steep banks of soft loam which are often the nesting-places of a pretty red-throated bee-eater (*Melittophagus frenatus*). After a smooth stretch of fifteen miles we reached the Azandi town of Kapi, which was the first well-populated place we had come to. It is in a country of plenty; Indian corn, millet, ground-nuts, sweet potatoes, and a delicious bean about the size of a small potato, called "kwandi" by the Azandi and "kwalulu" by the Hausas, plentiful also in Bornu, were great luxuries for us. With these people cloth appears to be a cheap commodity, owing to Arab traders who come to buy ivory. One man who brought me sixteen bananas wanted cloth for them, and two yards were asked for a fowl.

The town is much scattered and the people live in small communities. The Azandi (or Bazandi, as they should be called in the plural) are not a bad-looking race; they have kind faces with good eyes, and noses somewhat blunt and splayed. The women reminded me very much of the Kanuri in their way of doing the hair in plaits like ridges, which are terminated by a fringe sticking out all round the head. The forehead is ornamented with a band of small beads, generally red and white, and the back of the head with brass rings fixed into the closely woven hair.

Many of the men and women bear the slave marks of the Dervish chief, Otrusi, which are three deep diagonal incisions on each cheek below the cheek-bone.

It was at this place I saw the interesting ceremony of the making of a treaty between the chief and his ancient foe. They met, each surrounded by his followers, and their

headmen made incisions in their arms and with a feather mingled the blood of one with the other.

After Kapi the river is good with the exception of two rapids, the second of which—fifteen miles distant—was one of the worst and certainly the most disastrous we ever encountered. Here the river widens and becomes complicated by grass-islands for a distance of 500 yards; the main volume of water flows by the left bank and the current is very strong, passing in places over hidden rocks, and the danger of the passage is increased by boughs hanging over the water. Owing to the tremendous current the men on the chain behind let go and the boat was driven with great violence against an overhanging tree. The shock swept off two of the polers who disappeared into the torrent never to be seen again. José was also thrown into the water, but being a strong swimmer gained the bank; while I found myself hanging on to a branch of the tree. The boat was thrown on her beam ends, water poured in, and in a few seconds she sank. Luckily the boat was empty, as I always took the precaution to unload before passing the bad rapids. With great labour we managed to refloat her but the rudder was gone. All through that night I was still hoping that the two men, Ali and Mama Shua, would return, but the morning came and there was no sign of them. We searched up and down the banks all day but could find no trace of their bodies. It was a shocking disaster, and produced a demoralising effect upon the rest of the “boys.”

Another day was taken up in renewing all the stoppings in the boat, which was now in such a battered condition that frequently after the passing of a rapid she had to be



drawn up out of the water, a fire lit, the wax melted and the wedges renewed.

In this part of the river there are several picturesque bends where the banks are steep and form little knolls that are thickly covered with creeping vegetation. Here we often saw couples and sometimes small schools of hippos, and their closely cropped feeding-grounds by the riverside afforded us excellent sites for our camps. The hippos were not always successful in getting out of our way in time. On one occasion, as the boat was coming down at a rapid pace into a pool, we were all thrown together by a tremendous bump and for a moment thought we had struck on a rock. But the rock snorted and plunged out of our way.

That night we were soaked to the skin by a drenching rain, and the next morning Lowi came to me for matches saying that all the fires had been put out by the rain. I had one box left, but on looking found the matches were thoroughly damp, and not one would light. The "boys" were shivering like aspens, but without fire we could cook no food to warm them; we did not know whether there was a village in front and we had left Kapi fifteen miles behind, so our prospects were anything but bright. Then we happily hit upon a plan. I had a few cartridges which a Belgian officer had given me and in the box of odds and ends I found some cotton-wool. Withdrawing the shot I fired a cartridge into a lump of the wool; it smouldered and went out but left a spark that kindled the hope that another try might be successful. At the second shot the "boys" dropped down on their hands and knees and blew with all their might, but with no success. Then at my third shot Audelai and Bukar,

who had the biggest lungs, filled them out and blew with all their might, and a little flame leapt up and was dexterously caught into a sheaf of dry grass held ready by Lowi. Then fires were lit and "chop" was cooked, so that we succeeded in getting warm both inside and out.

By nine o'clock we were once more moving, groping our way through a dense mist left by the heavy rain. For the next six miles the river was very bad; in places the boat had to be unloaded and dragged over the rocks to avoid the chutes, which were tremendous.

Here the river in appearance ceases to exist, and the water pours itself as best it may over the slabs of rock with which the length and breadth are strewn.

In this distance, as far as Wandî, there are at least six big rapids, culminating near that place in a veritable chute. At the one before the last we had a very narrow escape of being smashed up. We had been going in smooth water for a time carelessly, when suddenly the current became strong, and on rounding a corner we descried to our horror the foam of a great rapid. The boat was carried helplessly along, each second nearing the steep, and the poles were quite useless to check the increasing impetus. The next moment she crashed heavily against a large dead limb of a tree and stuck. But for this there would have been nothing to hope for.

It was dusk and a heavy storm was raging when we arrived at Wandî; we were dead-tired, for it had been a long day of conflict with the rocks.

Wandî, a small Belgian station close to the junction of the Yei and Tori, was formerly occupied by the Dervishes,

whose traces are still to be seen in the lime-trees, now in full bearing, which grow on the sites where their houses once stood. There are also large numbers of elephant tusks, rotten with age, to be found in the bush, which the Dervishes left behind in their hurried evacuation of the country.

The people about Wandi are of various tribes and much split up, having no big chiefs. They are the Mondo, Avokia and Fudjulu, who have all suffered much from the inroads of the cruel Azandi Sultan, Yambio, who met his death at the hands of the British not many years ago.

The first Dervish chief to invade this country was Otrusi, or Kutria as he was better known. He appears to have taken strong possession, for a great number of the natives bear his slave-marks on their faces.

After him came another Dervish named Bagobi, who made war on Otrusi, driving him eventually towards the Bahr-el-Ghazel. Bagobi appears to have stayed in the country for some time before he was called away by the Mahdi, who set his lieutenant, Selimanaka, to rule in his stead.

We stayed at Wandi several days, during which time José, with the help of a native blacksmith, very cleverly made a new rudder for the boat.

The species of tsetse-fly (*Glossina papalis*), which is the host for the germ of sleeping sickness, was very much in evidence here, and I saw two cases of the disease.

At Wandi the Yei is swelled by the waters of the Tori river which is some thirty yards wide at its mouth.

Before leaving, we bought as much "geri" as we could with our dried hippo meat. I also organised a party of thirteen men to follow us by the bank and carry the loads

whenever it was necessary to pass the boat down the rapids unloaded; in this way we saved a good deal of time and the work of the "boys" was lightened.

We left Wandī on November 1, and very soon found ourselves in the thick of more rapids. Progress was very slow and the seventh camp was made only ten and a half miles farther down. In this distance there are no less than six bad stretches. Near the little River Beradda, about six miles from Wandī, there is a mile and a half of dangerous water culminating in a great chute that assumes gigantic proportions on the left bank. It is a magnificent sight; the river is 300 yards across and an enormous volume of water sweeps foaming over great ledges of rock down a height of 60 ft. This chute is called Madja by the natives, and I have named it the Claud Rapids in memory of my brother. We succeeded in fighting our way by the right bank, taking a whole day to effect the passage. Here the river flows through a country of poor stony soil, and it has no banks to speak of. The whole stretch of the rapids is cut up by islands and groups of rocks; the islands are covered with beautiful cocoanut palms which are the resorts of dog-faced baboons.

The rapids on the Yei might be put into four classes, as regards their size and dangerousness. The most formidable are chutes or strong volumes of water, falling over precipitous rocks like the Claud Rapids. Then there are those which are formed by reefs stretching across the river, quite formidable enough, but not having sufficient height or force of water to constitute a true chute; with these there is nearly always a passage to be found. Then there are others like the last, only rendered more complicated by islands and grass-islets

cutting up the water; they are generally long, sometimes stretching a mile. Lastly, there are small reef-rapids and strong currents running over rocky beds; these would disappear with a small rise of the river.

The next day, November 8, was a red-letter day; we made a good course of eleven miles up to the eighth camp from Wandî. In this length, with the exception of three reef-rapids, the river is excellent and has an average width of fifty yards, with well-defined banks. In the good water above the last of these rapids we came upon two hippos which took fright and made off over the reef. They had a rough time of it in the strong current among the rocks, tumbling over and over like giant casks. It was then that I shot one of them. We were now well off for meat, for the carriers while in the bush frightened a leopard off a bushbuck which it had just killed, and brought the meat into camp.

This part of the river is a great hippo resort, and in my evening ramble I came across a pool where I counted fifteen. That night they came to their feeding-grounds close to the camp and serenaded us with grunts and cries.

The tsetse-fly (*Glossina papalis*) was now very troublesome. I was stung several times; the pain is sharp and does not go off at once. This terrible pest unlike the other species of tsetse attacks silently, and in no time its body becomes distended with blood and looks like a transparent, red ball.

Travelling on this river was full of ups and downs, our course the next day was only two and a half miles. In this way we continued for many days, finding the river improve but little and seeing no sign of human life along the banks till we reached the neighbourhood of Raffai. When within

thirty miles of that place there appeared in the distance on the right bank isolated hills, about 400 ft. in height and of rugged outline covered with spare trees.

These and their neighbourhood are inhabited by the Misa people, a tribe that struck me as original. The men, who are smooth-skinned and gentle, adorn themselves with bead ornaments and girdles of beautiful design ; while the women affect a masculine severity of costume, fruit stones taking the place of beads. The small white and red beads are the ones most liked by them. Charms in the form of polished bits of wood, stones and brass cartridge-cases were hung from their necklaces. In both the men and the women, the hair of the body is shaved, and the middle four of the lower front teeth are taken out. The tribal mark consists of a number of fine lines on both sides of and at right angles to a straight line on each temple, like the fronds of a fern. The men go about armed with bows 4 ft. long.

The Misas are not a river people, and their villages as a rule are some distance from the banks. Salt, beads and powder are the best trade-goods.

On November 18 we reached the small Misa village of Abringwa. The condition of the boat was becoming desperate, the holes were getting larger and more wax was required, but we had finished our supply long ago. There was no sign of the river improving, but as long as the boat held out I lived in hopes of better water with each mile we passed till one day my dream of a wide river would come true.

After leaving Abringwa there is a very good stretch, with an average width of fifty yards. For the first mile the scenery

was exceedingly beautiful; on the left bank there was a thin belt of tall trees covered completely with a close-leaved creeper like wild clematis right down to the water's edge,



NATIVE METHOD OF HIVING

forming a perfect screen 30 ft. high. And the country on the right bank had the appearance of an English autumn scene, for the leaves of the trees were russet, having been scorched by the flare of bush-fires.

After three miles of good water we came to the Urru Rapids, where the whole course is cut up by rocks and small islands for a distance of 250 yards. The Misa village of Murrpai is not far off, and the people all flocked down to see us. As usual the boat had to be taken out of the water below the rapid to have one of the stoppings renewed, but we had

come to the end of our wax. It seemed hopeless to think of getting any more for we had left the forest behind. We were in a dilemma. On the off-chance that something like it was known to the Misas, I showed a piece to the chief, and when he said "*kissi*," I could hardly believe my ears. A short time afterwards a small piece was brought me; it proved to be the wax of the ordinary bee and not quite so effective as that we got from the forest region. But still, it was a god-send and took a great load of anxiety off my mind.

There is a good deal of honey in this country; the natives collect it by placing cylindrical baskets, about 6 in. in circumference in the tops of the trees. Before the honey is deposited, the bee lines the inside of the basket and also the opening with a kind of resinous wax; this is the material that the natives use for mending their pots.

That night, as I lay awake, I heard the village drum starting in to play. First a tap-tap-tap fell upon the ear; then a pause followed by a loud roll. After a minute's silence there came a distant muffled drumming. It was the Misas calling up a neighbouring village. And then the drumming went on with varying beats, and the message was passed: "The white man wants honey-wax."

In the morning, to my great joy, a goodly number of balls of the wax were brought in as a result of the drumming. Two days later these stood us in good stead, for we had to tackle the Bengbi Rapids, which are three miles long and the worst on the river. After the Bengbi came more rapids, till we struggled into Raffai on November 27.

Raffai is a small Belgian post and was made by Lamaire, who named it "Les Rapides de Lambermont" after the



rapids near the station. The natives call the place "*Ingetti Mabi*" ("The place of bad trees"), in reference to the thorny mimosas that grow there.

No sooner had we got over the difficulty of no wax than another trouble faced us, and that was the falling of the river. On the way to Raffai, in places we had to get out and carry the boat along in the water as there was not sufficient depth. Our spirits were not cheered by the native reports which said that the river continued bad as far as Yenhari, a distance of six miles. I realised that every hour now was precious, so in order to save time I took the boat to pieces, and with my last remaining cloth hired carriers and trekked the six miles by the left bank to Yenhari.

Since leaving Yei we had travelled about 130 miles, taking the long time of six weeks. In that distance we had fallen 390 ft.

At a small village called Digo where we stopped for the night, the chief was brought to me on a stretcher by his six wives to ask for medicine. The poor man was in the last stage of sleeping sickness and had not eaten for five days. It was pitiful to hear his belief that the white man could heal him. I could do nothing but give him some quinine. The people of a deserted village I passed through before Digo had been wiped out by the disease. It seems but too evident that this terrible scourge is making its way up into the Bahr-el-Ghazel, for it is only of recent years that it has become known in the Lado Enclave.

Towards noon of the next day we approached Yenhari, whose aged chief came out to meet me leaning on the arm of his headman. In front of him walked a man carrying two

flags, the Union Jack and the Egyptian flag. Though faded and torn they were a glad sight and I felt my loneliness leave me. The "boys," too, hailed them with delight, for they considered their skins were now safe, being once more in English country. The decrepit old chief told me that the flags had been given to him by an Englishman many years ago ; he added that it had been his great desire to see another Englishman before he died, and he told me of the murder of his son by an Arab, saying he knew that the white man was strong to avenge. It seemed that his son, whom he had sent to Khartoum to buy rugs and tin boxes, had been robbed and killed on his return journey by a neighbouring Arab chief. These details the old man poured out to me with piteous plaint, in which it rather seemed to me that the word "rug" cropped up more often than the name of his son.

To get to his village we had to cross the river, which at this point is sixty yards wide. The sight of steep-cut banks ahead with no rocks visible cheered me considerably ; but the water was terribly low, only up to my waist, and I realised that it was of the utmost importance to push on. So we set to at once to put the boat together and with hard work José had finished it by nightfall.

The next morning, November 30, in spite of the old chief's entreaties for us to stay, we left to resume our journey. The open water continued for only a mile and then the ominous roar of rapids told of hard work for us ahead. There were now signs, however, that the river was improving, for the stretches of good water were longer between the rapids, and for the next two days our record of travelling was decidedly hopeful.



RIVER YEI BELOW AVURRA



On December 3 we reached a point near the small village of Koli. In the evening, as was my wont, I went for a ramble down the river in the hopes of finding that the rocks had come to an end. The sun was low, and I pressed on to gain a little hill that lay ahead of me. Meanwhile I noticed that the rocks were growing less and less, and it seemed to me that the river was flowing more peacefully than it had ever done before. Soon afterwards I had climbed the hillock and was searching with my glasses a wide expanse of grass-country, with here and there woods and groves of gum-trees, and then my heart gave a leap, for, lying at my feet, was my vision of a broad river flowing through a fertile plain.

I returned to camp and told the great news to the "boys," and that night I lay down happy, saying to myself, "The Nile is near."

The next morning, as we pushed the boat into the stream and glided smoothly down, instead of striking upon hidden rocks, the poles went deep into gravelly sand, and then our hopes ran high for we knew that we had said good-bye to the rocks. The "boys" took heart and we rushed along at a prodigious rate. More than once in our course we surprised hippos which plunged on in panic in front of us, leaving deep paths in the water, and often in the race they were left behind. The day was glorious, and the sunlight played upon the grass, now dry and golden, for the rains had ceased. We passed several villages where the people were waiting on the sand-banks with offerings of fowls and eggs, all eager to see an Englishman for the first time in their lives.

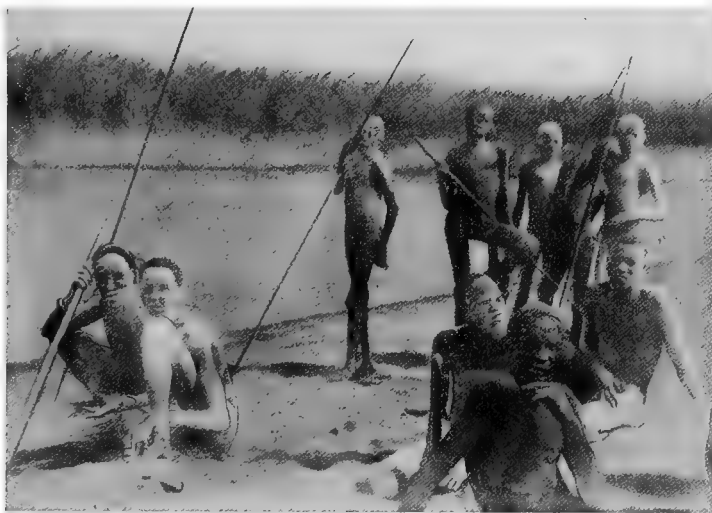
That evening found us at Avurra, or Bufi as it was

marked on the old maps. Up till now I had been able to get natives to carry our things by the bank, but here I saw little likelihood of replacing them; the chief gave me a bad account of the Dinkas lower down the river, saying that they had killed many of his people; and when the men of the village heard that I wanted carriers they made themselves scarce.

In the morning I found by the stick which I had placed in the water, that the river had gone down a foot in the night. There was nothing to do but throw away the few belongings we had left in order to lighten the boat still further. I told José to open all the "boys' " mats, and they looked on in dismay to see everything except their blankets swept away. My tin box with old clothes and various odds and ends was doomed, and all but one of the cooking-pots; several antelope heads and a buffalo's also had to go by the board, and the rations were cut down to a minimum. My anxiety was great, for there was hardly depth enough to clear the keel of the boat, and it was now a race between us and the water. It was very irritating, for at Avurra the Yei becomes a splendid river, with a sandy bottom, clean banks and an average width of sixty yards, and the country throughout its course is well populated.

Without loss of time we again started, and as we came to a small reed-island I told Bukar to take out my tin box and throw it in among the tall reeds. Lifting it upon his shoulders he stamped away through the water and hurled the box with a crash into the reeds, as if to show that he entirely disapproved of my waste of property. And now we went along at a swinging pace that reminded us of the golden days,

speeding through a flat country of mimosa woods broken at times by open grass-stretches where large herds of cattle and sheep roamed at will. This was the land of the Dinkas.



DINKAS

Often along the sloping banks we came upon the brilliant green of young tobacco plantations and passed flocks of goats and sheep watering at the riverside ; on our approach the goatherds ran away, driving their flocks into the thorn bushes with many cries.

Two days from Avurra we reached the first Dinka village, called A'Todt and situated a few hundred yards from the bank in among some trees. Presently, to our astonished eyes, tall, ghostly white men, with long spears, emerged out of the grove. The "boys" stared, transfixed. Truly it was a weird spectacle, and I felt I had been repaid for all the

troubles of the Yei. We sat down and awaited them ; when close to us they wavered, some going back, while the rest stood still to gaze at us, leaning on their long spears, with one leg "akimbo" resting on the knee of the other—a habit peculiar to this tribe. I made signs to them to come to us ; then they saluted me by raising their right hands and sat down to stare at me and my boat with a wonder as great as my own. On a near view I saw that their bodies had been painted all over with a grey-white substance, which I afterwards found out was a mixture of cow's dung and ashes, used as a protection against mosquitoes. They were spare in build and perfectly naked ; some of the youths were quite 6 ft. in height and very lanky, and many wore heavy rings of ivory on their right arms.

The Dinkas have square jaws, high cheek-bones and prominent foreheads, and their eyes are so deep-set that the face almost resembles a bare skull. This effect is increased by the custom they have of forcing out the upper front teeth which causes the lip to protrude very much. Their hair is matted and grows far back on the forehead ; they dye it a rust colour with red earth, and some train it into a peculiar shape which in texture reminds one of a red india-rubber sponge. A series of diagonal cuts covers their foreheads. They showed a great contempt for cloth and the only thing I had that they would look at were "mitakos," for they are passionately fond of brass, using it to make heavy bracelets. I remember at a village farther on where we stayed for a night, twenty "mitakos," worth tenpence, bought me a sheep. They are also fond of blue beads which the men wear woven into waist-bands as broad



as a cummerbund, and necklaces of them are made in the same way.

The young women wear nothing except a broad girdle of beads, but the older women use sheep- or goatskins, which are skilfully tanned and quite soft.

The Dinkas are a large tribe, split up in several sections under big chiefs; they inhabit the country lying between the Yei and the Bahr-el-Gebel, and a great portion of the Bahr-el-Ghazel province on the left bank of the Yei.

Besides being fishermen they are great breeders of cattle and possess large herds; but nothing like so large as in former days when their cattle was so plentiful that a man could give as many as forty head for a wife. Now the number is reduced to four. This is owing to the raids of the Dervishes and the Egyptians before our occupation, and the effect has been deplorable, for the Dinkas, who are low-bred and unintelligent, have up till quite recently looked upon all white men as Turks; consequently in many parts their attitude towards me was not very friendly. But I think they are now beginning to find out the difference between our occupation and the tyrannies of former days.

I had an example of their hostility in an unfriendly chief who I believe was well known at Khartoum as a truculent rascal and had threatened to kill the first white man who should come into his country. I had stopped for the night some half-mile from his village, not aware of its existence at the time. After a little while a number of Dinkas came out from the mimosa bushes and gathered round us. They all carried long spears with formidable broad points. By signs I made them understand that we were going to stay

where we were for the night and at sunrise start again for the Nile. They seemed satisfied and with a good deal of demonstration went a little way off and, sticking their spears head downwards in the ground, returned and sat down near us. Their bump of inquisitiveness must have been largely developed, for it was extraordinary to see with what minute care they examined every little thing belonging to us. The happy party, however, was soon destined to be broken up when the chief with his headman and more of his warriors arrived on the scene. He was an elderly man, somewhat bent, and had an evil countenance. His angry gestures brought the other men to their feet and to their spears as well.

Before his arrival I had told the Dinkas as well as I could by signs that I should go up presently to see their village, so when the chief came I thought it a good opportunity to carry out my purpose, and was just starting when his headman threw himself across my path and begged me not to go. However, having given out my decision, there was no question now of turning back, and I went on with Umuru. The chief and his men followed us with tongues all wagging wildly and spears agitated. Things began to look ugly, and I could hear Umuru behind me muttering, "*bachou—bachou*" ("no good"). In half an hour we reached the village which proved to be nothing more than a collection of dirty huts scattered among the millet. A minute or two sufficed for seeing everything. Then I told the chief to come back with me and I would give him a "dash;" but he shook his head, so I turned and left. Looking back soon afterwards I saw all the men gathered in a knot as if con-



THE LAST LAP



sulting. The moment after there was a rasping cry, and I was aware of two men running after me, but I took no heed till the sound of them came close behind, and then I turned round suddenly and caught the old chief down on knee with bow bent and arrow laid. Advancing a few steps towards him, I waved him back to his village; whereupon, with strange suddenness, he turned round and slunk back like a dog with his tail between his legs.

After this we were not molested; our camp might have been a hundred miles from any village, and next morning there was not a single Dinka to see us start.

As we sped down the stream the towns became more numerous and the Dinkas, gaining confidence, flocked down to the river and lined the banks in hundreds. All naked and with their bodies painted a ghastly white, they shouted and danced and threw their long spears into the air.

So we made thirty miles; then trees and flocks and men gradually disappeared and the river wound alone through an empty plain. It widened and slackened and the impression came over me that it was nearing its journey's end. Eagerly we craned our necks for a sight of the Nile, but this reward was still withheld; nothing but marsh-land as far as the horizon met our gaze, and then the river broke into two deep and narrow channels, of which only the right held water at this time. All round the land is so low that it becomes a great marsh during the rains.

We followed the channel for thirty miles, and then the river lost itself in a lake, with an area of four square miles surrounded by dense reed and sudd. We crossed the lake with irresistible recollections of Chad and picked up the

thread of the stream again on the farther side. This ran on for another two and a half miles and finally disappeared in the barrier of marsh and sudd which choked our passage. It was impossible to cut through, and so I trekked on



THE OLD BOAT BACK IN ENGLAND

December 13, 1906, with the boat-sections a distance of thirty-eight miles to Gaba Shambi.

At the end of a waterless day's march I had refreshed myself at a water-hole by the roadside, and was lying down to rest till José and the "boys," who were some way behind with the boat-sections, should catch me up, when I saw a string of donkeys approaching on the road from Gaba Shambi. I was tired, and so lazily did I watch them that had they vanished the next moment I should not have rubbed my eyes. But as they came near I was suddenly aware that behind the caravan rode a smart Englishman. In a moment I was on my feet pressing forward to greet him. So good was the sight of a fellow countryman, that this stranger might have been a life-long friend of mine. "How are you?" I said, grasping his hand. He stared at me, and then I

remembered I was dressed in nothing more than a ragged shirt and running shorts, and sandals made of the skin of a waterbuck. "Where have you come from?" he said; and when I replied, "From the Niger," he answered, "Oh! now I know who you are." Then he introduced himself as Major Mackworth, and very kindly told me to help myself to his stores when I should reach the station.

The next morning as we neared Gaba Shambi we came in sight of the great river lying beyond. Whereupon the "boys" all shouted, "*Aiki ya kare!*" ("The work is finished!") while I gazed in silence on the Nile.

## LAST WORD

IN gaining the Nile the goal that we had set ourselves was reached, and so I have ended my narrative at that point, but there still remain a few things to be told before saying farewell to the reader, so I must beg his patience a moment longer.

With regard to the navigation of the Yei, my passage by showing it to be navigable in its lower reaches proves that it could be used to lessen by six days the transport of the food-supplies to our garrisons in the Bahr-el-Ghazel province from Khartoum on which they are entirely dependent. To feed these six garrisons it requires 35,000 lb. of corn a year, and this for want of carriers has to be taken into the country by camel and mule transport which is very costly, for, owing to the fly not one of these animals survives to return.

With the exception of a small rapid twenty miles from Lau which can be navigated, the river between Lau and Avurra is good for transport purposes, and so would save six days' overland journey. Also it is my opinion that if the barrier of sudd were cut through, the increase of water to the Nile would greatly improve the irrigation of the Sudan and Egypt. So, too, with the River Naam or Rohl, which flows almost parallel to the Yei.

On my arrival at Gaba Shambi, after spending the third Christmas of the Expedition alone, I took boat to Gondokoro



to bring down my collections and the rest of the "boys." Here I learnt the sad news of Quasso's death. He had recovered under treatment at Yei sufficiently to trek on to Gondokoro. Just outside the station he again collapsed and was carried in by John who chanced to find him lying by the roadside, too weak to go on. He crossed the Nile and so fulfilled the ambition that had cheered him on all the days of our long journey, and then he died. Poor little Quasso! I had promised to bring him home to England. I liked him well, for he had been my brother's faithful boy. And now he has gone to join his old master on the longest trek of all.

From Gondokoro I went down to Khartoum where I paid off my fifteen remaining "boys," who under Galadima's guidance went with the pilgrims to Mecca. Before leaving Khartoum I dined with the Sirdar and Lady Wingate, an honour I am not likely to forget, for the occasion was deeply impressed on my mind by the agony I suffered from a pair of borrowed "pumps" which were many sizes too small for my naturally large feet that had been rendered still larger by the years of trekking. During dinner, however, I got a little relief by shedding them under the table.

From Khartoum I took train by the new line to Port Sudan whence I sailed with José for England where we arrived on February 1, just sixteen days short of the day three years before when the Expedition left England.

To sum up as shortly as possible the scientific results of the Expedition, first of all must be placed the survey work carried out in Nigeria by my brother and Talbot, which is embodied in Map No. I. in this book.

Secondly, the exploration and mapping of Lake Chad, which has considerably altered the idea previously held of that region, and has made the Lake into two.

Thirdly, the exploration and mapping of the Bamingi, Kibali and Yei.

At the same time must be recorded a large collection of big game, and the smaller mammals, including the following species new to science :

Of the Primates a red monkey (*Cercopithecus patas sannio*).

Of the Ungulata, two duikers (*Cephalophus rufilatus rubidior*, *Cephalophus claudi*), one oribi (*Ourebia goslingi*), three dassies (*Procavia lopezi*, *Procavia sharica*, and *Procavia goslingi*).

Of the Carnivora two mongooses (*Crossarchus alexandri*, *Crossarchus talboti*), a wild dog (*Lycan pictus sharicus*), a honey badger (*Mellivora concisa*).

Of the Rodentia a spiny squirrel (*Xerus erythropus chadensis*), a tree squirrel (*Funisciurus alexandri*), a gerbil (*Tatera lacustris*), a rat (*Lophuromys major*). A new genus of forest mouse (*Colomys goslingi*), a bush-mouse (*Thamnomys kuru*), a hare (*Lepus chadensis*).

Of the Insectivora an elephant-shrew (*Rhynchocyon claudi*), a hedgehog (*Erinaceus spiculus*).

And worthy to be mentioned by itself is a fine male okapi the first to be seen alive by a European.

As regards the birds, much has been added to our knowledge of the distribution across Africa. A collection of 2500 skins was brought home including many rare forms, and fifteen new species : *Thamnolæa claudi*, *Fringillaria goslingi*, *Pytelia lopezi*, *Cryptospiza sharpei*, *Callene lopezi*, *Bathme-*

*donia talboti*, *Erythropygia collsi*, *Caprimulgus claudi*, *Caprimulgus goslingi*, *Calamocichla chadensis*, *Trochocercus kiba-liensis*, *Mirafra cranbrookiensis*, *Sycobrotus herberti*, *Cisticola petrophila*, *Amadina sudanensis*.

The collection of Lake Chad fish reveals the interesting fact that they are identical with the fish of the Nile.

In the journey by water across the Continent our steel boats traversed the Rivers Niger, Benue, Gongola, Yo, Lake Chad, Shari, Bamingi, Gribingi, Nunna, Tomi, Ubangui Welle, Bomakandi Guruba, Kibali, Dungu, Yei and the Nile. Taking into account all the explorations away from the main routes across, the distance traversed was considerably over 6000 miles.

In conclusion I would like to express my gratitude for the kind assistance given to the Expedition by the Governments of France, Germany, and Belgium when it was passing through their territories. And last, but not least, to my "boys" who performed the unprecedented feat of remaining with me to the end.

THE END.



## APPENDIX I

THE following list of the principal articles carried by the Expedition may be of use to intending travellers.

### SURVEY INSTRUMENTS, &c.

#### *From Messrs. Cary.*

	£	s.	d.
1 6-in. solid limb sextant and Reeves's patent . . . . .	14	2	0
1 plane-table complete, aluminium mounting . . . . .	20	0	0
1 aluminium artificial horizon in case . . . . .	8	8	0
1 3-in. astronomical telescope, jointed body . . . . .	30	0	0

#### *From Messrs. Troughton and Simms.*

1 5-in. theodolite with micrometer, &c. . . . .	39	10	0
1 100-ft. steel tape . . . . .	1	15	0
1 max. and min. thermometer . . . . .	1	11	6
2 pocket compasses . . . . .	2	2	0
1 marching compass . . . . .	1	2	6
2 3½-in. azimuth prismatic compasses . . . . .	11	3	0

#### *Lent by the Royal Geographical Society.*

- 1 half-chronometer watch (Blockley, London).
- 1 6-in. theodolite fitted with micrometer (Cary, London).
- 1 prismatic compass (Cary, London).
- 3 aneroids (Cary, London).
- 1 hypsometrical apparatus (Cary, London).
- 2 boiling-point thermometers (Cary, London).
- 2 ordinary thermometers (Cary, London).

#### *From Messrs. Blockley.*

	£	s.	d.
2 half-chronometer watches . . . . .	80	0	0
1 split-second chronograph watch . . . . .	13	13	0

*From the Natural History Museum, South Kensington.*

10 wooden, zinc-lined collecting-boxes.

*From Mr. Walter Burton, Wardour Street, London.*

Skinning knives and tools. Arsenical soap. Preservative powder (for birds) made up of equal parts of tannin, saltpetre, burnt alum, and naphthaline. Barrels of French plaster.

### PHOTOGRAPHIC MATERIALS.

*From Messrs. Sinclair, Haymarket, London.*

1 "N & G" camera with Zeiss lens and non-rustable parts, £24 10s.

64 doz. Imperial flash-light plates.

Materials for developing. 1 dark tent.

Other cameras taken out were : The 5 × 4 Kodak with Zeiss lens, and fitted for plates or films. No. 3 pocket folding Kodak.

### BOATS.

*From Messrs. Forrestt and Son, Ltd., Boat-builders, Wyvenhoe.*

2 steel barges, dimensions 20 ft. by 6 ft. by 2 ft. 3 in., built on the Hodgett's system of light galvanised steel plating, with elm rails and thwarts, pine bottom boards, rings for poles, rudder, tiller, painter, bolts and nuts, &c.	£ s. d. 380 0 0
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Extras :

30 bamboo poles, 12 ft. long by 3 in. diam., 2 masts, 2 sails and rigging complete, 2 canvas hoods, 2 20-lb. galvd. anchors, 4 galvd. boathooks and staffs, 200 ft. 1½ in. Manilla rope, 2 painters, 6 spanners, 1 set jointing felt for sections and 1 spare roll of felt, 2 rimers, 2 hand-hammers, 2 cutting tools, 4 pieces steel plate, 1 compass in box, 1 holding-up hammer—packed and delivered to Liverpool	20 0 0
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### RIFLES AND GUNS.

15 Mauser carbines, bore .275, with magazine to hold five (*Rigby*).

1 Mauser .275 sporting rifle (*Rigby*).

1000 rounds Mauser ammunition, solid and soft-nosed (*Rigby*).  
 1 paradox gun with 500 cartridges (*Holland and Holland*).  
 2 12-bore guns, hammerless (*Lang*).  
 2 410-bore collecting-guns (*Lang*).  
 1 ·303 sporting rifle (*Lang*).  
 1 ·450 sporting rifle, double-barrelled (*Gibbs, Bristol*).  
 800 ·450 cartridges, solid and soft-nosed, cordite (*Gibbs, Bristol*).  
 400 ·303                   "                   "                   "                   "  
 1 ·303 sporting rifle, double-barrelled (*Gibbs, Bristol*).  
 Rockets (*Messrs. Brock and Co., Sutton*).

## AMMUNITION.

*From Messrs. Joseph Lang and Son, Bond Street, London.*

	£	s.	d.
8000 410 8 Schultze paper cartridges at 6s. 6d. . . .	26	0	0
2400 121/4, 6, and 8 grouse cartridges at 11s. . . .	13	4	0
14 tin-lined boxes for above . . . . .	3	0	0
50 1-lb. tins C. & H. single F powder at 1s. 3d. each. . . .	3	2	6
2000 410/8 Schultze paper cartridges at 6s. 6d. . . .	45	6	6
2000 12/4, 6, and 8 grouse cartridges at 11s. . . .	17	10	0
	<hr/>		
	£108	3	0

## CLOTHING, PROVISIONS, &amp;c.

*From Messrs. D. H. Evans and Co., Oxford Street, London.*

	£	s.	d.
48 dozen thread at 10¾d. per doz. . . . .	2	3	0
54   "    needles at 10¾d. per doz. . . . .	2	8	4½
10 Oriental shawls at 9s. 3d. each . . . . .	4	12	6
10       "       "       4s. 6d.   "       . . . . .	2	5	0
2 pieces each, blue, green, red baft, 12 lengths of 8 yds. at 6s. 9d. per length . . . . .	4	1	0
10 Damasca curtains at 4s. 6d. each . . . . .	2	5	0
5 dozen glass mirrors at 1s. 9d. per doz. . . . .	5	5	0
	<hr/>		
	22	19	10½

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Brought forward				22	19	10½
400 razors at 6 <i>d.</i> each				10	0	0
28 flint lock pistols at 5 <i>s.</i> each				7	0	0
1 African sword at £3 3 <i>s.</i>	3	3	0			
13 sword blades at 21 <i>s.</i>	13	13	0			
	16	16	0			
Plus 5 per cent.	0	16	6			
				17	12	6
33 dozen and 4 handkerchiefs at 5 <i>s.</i> 11 <i>d.</i> per doz.				9	17	3
24 shirts at 1 <i>s.</i> 5½ <i>d.</i> each				1	15	0
30 knickers at 2 <i>s.</i> 9 <i>d.</i> each				4	2	6
Braiding 30 pairs at 4 <i>d.</i> per pair.				0	10	0
192 cotton vests at 10¾ <i>d.</i> each				8	12	0
108 „ at 1 <i>s.</i> 0½ <i>d.</i> each				5	12	6
12 smoking-caps at 2 <i>s.</i> 6 <i>d.</i> each				1	10	0
72 fez caps at 9 <i>d.</i> each				2	14	0
23 handkerchiefs at 1 <i>s.</i> 6 <i>d.</i> each				1	14	6
30 straw hats at 11½ <i>d.</i> each				1	8	9
30 jerseys at 2 <i>s.</i> 6 <i>d.</i> each				3	15	0
40 lengths of Jap silk, of 3½ yds. each, at 6 <i>s.</i> 11 <i>d.</i> per length				13	16	8
14 lengths of Jap silk				2	2	0
14 do. „				2	2	0
14 do. „				2	2	0
9½ lengths tinsel silk „				1	10	0
2 cwt. yellow soap at 22 <i>s.</i> per cwt.				2	4	0
3 mirrors at 2 <i>s.</i> 11½ <i>d.</i> each				0	8	10½
500 phosferine pills at 1 <i>s.</i> 10 <i>d.</i> per 100.				0	9	2
500 „ strong, at 2 <i>s.</i> 4 <i>d.</i> per 100				0	11	8
6 dozen 1 oz. iodoform at 1 <i>s.</i> 4 <i>d.</i> per doz.				4	16	0
36 bottles hair oil at 3 <i>s.</i> 6 <i>d.</i> per doz.				0	10	6
15 dozen 1 oz. perfume at 13 <i>s.</i> 4 <i>d.</i> per doz.	10	0	0			
2 cases lined for ditto	0	6	0			
Bond entry and cleared	0	7	0			
				10	13	0
				140	9	9



	£	s.	d.
Brought forward	140	9	9
729 yds. of dress French cambric, 4 colours, 166 lengths, of 12 yds. each, at 8s. per length . . . . .	26	8	0
2004 yds. of dress English print, 4 colours, 167 lengths, of 12 yds. each, at 4s. 3d. per length . . . . .	35	9	9
1500 yds. of dress kindergarten, 3 colours, 125 lengths, of 12 yds. each, at 7s. 9d. per length . . . . .	48	8	9
192 yds. of dress sateen, navy and black, 16 lengths, of 12 yds. each, at 4s. 6d. per length . . . . .	3	12	0
5012 yds. of baft at 3d. per yd. 358 lengths, of 14 yds. each, at 3s. 6d. per length . . . . .	62	13	0
792 yds. of croydon, at 5½d. per yd. 66 lengths, of 12 yds. each, at 5s. 6d. per length . . . . .	18	3	0
812 yds. of sheeting at 6½d. per yd. 58 lengths, of 14 yds. each, at 7s. 7d. per length . . . . .	21	19	10
600 yds. of scarlet flannel at 8½d. per yd. 50 lengths, of 12 yds. each, at 8s. 6d. per length . . . . .	21	5	0
629½ yds. of brocade at 5½d. per yd. 42 lengths, of 15 yds. each, at 6s. 10½d. per length . . . . .	14	8	6½
171 yds. of turban cloth at 3¼d. per yd. . . . .	2	6	4
990 yds. of maddapolam at 3¼d. per yd. 82 lengths, of 12 yds. each, at 3s. 3d. per length (and 6 yds. over) . . . . .	13	8	1½
1 dozen Frame Food Jelly . . . . .	0	8	6
4 dozen Brand's Essence at 14s. per doz. . . . .	2	16	0
1 doz. Benger's Food at 1s. 10d. each . . . . .	1	2	0
1 doz. Frame Food for . . . . .	0	10	6
	413	9	1

	£	s.	d.
Brought forward	413	9	1
6 doz. bracelets at 4s. per doz. . . . .	1	4	0
20 doz. razors at 10s. 6d. per doz. . . . .	10	10	0
10 doz. pocket-knives at 10s. 6d. per doz. . . . .	5	5	0
2 doz. scissors at 1s. 4d. each . . . . .	1	12	0
5 doz. pocket-knives at 5s. per doz. . . . .	1	5	0
4 doz. tins of milk for . . . . .	0	18	0
4 doz. fishing-lines at 3s. per doz. . . . .	0	12	0
3 gross fish-hooks at 6s. per gross . . . . .	0	18	0
24 gross lighters at 1s. 9d. per gross . . . . .	2	2	0
3 zinc-lined cases at 5s. 6d. each . . . . .	0	16	6
83 packages canvas and waterproof paper, at 1s. 3d. per packet . . . . .	5	0	0
10 packing-cases, 20 × 13 × 12, with padlocks, at 3s. 6d. each . . . . .	1	15	0
7 ditto, 15 × 12 × 8, at 2s. 6d. each . . . . .	0	17	6
1 zinc-lined case, 38 × 12 × 8 . . . . .	0	8	6
1 „ 19 × 15 × 15 . . . . .	0	5	6
1 „ 26 × 21 × 15 . . . . .	0	6	6
207 yds. striped domestic at 3½d. per yd. . . . .	3	0	4½
Packing . . . . .	0	1	3
30 bunches of beads at 2s. per bunch . . . . .	3	0	0
14 doz. of Marvis at 10s. 6d. per doz. . . . .	7	7	0
Total . . . . .	£460	13	2½

*From Messrs. Faudel Phillips and Sons, Newgate Street, London.*

Beads . . . . £8 2s. 2d.

*From Messrs. Burroughs, Wellcome, Snow Hill Buildings, London.*

Two “Livingstone” medicine chests, each containing :

“Tabloid” quinine bisulphate, gr. 5.  
 „ Dover powder, gr. 5.  
 „ laxative vegetable.  
 „ tincture of chloroform.  
 „ Livingstone rousers.  
 „ iron and arsenic compound.  
 „ phenacetin compound.  
 „ ipecacuanha gr. 5, sine emetin.

"Tabloid" lead and opium.  
     ,, salol.  
     ,, salicin.  
     ,, potassium chlorate.  
     ,, Tincture Camphor Co. min. 15, g.c.  
     ,, bismuth and soda.  
     ,, tannin, gr.  $2\frac{1}{2}$ .  
     ,, calomel, gr. 1.  
     ,, antipyrin.  
 "Soloid" potassium permanganate, gr. 5.  
     ,, boric acid, gr. 6.  
 10-yd. spool adhesive plaster ( $\frac{1}{2}$  in.).  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  yd. court plaster.  
 1 clinical thermometer.  
 1 catheter, No. 7, silk web.  
 1 reel suture silk.  
 1 A B C guide.  
 Compressed lint.  
 1 pair dressing scissors.  
 2 suture needles.  
 1 box safety-pins.  
 2 medicine droppers.  
 1 lancet.  
 3 pieces tooth-stopping.  
 3 mustard leaves.  
 3 menthol cones.  
 1 caustic holder and point.  
 Bandages.  
 1 tube "Hazoline" cream.  
 1 dredger of iodoform.  
 3 hot-water bottles.  
 Extra quinine.

*From Messrs. E. Lazenby and Son, Ltd.*

55 cases marked "A," each containing :

	£	s.	d.
1 $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. tin blended tea . . . . .	0	0	11
1 $\frac{1}{4}$ -lb. tin Van Houten's cocoa . . . . .	0	0	10

	£	s.	d.
1 1-lb. tin raw sugar . . . . .	0	0	3½
2 ½-lb. tins Ideal milk . . . . .	0	0	5½
1 ½-lb. tin butter . . . . .	0	0	11½
1 1-lb. tin sliced bacon . . . . .	0	1	0½
2 ½-lb. tins sardines . . . . .	0	1	3½
1 4-oz. tin potted meats . . . . .	0	0	4¾
1 1-lb. tin marmalade . . . . .	0	0	5
1 1-lb. tin jam . . . . .	0	0	6¼
1 small tin bath oliver biscuits . . . . .	0	1	1¼
1 tin cabin biscuits, No. 1 . . . . .	0	0	6¼
1 2-lb. tin wheaten flour . . . . .	0	0	5½
1 1-lb. tin pure lard . . . . .	0	0	9
1 tin Star salt . . . . .	0	0	4½
1 tin mustard . . . . .	0	0	2½
1 bot. white pepper . . . . .	0	0	2½
1 ½-pt. bot. mixed pickles . . . . .	0	0	4¾
1 1-lb. tin oatmeal . . . . .	0	0	3¼
1 1-lb. tin cornflour . . . . .	0	0	7½
1 1-lb. tin rice . . . . .	0	0	3¾
1 bot. Chef sauce . . . . .	0	0	7
1 bot. lime juice . . . . .	0	0	4¾
1 tin Maggi soup . . . . .	0	1	8
1 tin soup squares . . . . .	0	2	6
1 1-lb. tin roast beef . . . . .	0	0	10½
1 1-lb. tin roast mutton . . . . .	0	0	10½
1 1-lb. tin lunch tongues . . . . .	0	1	2
1 1-lb. tin stewed rump steak . . . . .	0	1	0½
1 1-lb. tin pressed beef . . . . .	0	1	4½
1 tin haricot verts . . . . .	0	0	6½
1 tin peas . . . . .	0	0	5¾
1 1-lb. tin carrots . . . . .	0	0	3½
1 1-lb. tin sliced potatoes . . . . .	0	0	8¾
1 1-lb. tin evaporated pears . . . . .	0	0	11
1 1-lb. pkt. export candles . . . . .	0	1	0½
1 tab. primrose soap . . . . .	0	0	1¼
1 tin-opener . . . . .	0	0	2½
55 cases at . . . . .	1	9	5¾
Total . . . . .	£81	1	4

Weight of each case, 54 lb. Measurement = 20 in. × 13 in. × 12 in.

54 cases marked "B," each containing :

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
1 tin pea flour . . . . .	0	0	4 $\frac{1}{2}$			
1 $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. tin blended tea . . . . .	0	0	11			
1 $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. tin ground coffee . . . . .	0	0	9 $\frac{1}{2}$			
1 $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. tab. French chocolate . . . . .	0	0	8 $\frac{1}{2}$			
1 1-lb. tin crystals sugar . . . . .	0	0	3 $\frac{1}{2}$			
2 $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. tins Ideal milk . . . . .	0	0	5 $\frac{1}{2}$			
1 $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. tin butter . . . . .	0	0	11 $\frac{1}{2}$			
1 tin Handy hams . . . . .	0	2	3			
1 $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. tin sardines . . . . .	0	0	7 $\frac{3}{4}$			
1 bot. table vinegar . . . . .	0	0	3 $\frac{1}{2}$			
2 4-oz. tins potted meats . . . . .	0	0	9 $\frac{1}{2}$			
1 1-lb. tin lunch tongues . . . . .	0	1	2			
1 1-lb. tin marmalade . . . . .	0	0	5			
1 1-lb. tin jam . . . . .	0	0	6 $\frac{1}{4}$			
1 small tin Bath oliver biscuits . . . . .	0	1	11 $\frac{1}{4}$			
1 tin water biscuits, No. 1 . . . . .	0	0	7 $\frac{1}{2}$			
1 2-lb. tin wheaten flour . . . . .	0	0	5 $\frac{1}{2}$			
1 $\frac{1}{4}$ pint bot. salad oil . . . . .	0	0	4			
1 tin Bologna sausage . . . . .	0	1	5 $\frac{1}{2}$			
1 bot. curry powder . . . . .	0	0	4			
1 bot. lime juice . . . . .	0	0	4 $\frac{3}{4}$			
1 bot. Bovril . . . . .	0	0	6			
1 tin soup squares . . . . .	0	2	6			
1 1-lb. tin roast beef . . . . .	0	0	10 $\frac{1}{2}$			
1 1-lb. tin haricot mutton . . . . .	0	0	9 $\frac{1}{2}$			
1 1-lb. tin pressed beef . . . . .	0	1	4 $\frac{1}{2}$			
1 tin peas . . . . .	0	0	5 $\frac{3}{4}$			
1 1-lb. tin sliced potatoes . . . . .	0	0	8 $\frac{3}{4}$			
1 1-lb. tin dried apricots . . . . .	0	0	11			
1 box apple rings . . . . .	0	0	7 $\frac{1}{2}$			
1 1-lb. tin Cheddar cheese . . . . .	0	1	2			
1 1-lb. pkt. export candles . . . . .	0	1	0 $\frac{1}{2}$			
1 tab. primrose soap . . . . .	0	0	11 $\frac{1}{4}$			
1 tin Quaker Oats . . . . .	0	0	7 $\frac{1}{2}$			
54 cases at . . . . .	1	9	41 $\frac{1}{4}$			
Total . . . . .				£79	5	2

Weight of each case, 51 lb. Measurement = 20 in. × 13 in. × 12 in.

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
2 cases each of 48 tins Swiss milk . . . . .	1	2	0			
	<hr/>			2	4	0
3 cases each of 36 tins jam . . . . .	0	18	9			
Case . . . . .	0	2	4			
	<hr/>			1	1	1
				3	3	3
4 cases each of 16 tins flour . . . . .	0	7	4			
Case . . . . .	0	2	4			
	<hr/>			0	9	8
				1	18	8
1 case of 36 tins oatmeal . . . . .	0	9	9			
Case . . . . .	0	2	4			
	<hr/>			0	12	1
4 cases each of 40 pkts. candles . . . . .	2	1	8			
Case . . . . .	0	2	4			
	<hr/>			2	4	0
				8	16	0
1 case of 48 bars carbolic soap . . . . .	0	12	0			
Case . . . . .	0	2	4			
	<hr/>			0	14	4
2 cases each of 27 tins pressed beef . . . . .	1	17	1 $\frac{1}{2}$			
Case . . . . .	0	2	4			
	<hr/>			1	19	5 $\frac{1}{2}$
				3	18	11
2 cases each of 48 tins corned beef . . . . .	1	6	0			
	<hr/>			2	12	0
1 case of 50 tins tea . . . . .	2	5	10			
Case . . . . .	0	2	4			
	<hr/>			2	8	2
1 case of 36 tins baking powder . . . . .	0	10	6			
8 tins arrowroot . . . . .	0	2	10			
48 tins Ideal milk . . . . .	0	11	0			
Case . . . . .	0	2	4			
	<hr/>			1	6	8
	<hr/>					
Total . . . . .				£27	14	1

*From Messrs. Berry Brothers, St. James's Street, London.*

6 dozen pints of champagne (3 cases).

1 dozen pints of brandy (1 case).

4 dozen pints of Scotch whiskey (4 cases).

#### CAMP EQUIPMENT.

The following were the principal articles in camp equipment taken out by the Expedition and supplied by *Messrs. Silver* and *Messrs. Edgington* :

“ Uganda ” and “ Dr. Parke's ” tents. Ground sheets. Valises. Bags of green rot-proof canvas for holding skins. Mosquito nets. Lord's lamps. “ Compactum ” beds. “ Uganda ” tables. The “ Ibea ” folding-chair. Folding canvas bath (wood sides). Jaegar blankets. Sparklet bottles and sparklets. Aluminium water-bottles. Galvanised pails. Umbrella tents.

*From Messrs. Hill and Millard.*

50 pairs of luggage straps with slinging irons, at 5s. 6d. per pair, £13 15s.

*From Messrs. Perkins and Son, Bermondsey Street, S.E.*

16 tin uniform boxes, with tops and bottoms painted khaki colour,  
27 in. × 13 in. × 9 $\frac{1}{4}$  in., at £1 1s. each.

*From The New Aluminium Stores, Ltd., Oxford Street, London.*

2 complete sets of camp utensils (aluminium) . . . . . £5 11s. 6d.

## APPENDIX II

THE following big game and other animals were observed and obtained at different times by the Expedition.

1. NIGERIAN GIRAFFE (*G. camelopardalis peralta*). Hausa name, Rakumidaji; Kanuri, Kunya; Arab, Zerrab.

A male obtained by Gosling, the head of which is now in the South Kensington Museum, in the Wasé district, Northern Nigeria. Total height, 16 ft. 4 in.; at shoulder, 11 ft.

At Idio, a day's journey to the south of Fort Lamy, Gosling killed a female, with the following measurements: total height, 15 ft. 1 in.; at shoulder, 9 ft. 6 in. This Nigerian giraffe, a sub-species of the northern race (*G. camelopardalis typica*), is distinguishable by the general pale coloration of the blotches, and in this respect comes close to the Nubian giraffe, another sub-species. During May, after the first fall of the rains, a migration westward into Nigeria takes place, the animals coming in search of the young grass shoots.

To the south of Fort Lamy this giraffe is not found.

2. OKAPI (*Okapia johnstoni*). General name on Welle, N'dumba.

*Male*.—Head and body, 71·7 in.; hind foot, 25·7 in.; tail, 25·8 in. ear, 9·5 in.

Near Beritio, Angu, River Welle, February 18, 1906 (Boyd Alexander).

3. WEST AFRICAN HARTEBEEST (*Bubalis major*). Hausa, Kanki.

Very large herds observed in the neighbourhood of Wasé to the north of the Benue. *Male*.—Length on front curve,  $23\frac{3}{4}$  in.; circumference, 13 in.; tip to tip, 12 in. (Ibi. Gosling). *Female*.—Length on front curve,  $22\frac{1}{2}$  in.; circumference,  $12\frac{3}{4}$  in.; tip to tip, 11 in. (Ibi. Gosling).

4. HEUGLIN'S HARTEBEEST (*Bubalis lehel*). Arab, Tetull.

*Male*.—Length on front curve,  $21\frac{1}{4}$  in.; circumference,  $10\frac{1}{4}$  in.; tip to tip,  $9\frac{3}{8}$  in. (River Shari. G. B. Gosling.)



5. SENEGAL HARTEBEEST (*Damaliscus corrigum*). Hausa, Derri.

Large numbers found on the western shore of Lake Chad. Not found in the Shari region. *Male*.—Length on front curve,  $23\frac{1}{2}$  in. ; circumference, 9 in. ; tip to tip,  $10\frac{7}{8}$  in. (Lake Chad. G. B. Gosling.)

6. WEST AFRICAN DUIKER (*Cephalophus coronatus*).

*Male*.—Length on front curve,  $3\frac{1}{4}$  in. ; circumference,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  in. ; tip to tip,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. (River Shari. G. B. Gosling.)

7. BLUE DUIKER (*Cephalophus melanorheneus*).

We obtained a fair number of these duikers—the first at Kemmo, on the Ubangui, and the last on the Guruba river, below Surungu. It inhabits thick bush country as well as the forest, where the natives catch them in nets.

*Male*. Head and body, 1 ft.  $11\frac{1}{2}$  in. ; hind foot,  $6\frac{3}{8}$  in. ; ear,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  in. ; tail,  $3\frac{1}{4}$  in. (Kemmo. G. B. Gosling.)

8. YELLOW-BACKED DUIKER (*Cephalophus sylvicultor*). Azande, M'bio.

Rare and locally distributed in the forest, frequenting swampy streams. My collector José found it in the forest south of Bambili, and Gosling later on discovered its spoor near the Guruba river below Surungu. It is almost as difficult an animal to get near as the okapi.

9. WEYN'S DUIKER (*Cephalophus weynsi*).

Obtained in the forest at Bambili.

10. CHESTNUT DUIKER (*Cephalophus castaneus*).

Obtained in the forest at Bambili.

11. WHITE-BELLIED DUIKER (*Cephalophus leucogaster*).

A specimen at Bambili.

12. RED-FLANKED DUIKER (*Cephalophus rufilatus rubidior*).

We obtained a specimen of this duiker, which is new to science, in the forest at Molegbwe, near Banzyville, and another near Angu. *Male*.—Head and body, 2 ft. 8 in. ; hind foot,  $4\frac{1}{2}$  in. ; ear,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in. ; tail,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in. (Near Angu, River Welle. Boyd Alexander.)

13. CLAUD'S DUIKER (*Cephalophus claudi*).

A specimen obtained at Bambili, and new to science. Inhabits the forest. *Female*.—Head and body, 920 mm. ; hind foot, 210 mm. ; ear, 85 mm. ; tail, 150 mm.

14. GOSLING'S ORIBI (*Ourebia goslingi*).

Gosling first discovered this fine oribi in the open grass country near Bima, when he obtained a male, having horn dimensions as follows: length on front curve,  $4\frac{7}{8}$  in.; circumference,  $2\frac{3}{8}$  in.; tip to tip,  $2\frac{3}{4}$  in. Body measurements: head and body, 3 ft.  $\frac{1}{8}$  in.; hind foot,  $11\frac{1}{2}$  in.; ear,  $4\frac{1}{8}$  in.; tail,  $3\frac{3}{8}$  in.

At Niangara, in June, we again met with this oribi, and Gosling obtained an adult female, the type from which the description has been taken. *Female*.—Head and body, 3 ft.  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in.; hind foot,  $11\frac{3}{4}$  in.; ear,  $4\frac{1}{4}$  in.; tail,  $3\frac{3}{4}$  in. (Niangara. G. B. Gosling.)

15. WEST AFRICAN ORIBI (*Ourebia nigricaudata*). Hausa, Bussia.

*Male*.—Length on front curve,  $3\frac{5}{8}$  in.; circumference,  $1\frac{3}{8}$  in.; tip to tip,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  in. (Nigeria. G. B. Gosling.)

16. SING-SING WATERBUCK (*Cobus defassa*). Hausa, Gumbasa.

Found everywhere in the vicinity of the rivers. The natives of the Welle have a clever way of calling up the male waterbuck. Gosling describes how on one occasion he came across a waterbuck, but it was invisible owing to the long grass. His hunter called it up, and got an answer at least ten times by imitating the snort and making a double stamp on the ground with his feet.

Out of the many heads obtained by Gosling, the following three are worthy of record: (1) Length on front curve,  $29\frac{3}{4}$  in.; circumference,  $8\frac{1}{2}$  in.; tip to tip, 10 in.; height at shoulder, 44 in. (Ibi (G. B. G.)) (2) Length on front curve,  $29\frac{5}{8}$  in.; circumference,  $8\frac{1}{2}$  in.; tip to tip,  $20\frac{1}{2}$  in. (Ibi. G. B. G.) (3) Length on front curve, 29 in.; circumference, 8 in.; tip to tip,  $9\frac{3}{4}$  in. (River Welle. G. B. G.)

17. BUFFON'S KOB (*Cobus kob*). Hausa, Maria.

Very plentiful in the Wasé district, Northern Nigeria, where the animals carried large horns, and very red skins. (1) Length on front curve, 22 in.; circumference,  $6\frac{1}{2}$  in.; tip to tip, 11 in. (Ibi. G. B. G.) (2) Length on front curve, 20 in.; circumference,  $6\frac{1}{2}$  in.; tip to tip,  $8\frac{3}{4}$  in. (Ibi. G. B. G.)

18. UGANDA KOB (*Cobus thomasi*). General name on Welle, Tagba.

This is the East African representative of the former species. We first met with it at Angba on the River Welle.

19. BOHOR REEDBUCK (*Cervicapra redunca typica*). Hausa, Quanterrifi.

(1) Length on front curve,  $9\frac{1}{4}$  in.; circumference, 7 in.; tip to

tip,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  in. Ibi. (G. B. G.) (2) Length on front curve,  $9\frac{1}{4}$  in. ; circumference,  $5\frac{1}{4}$  in. ; tip to tip, 5 in. (River Shari. G. B. G.)

20. DORCAS GAZELLE (*Gazella dorcas*). Kanuri, Ingiribul.

First obtained near Yo, Lake Chad. Not met with after Fort Lamy. *Male*.—Length on front curve,  $11\frac{1}{2}$  in. ; circumference, 4 in. tip to tip,  $4\frac{1}{2}$  in. ; shoulder,  $25\frac{1}{4}$  in. (Yo. G. B. G.) *Female*.—Length on front curve,  $7\frac{1}{4}$  in. ; circumference, 4 in. ; tip to tip,  $2\frac{7}{8}$  in. ; shoulder 25 in. (Yo. G. B. G.)

21. RED-FRONTED GAZELLE (*Gazella rufifrons*). Hausa, Burrewa Kanuri, Ingiri.

Found in the vicinity of Lake Chad. Not met with to the south of Fort Lamy. *Male*.—Length on front curve,  $10\frac{1}{2}$  in. ; circumference,  $4\frac{3}{4}$  in. ; tip to tip, 4 in. ; shoulder, 29 in. (Yo. G. B. G.)

22. DAMA GAZELLE (*Gazella dama*). Kanuri, Kirrjiggu.

*Male*.—Length on front curve,  $13\frac{3}{4}$  in. ; circumference,  $6\frac{1}{4}$  in. ; tip to tip,  $6\frac{1}{4}$  in. (Yo, Lake Chad. G. B. G.) *Female*.—Length on front curve,  $12\frac{1}{2}$  in. ; circumference,  $6\frac{1}{2}$  in. ; tip to tip,  $4\frac{1}{8}$  in. (Yo, Lake Chad. G. B. G.)

23. WATER CHEVROTAIN (*Dorcatherium aquaticum cottoni*).

A rare antelope inhabiting the marshes of the River Welle. *Male*.—Head and body, 2 ft.  $3\frac{1}{2}$  in. ; hind foot,  $6\frac{1}{2}$  in. ; tail,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  in. ; ear,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  in. *Female*.—Head and body, 2 ft.  $7\frac{1}{2}$  in. ; hind foot,  $6\frac{1}{2}$  in. ; tail, 5 in. ; ear,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in. Native name, Chobe. (Bima, March 11, 1906. G. B. G.)

24. ROAN ANTELOPE (*Hippotragus equinus*). Hausa, Gwenki ; Fulani, Koba.

*Male*.—Length on front curve, 30 in. ; circumference,  $9\frac{1}{4}$  in. ; tip to tip,  $13\frac{1}{2}$  in. ; shoulder, 5 ft. 3 in. (River Shari. G. B. G.) *Female*.—Length on front curve,  $23\frac{1}{8}$  in. ; circumference, 7 in. ; tip to tip,  $9\frac{7}{8}$  in. ; shoulder, 4 ft.  $2\frac{5}{8}$  in. (Near Wasé, Northern Nigeria, Claud Alexander.)

25. LESSER BUSHBUCK (*Tragelaphus scriptus*). General name on River Welle, Bodi.

(a) Length on front curve,  $8\frac{5}{8}$  in. ; circumference, 6 in. ; tip to tip, curve,  $4\frac{3}{4}$  in. Broken horns. (Nigeria. G. B. G.) (b) Length on front curve, 11 in. ; circumference,  $5\frac{1}{4}$  in. Broken horns. (River Shari. G. B. G.) (c) Length on front curve,  $12\frac{1}{8}$  in. ; circumference,  $7\frac{1}{4}$  in. ; tip to tip,  $5\frac{1}{4}$  in. (River Shari. G. B. G.)

Owing to its pugnacious nature, the horns of this bushbuck are often very broken.

26. BONGO (*Boocercus euryceros*).

A pair of horns and native skin examined near Banzyville, River Ubangui.

27. LAKE CHAD BUFFALO (*Bos caffer brachyceros*). Hausa, Bona.

Well distributed in the Lake Chad and Shari regions, and found on the islands in the Ubangui. *Male*.—Length on front curve, 23 in.; circumference, 18 in.; tip to tip,  $13\frac{1}{2}$  in.; shoulder, 5 ft. 1 in. (Rivers Ba-Ligna and Shari. G. B. G.) *Female*.—Length on front curve,  $21\frac{1}{8}$  in.; circumference,  $12\frac{1}{2}$  in.; tip to tip,  $13\frac{1}{8}$  in.; shoulder, 4 ft. 5 in. (River Shari. G. B. G.)

On one of the islands in the Ubangui Gosling obtained a bull and two cows, probably referable to this species. *Male*.—Head and body, 7 ft. 3 in.; hind foot, 1 ft.  $9\frac{3}{4}$  in.; tail, 2 ft.  $3\frac{1}{2}$  in.; ear,  $9\frac{3}{8}$  in.; shoulder, 4 ft.  $5\frac{1}{4}$  in.; curve outside,  $25\frac{1}{4}$  in.; inside, 18 in.; tip to tip,  $11\frac{1}{4}$  in.; palm,  $6\frac{3}{4}$  in. Colour almost the same as in the smaller cow. *Female* (large).—Head and body, 7 ft.  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in.; hind foot, 1 ft.  $10\frac{1}{2}$  in.; tail, 2 ft. 3 in.; ear,  $10\frac{3}{8}$  in.; shoulder, 4 ft. 4 in.; curve outside, 17 in.; tip to tip, 8 in.; palm,  $5\frac{1}{2}$  in. Colour of cows. Black muzzles. Black from knees to hock down. Black tip to tail and long black hairs as fringe to ears. The bigger of the two with red forehead and mane, the smaller black ditto. The larger with skin of rich tawny colour, the other less bright.

28. HIPPOPOTAMUS (*Hippopotamus amphibius*). Hausa, Dorina.

Plentiful in the Yo river and in Lake Chad, when the Yo empties itself; also River Shari and River Bamingi. Scarce in River Welle and again plentiful in River Yei. *Male*.—Length,  $29\frac{1}{4}$  in.; circumference,  $8\frac{1}{2}$  in. (tusks).

29. WEST AFRICAN BUSH-PIG (*Potamochoerus porcus*).

Obtained along the Ubangui and Welle.

30. WART HOG (*Phacochoerus aethiopicus*). Kanuri, Guddu.

On the Welle and Kibali.

31. RHINOCEROS (*Rhinoceros bicornis*).

Plentiful along the Shari river. *Male*.—curve outside,  $21\frac{3}{4}$  in.; curve inside,  $9\frac{1}{8}$  in.; tip to tip,  $19\frac{1}{2}$  in.; palm,  $16\frac{3}{8}$  in. (Shari river.

G. B. G.) *Female*.—curve outside, 16 in. ; curve inside, 7 in. ; tip to tip,  $18\frac{1}{4}$  in. ; palm,  $17\frac{3}{4}$  in. (M'Bassu river. River Shari. G. B. G.)

32. ELEPHANT (*Elephas africanus*). Hausa, Giwa ; Kanuri, Kamagunn.

(a) Height at shoulder, 10 ft. ; total length, 22 ft. 1 in. ; girth of fore-foot, 4 ft.  $11\frac{3}{4}$  in. Tusks, 5 ft.  $2\frac{1}{4}$  in.  $\times$   $17\frac{1}{4}$  in. ; 4 ft. 10 in.  $\times$   $17\frac{1}{4}$  in. (Lake Chad. G. B. G.) (b) Height at shoulder, 9 ft. 2 in. ; total length, 23 ft.  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in. ; girth of fore-foot, 3 ft. 11 in. Tusks, 6 ft. 8 in.  $\times$   $17\frac{3}{8}$  in. ; 6 ft. 5 in.  $\times$   $17\frac{1}{4}$  in. (River Tomi. G. B. G.) (c) Tusks, 5 ft.  $8\frac{3}{4}$  in.  $\times$   $17\frac{3}{4}$  in. ; 5 ft.  $3\frac{3}{4}$  in.  $\times$   $17\frac{1}{4}$  in. (River Bamingi. G. B. G.)

33. LION (*Felis leo*). Hausa, Zaki ; Kanuri, Bundi.

*Male* (no mane).—Head and body, 217 mm. ; tail, 96·8 mm. ear, 13 mm. ; hind foot, 32·8 mm. (Tapkin Dorina, near Ibi. Boyd Alexander.)









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